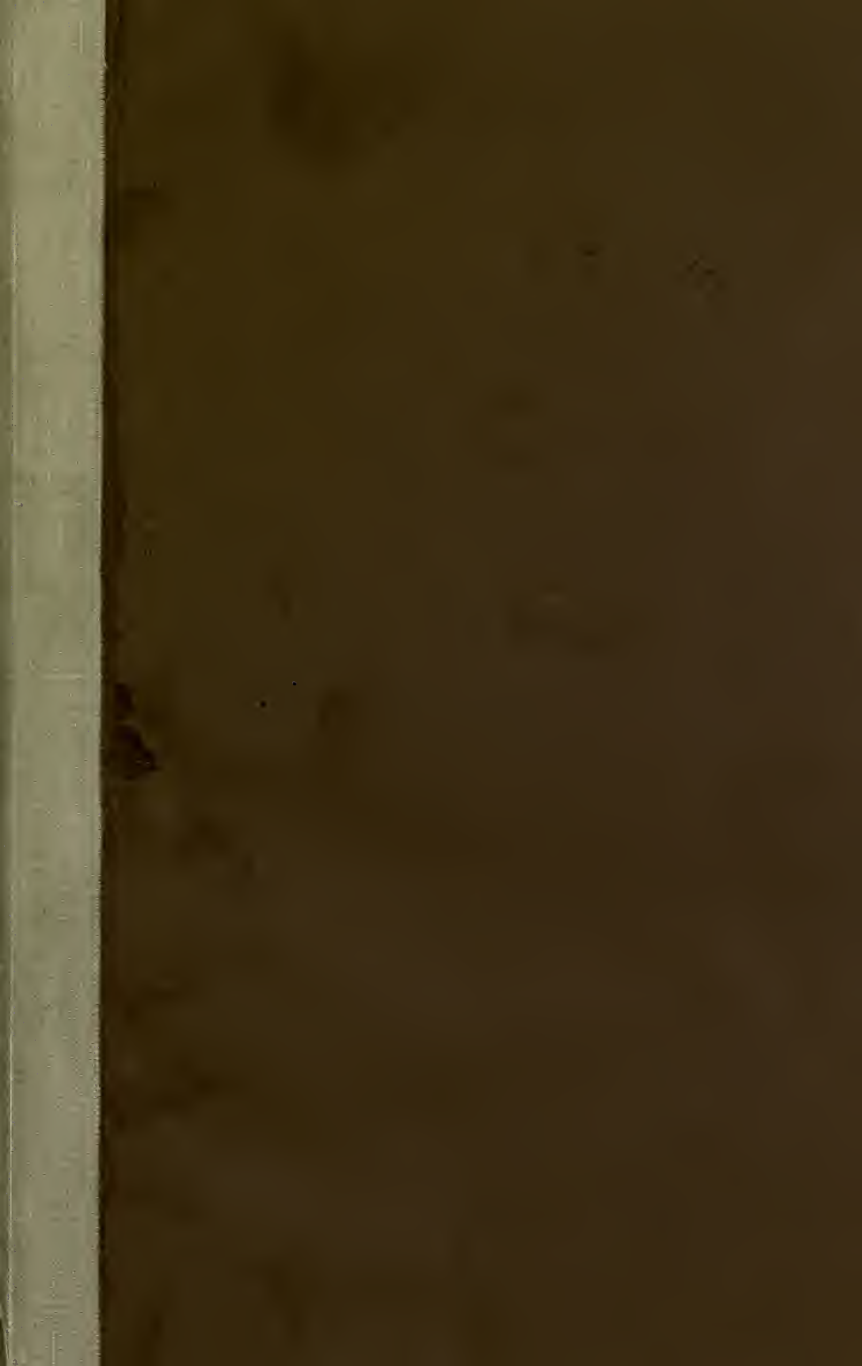


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BISHOP WILSON'S
JOURNAL LETTERS,

ADDRESSED TO HIS FAMILY,
DURING THE FIRST NINE YEARS OF HIS
INDIAN EPISCOPATE.



EDITED BY HIS SON,
DANIEL WILSON, M.A.

VICAR OF ISLINGTON, AND RURAL DEAN.

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PREFACE.

It is with some hesitation that I venture to present to the public the following selection from my father's Family Letters, written during his Indian Episcopate. Copies of them were carefully made at the time when they were received by one very dear to myself, who has recently been called to her heavenly rest. These copies were privately circulated among friends, and a strong desire was expressed that they should be put into a more permanent form. This could not, with propriety, be carried out during my father's lifetime. After his death, the original letters, together with other documents, were placed in the hands of my brother-in-law, Mr. Bateman, in order to furnish matter for the Biography. It then appeared to be desirable to await the result of that publication before attempting anything further. The favourable reception which it has met with encourages me to hope that a brief selection from the Bishop's

correspondence may also prove acceptable to the public.

The abundant materials placed at Mr. Bateman's disposal rendered it impossible for him to give more than occasional quotations from these Letters. These quotations are omitted in the correspondence now presented to the reader. The same ground will necessarily be gone over as in the Biography, but the aspect under which the facts are presented is new.

The main interest of the Volume will consist in the graphic picture which it presents of the Bishop's feelings under circumstances of great responsibility and difficulty, and in receiving from his own pen his first impressions of India, when all was new and fresh, described with that warmth and energy so peculiar to him. The account of his visits to the various Missionary Stations will be interesting to the friends of Missions, while his reception at the Native Courts will present a curious exhibition of the barbaric pomp of these ancient dynasties. The spiritual tone of the Bishop's own mind is reflected in every page, and will present a view of his character which will be edifying to the devout reader.

In selecting the Letters which comprise the

present Volume, I have thought it best not to take the range of the entire series, extending over a period of twenty-five years, but rather to confine myself to the first nine years of the Bishop's Episcopate; thus preserving the continuity of the narrative, and reserving the rest of the correspondence for a future volume, should it be called for.

In conclusion, may I be permitted to claim for these pages that indulgence which is due to a private correspondence thrown off rapidly as events occurred, and the very charm of which consists in its freedom of style and simplicity of diction? If it should prove in any degree a stimulus to the cause of religion in India, and exhibit the spirit which befits a Chief Pastor of the Church in the midst of multiplied and arduous duties, it will abundantly fulfil my most sanguine expectations.

DANIEL WILSON.

Islington, Nov. 20th, 1863.



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JOURNAL LETTERS.

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Calcutta, Nov. 22, 1832.

THE opening sphere here is immense. My time has
hitherto been distracted and absorbed beyond conception.
I have visited Bishop's College and the High School,
and have attended the committees of all the great societies.
I have preached twice, and am now going round to all the
Calcutta churches, and those in the immediate neighbour-
hood. The progress of true and vital Christianity is
rapid amongst the Europeans, and the spirit of inquiry is
spreading amongst the natives.

Feb. 1, 1833.

Yesterday I went twelve miles up a nullah, or small streamlet, of the Ganges, with Dr. Mill and Professor Withers, to visit Russapugla, a missionary station of the "Incorporated Society." A hundred heathen and native converts were present. Sixty have been baptized in this one station, and thirty are candidates for that sacrament. I stayed two hours, examining, conversing through the Missionary as an interpreter, and exhorting. I concluded by making a discourse to the assembled crowd. These were the first sentences delivered in my character as Missionary Bishop:—"I am your friend. I have come a great way to do you good. The great God sent me to put you in the way to be happy. The great God is very good. Man is very wicked. The great God created the first man, Adam. The great God put him in a beautiful garden. Man sinned against the great God. Man was driven out of Paradise. All men are now sinners. The great God is angry with us. If we die as we are, we perish. But God has so loved the world, that He has given His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. We must not worship false gods. Idols cannot save. The great God has been made man, and died for our sins. The conscience, or heart, of every one of you tells you this is good. Go not on, then, to provoke God by idolatry and image worship. Pray to God for His Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit makes us good."

Feb. 20, 1833.

I am now embarked in my delightful Lent catechism

and lectures. This day sixteen weeks we reached Bengal. We have had four months of charming weather. Now we must expect a gradual heat to come on. I have taken a house about fourteen miles from Calcutta, on the banks of the river, for prayer, for retirement, for change of air, for recovery of diminished strength. I do not wait till I am ill, but act on the system of precaution. I am sending home letters, proposing what appear to me important schemes of good. Prayer is all I plead for from you and my dear friends, that the Divine Saviour, who has the key of David, may say, "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

April 16, 1833.

Lent being over, and the hot weather begun, I am much less pressed with current duties, and have time to make a beginning of the vast survey which is to be taken of India in its religious aspect. Oh, Lord! Thou alone canst save men. Do thou work, and none can let it. Thy grace, mighty and yet gradual and invisible, is what we pray for. Be Thou glorified in the doctrine of Thy cross and by the transforming operations of Thy Spirit; and may that universal power which is given Thee in heaven and in earth order the events of the world, overrule the counsels of princes, and open the door for the entrance of Thy Gospel! And oh, grant that we, Thy servants, may be so humbled, emptied, purified, that we may lie in Thy hands as clay in the hands of the potter, to be used as Thy instruments as Thou wilt, and when Thou wilt, ready and prompt to obey Thy call, patient to endure accompanying trials, working only by spiritual weapons, and ascribing all

the glory, first and last, to Thy Name. I am aiming, as much as possible, at unity in the Church; not, however, unity of opinion in the bond of ignorance, nor unity of profession in the bond of hypocrisy, but the "unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

April 20, 1833.

At this moment all my windows are open, north and south; a beautiful breeze is playing through the room, and I have all the feelings of enjoyment which a spring morning at Northrepps or Earlham would inspire. Breakfast and family prayers are over: Amos viii. was our chapter. How delightful is the inspired word of Revelation! Distance, changes, novelty, new circumstances, affect not the Holy Book. My bearer is seated on the ground at one end of the study. The punkah is going, and will go till he actually falls asleep, when the rope attached to it will wake him, and he will pull again. At breakfast our kitmaghurs, abdar, hurkarees, bearers, and sircar, all appear in due costume. The first are footmen; the second, a water-bearer; the others, messengers, punkah-pullers, and bedroom-servants. In about an hour my crany will arrive and set to his business as my writer. He is a Brahmin, with a salary of thirty rupees a month, and has been all his life writing English, as a Chinese imitator, not a word of which he understands. My family is truly a happy one. My cup runneth over; but you remember, dearest —, what I told you when you were so full of blessings—the same I now tell my own heart—not to trust to the fleeting shadows of human joy, but to prepare for

those providences which are on the way to us all, to discipline, to humble, to purify, to make us capable of better service.

May 1, 1833.

This is a most cool, refreshing, delightful morning. I rose at half-past four, after sleeping soundly upon a Chinese mat under a mosquito tent, with a punkah pulled by two bearers all night. The air on the course during my early drive was, to my perceptions, charming: just the fragrance of a fine May-day morning in England. You would smile at the appearance of my carriage, with a thick quilted holland matrass thrown over the outer roof to keep it cool, during the half-hour required in driving from church; but we are obliged to neglect appearances in India, where luxuries are necessities, where indolence is duty, where large houses and numerous servants are like cottages and a single domestic in England, where all is regulated by the climate and by the utter feebleness and inertness of your native people. Names mean totally different things, relatively, from what they signify in England: as, for instance, houses, rooms, servants, furniture, comforts, necessities, establishments. Yesterday and to day we have thought and prayed for the Church Missionary Society, the Bible, the Prayer-book, and other good institutions. Dear Archdeacon Corrie dined with me, and we talked over the probable speeches which our brethren at Exeter Hall might be then delivering. The cause is great and holy, but it must be the Lord alone who can extensively make it prosperous. We have 400,000,000 in Asia, idolaters and Mahometans. What

distresses a thoughtful mind is, that here also is that spirit of party which you feel at home—divisions, controversies, perverse resistance, and interference with each other's fields of fairly appropriated labour. So it is; there is no remedy except prayer and patience. Thus God permits His Church to be weakened, divided, and exposed to the just reflections of the world. Oh, what a glorious time will that be, when peace and love shall flourish under the shadow and protection of TRUTH! Probably severe persecutions will prepare for this. Christianity must be deeply felt to be exemplified, and in order to be deeply felt its want must be deeply understood.

May 21, 1833.

A delightful rain is now falling—the *choota bursāt*, or small rain; which prevents, or at least delays my morning ride, and enables me to say that last night, to my great joy, your letters of December arrived. It is utterly impossible for friends at home to know the acuteness of feeling which accompanies absence at a distance of 16,000 miles. All the points of information in your letter are most interesting. Only remember how jealous a God is our God, and let not man be praised; let not feeble, sinful, wretched man be set up. Surely the tombs of four Bishops in nine years are heaped up on purpose that human glorying may be buried under the mound of death, and especially the worst species of all, spiritual glorying. Oh, how ready are religious persons to blame self-confidence in a worldly sense! but if the foe appears as an angel of light, and it be a self-confidence in a minister or missionary, who is supposed to know and preach the

Gospel, then the mischief is not discerned. But our gracious Saviour will take care of this. He will send us trials, disappointments, humiliations, sorrows, heart-breaking scenes, in order that He may withdraw man from his purpose and hide pride from man. If you could look into this heart of mine you would wonder that God should bear with it a single day, or allow such a sinner to sustain His Gospel.

It is a curious thing, that one of my chief objects here is to repress infidelity. Our public press abounds with it; our leading men, from coming out unestablished in the faith, and being for a series of years without the means of grace, fall into a species of unbelief. Objections then gain force. Ignorance and vacuity of mind know not how to answer them. The substance of the Evidences, as a positive historical record, is not grasped. My study of this wide subject has been, beyond all other preparation, most valuable to me in my present station. I am put to the full stretch, for here everything is called in question, openly and arrogantly. My mild and, I hope, firm churchmanship, which I have maintained all my life at home, in the face of *High Church* principles and *No Church* principles, is of infinite importance.

The work opening before me is immensely important; so important that I cannot describe my feelings. But I fear to enter upon particulars, lest I should grieve the blessed Comforter; and, in fact, I cannot give particulars. The day shall declare it.

June 10, 1833.

We have had two meetings to-day; one for Infant Schools. Tell dearest — to look out for a master and

mistress, humble, loveable, clever, well-trained, to begin the first Central Infant School at Calcutta ! The other meeting was about steam communication, which fills my whole mind. A voyage to India of 70 days instead of 180 would be superb, for morals, religion, commerce, science, missions, and the hearts of separated relatives. The steam navigation touches so immediately upon these points, and tends so to facilitate the improvement of this vast continent, and awakens so exquisitely all our minds, depressed now by distance and estrangement, that I have stepped in when it was sinking through discussions, and restored it to hope. The art of printing was scarcely a greater blessing in the fifteenth century than steam, applied to the science of navigation, may become in the nineteenth. It annihilates distance, as the former annihilated the endless labour of transcription. The art of printing made knowledge accessible ; the steam navigation will carry that knowledge over the world. There is an immense difference, however, between the two. The press is only one specific benefit, the communication of knowledge. The steam-vessel carries letters on all topics, men of all talents, inventors of all descriptions. It is the universal agent and recipient ; the highway cast through the wilderness of waters ; the entrance and forerunner of all missions, education, commerce, agriculture, science, literature, policy, legislation, everything. Now, our communication is tardy, uncertain, unknown ; then, it will be rapid, certain, notorious.

Our little evening service in the chapel in my palace is quite delightful. I cannot find time to tell you one-third part of the goodness and love of Christ to the most

unworthy of sinners. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways, saith the Lord." Oh, to verify divine mercies by a corresponding conduct, and not to abuse them by folly, pride, conceit, and departure from God!

"Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, I would not let Thee go."

March 26, 1834.

Two years have elapsed, this very week, since my nomination to this awful and responsible diocese. The effects of climate are more depressing and visible than at first. The novelty and surprise and distraction are gone. Things no longer proceed as with strangers under an extra excitement. The clergy in all the presidencies gradually find me out. I am vastly behind-hand with my ecclesiastical correspondence. The question of Caste is very embarrassing. The hour of temptation and darkness and penetrating sorrow is coming on like a tide. Now will be the "faith and patience of the saints." Having had a year of peace and introduction and forbearance, the Lord is now gathering the clouds for the storm. Our souls are cast down within us; difficulties threaten; human helps fail; every branch of our duties is beset with thorns. Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us! Rise and save, we pray Thee! All this is far from discouraging me for the result, because it is the Lord's usual method to humble and empty before He raises and fills, in order that He may have all the glory.

May 15, 1834.

The new scene of trial which I intimated as coming

on quickens its pace, and lowers as it approaches; but it is good for us. Distraction, publicity, noise, intercourse with mankind, secularities, station, novel circumstances, authority, are all poison to the soul, and have been distilling their venom secretly ever since we arrived. Now come the compensating and humbling dispensations. It is impossible to describe the difficult cases which arise when ruling in the fear of God a vast diocese like this. To distinguish what is the path of duty—where cowardice begins and forbearance ends—how to keep down the old man in one's self, whilst public order is not neglected in the execution of official duty,—all this is difficult; but it is nothing compared with the heart, which is to be kept “with all diligence,” as “out of it are the issues of life.” All other things would be as nothing, if they did not corrupt the heart, weaken the hold on Christ, enfeeble love, and damp holy joy and communion. There seems a universal decay in this dissolving country, extending to everything. We need your prayers for grace sufficient for our days of weakness.

May 22, 1834.

The Caste question in the Southern Missions you will have heard of. What it may please our Divine Saviour to do with me, or by me, I know not. The numerous and heavy difficulties about me are amongst the compensating appointments whereby God balances things. They empty; they dash the cup of prosperity from the lips, which might have poisoned the soul; they tend to that thorough and habitual contrition of soul which is the inlet to all grace, and makes room for Christ; they disenchant the scenes of

novelty, external display, strangeness of country, public duties, and secularity, of their magical power upon the senses, and show them in their miserable littleness. Say nothing about us; speak only to God. I endeavour to preach as plainly, faithfully, and affectionately as I can. I labour at my examinations and ordinations. I have three candidates for next Sunday—Trinity. I entertain them all the week, and give them six lectures in my little chapel. They are all the day writing answers to questions and essays. Thus I endeavour to form their habits of thought.

Aug. 14, 1834.

Yesterday I delivered my Primary Visitation Charge. There are sixty-six licensed clergy in Bengal. May God help us and sanctify us! I would raise my stone of memorial, and say, "Hitherto hath God helped us." Marvellous have been His ways—marvellous of late, in humbling us as we entered the valley of humiliation; and marvellous since in vouchsafing spiritual aid and blessing. Swartz is my model. How genuine is he in everything!

In about a week we set off for Penang, Moulmein, Singapore, Malacca, and Ceylon. Thence, either back to Calcutta, for dear Corrie's consecration, or on to Madras, to grapple in close combat with the Caste question. We have had a most affecting meeting at my chapel; prayers with Archdeacon Corrie, and have meditated on Acts xx.

Aug. 24, 1834.

We are now preparing to depart on the morrow at gun-fire. I desire to resign body and soul, time and

opportunities, duties and results, to my Heavenly Father. The Lord's will be done in us! I send you all my blessing. I sympathise in all your trials, private and public. God will work good in and by them. Heaven is the repose after toil of the wayworn traveller in his journey of conflict. Many, many blessings has our Heavenly Father vouchsafed to us, the greatest of rebels. Bear up—bear on. Christ will carry us through. Oh for His Spirit more and more!—His love—His cross—and at last His crown!

At Sea, Sept. 18, 1834.

Conceive of us again, my beloved children, upon the wide deep. After nearly two years' residence we are once more prisoners in the narrow confines of a vessel. The sea-air is delicious. The last nine days have been most refreshing to me. They have given time for meditation, for prayer, for recollection, for humiliation.

This has been a most valuable month to me on board ship. It has opposed a dyke to the influx of new business, and has given me time to reflect on the old. I have also been studying Mill's "British India" for the second time. It fills me with matter for musing. This morning the beautiful outline of the various islands of these Straits, at a distance of about thirteen miles, contrasted so finely with the brilliant clouds above and the dark blue sea at their feet, as to excite our admiring gratitude, I trust, to the great Author of every good. I have been expounding in family prayers St. John's Gospel. We are in the eighteenth chapter, and endeavoured this morning to enter into our Lord's confession before Pilate, and the people's

mad preference of Barabbas to Jesus. May the sufferings of Gethsemane and the Judgment-hall be ever near to our hearts, and a source of joy and a spring of consolation under our lighter sorrows!

At Sea, Sept. 19, 1834.

The beautiful island of Penang is raising its mountain tops in our view, 2500 feet above the sea. Two boats, with fruits and fresh meat, are coming off to us. We are about twenty miles distant. The high land of Queda, on the Malaya peninsula, forms a giant guard to the entrance of the harbour. The island of Sumatra (which, with the peninsula, forms the Straits) is too far off to be seen, but numerous islands, like volcanic mountains, lift their backs above the dark blue waves. The rising sun is shedding its glories over the whole scene—but oh, the misery of man! Malay pirates, Chinese idolaters, twenty-two nations congregated, Mahometans, Siamese Bhoo-dists,—all is ignorance, pollution, enmity against God and holiness. They are strangers to themselves, to Christ, to peace. The prince of this world here revels in the blindness and woes of a fallen world.

5 P. M.

We are now entering the port. The panorama of the Straits exceeds all that you can imagine. The Bay of Naples must yield to this oriental magnificence. On the left, as we sit on the poop, the high land of Queda raises itself in soft but magnificent grandeur, the outline varied

and broken by the hills and valleys, and here and there the separate island interposing its solitude. As the eye approaches the mouth of the bay, the low grass meadows on either side, with the shipping between the rocks, present a new scene. Further on in the panorama to the right, the mountains of Penang form the full front prospect, with their hanging woods, the intervening meadows, and reed-houses running down to the water's edge. Nothing can be more beautiful. Even the Cape did not strike me as so extensive and variegated, though the surprise and contrast were then absolutely new, and therefore more striking. But two years in the mephitic salt-petre flats of Bengal have been sufficient to create some adequate delight in a more than European verdure.

At Sea, Oct. 3, 1834.

We sailed yesterday afternoon from Penang, and are proceeding about seven miles an hour. To-morrow night, or Sunday morning, we hope to be at Singapore. Our dearest — is left behind at Penang still ill. This is a heavy affliction, as you may imagine ; but it is the Lord, and is, doubtless, one of the humiliating dispensations I alluded to in a former letter. Well, heaven will soon be here, if we are but in earnest as to our own salvation. I was reading last night, in the usual way, the 119th Psalm. What holiness is there breathed ! May we have some rays of the glory reflected on us from the face of Jesus Christ, whilst the righteousness of that adorable Saviour is ours for justification also !

Singapore, Oct. 6, 1834.

Here we arrived on Saturday afternoon. The view as we approached the island was enchanting; the extreme southern point of Asia was on our left, with a rim of low country running along the boundary of the ocean; whilst on our right, as well as left, a variety of small islands, with their mountain-tops and hanging woods, charmed us; the verdure reaching to the water's edge, the groups of opening and receding lands, the lighter and darker shades of the prominent and retired objects, the calmness of the unruffled wave, the town of Singapore itself stretching along the bottom of the harbour, the mass of shipping from all nations,—American, Bornese, Japanese, Celebes, Chinese,—formed a tout ensemble perhaps nowhere to be equalled. I preached yesterday morning, and have set on foot the building of a church. Here, again, the visit of a Bishop is of the utmost value. I speak not of the individual, but of the office, of course. The settlement has existed fifteen years, and this is the first time a Bishop has been here. On Wednesday a Confirmation takes place, and I preach afterwards. Oh, what grace is required for these visitation duties! Lord, vouchsafe thy sevenfold Spirit. Here, in Singapore, we are in the midst of the gold and silver and tortoise-shell trade, as well as nutmeg, pepper, and all the spices which render our European food fragrant. The Government House stands on a beautiful hill, commanding a view of the bay and shipping. As I went up the hill I stopped to see the nutmeg. It is a bushy, shrub-like tree, and bears after seven years; the nutmeg is the kernel of a fruit like our

chestnut. The shell opens when ripe and discloses the red mace.

Malacca, Oct. 11, 1834.

I have ascended the Fort Hill this morning, near the old Dutch Stadt-house, where I am received. I walked about the ruined church of St. Xavier, which he erected about 1540 : the roof is gone ; weeds and wild trees fill the area between the external walls, which are standing. I could trace no memorial of Xavier, who died in Japan and was buried at Goa ; but many inscriptions on the Dutch tombstones are legible : amongst them one of a Bishop of Java ; for the Dutch held it from 1640 to 1795, and again from 1801 to 1807, and a third time from 1815 till 1825. It then was exchanged with England for Bencoolen. It is a most romantic spot, of about forty miles by thirty, in the Malayan peninsula. The approach from the sea is exquisitely beautiful from the studded islands, hanging woods, distant mountains, and refreshing verdure down to the water's edge. The loftiest mountain the Portuguese call Mount Ophir. Here we are in the midst of sugar-canes, pines, pepper, gold dust, betel-nuts, ivory—all the productions of the richest and most delicious spot in the East. But “man is vile” here, as in all Pagan countries. The Dutch have left a church, and the London Missionary Society have a school, and two pious excellent men as missionaries. I am anxious to see what I can do to fix a clergyman, found schools, or open something like the regular services of our Church.

At Sea, Oct. 13, 1834.

I have spent two most busy days at Malacca, and I

humbly trust more real good has been done, compared with the extent of the station, than anywhere else. Oh, what wisdom, grace, spirituality, are required at every place we visit! As a high tone of religion is set by us, Christ is proportionably honoured.

Penang, Oct. 16, 1834.

We arrived here again on Tuesday afternoon. Our ship took ground about five miles from the shore, through the neglect of not receiving a pilot. Our dear —— is quite unable to proceed to Moulmein with us, but will remain under the kind roof of Lady M——, in the hope that the hill air will do her good. Thus affliction, separation, uncertainty, are still our dispensation. A pleasing incident occurred last evening. A Chinese, whom we saw at Mrs. D——'s, a printer, not a Christian, but favourably disposed, came in with a tray filled with different things, as a present to me as a Teacher of Truth.

I have been reading Waddington's "History of the Church." It wants the evangelical piety and judgment of Milner, but it far surpasses Mosheim. Waddington is candid, laborious, trustworthy: he is orthodox in sentiment, in the common sense of the word, but too indifferent and uninterested. The whole is to me, at this juncture, most instructive. Spirituality, simplicity, evangelical doctrine, with a mild discipline and administration of the sacraments, and a holy, mortified life—this is Christianity. Secularity, tradition, justification by works, the *opus operatum*, tyranny over the conscience—this is not Christianity. The wisdom, moderation, and primitive purity of

our own Church, when administered in her genuine spirit, please me more and more.

Moulmein, Oct. 24, 1834.

Thank God, we arrived last evening, after a run of 700 miles in less than six days, at this romantic new settlement. It contains about 14,000 natives, Burmese, 40 European civil servants, 50 native military, and 400 European soldiers. It stands on the river Martaban, opposite to the Burmese town of the same name. It has only been inhabited for eight years, and is a military outpost in the Burmese empire. The native simplicity of the wooden, unpainted houses, the wild people all around, the fine river and mountains, are quite different from anything we have yet seen. Alas! the Buddhist idolatry prevails. Pagodas are on every eminence; a heathen priesthood, in their long yellow vests, is marching about in procession. O my God, look, we pray Thee, on the dark places of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty and lust! for here is no institution of marriage—none, not even the Hindoo or Mahometan. Thank God, there is a clergyman here, a church, a school. The Americans have missionaries. Mr. Judson is one. May the sevenfold Spirit descend here!

At Sea, Oct. 30, 1834.

We embarked on Tuesday for Ceylon—a voyage of 1360 miles. And now may praise fill my heart. “Ebenezer! Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.” I sometimes read over the letters I received in England before my departure. Mr. Wilberforce thus writes:—“A comfortable and safe

passage to the scene of your labours, a large measure of peace in your own bosom, extensive usefulness, and that you may be taken to your grave amidst the tears of thousands of pagans turned from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God." And Mr. John Scott thus:—"May the Lord give you all that sail with you! May you impart the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, and commission other good men, full of the Holy Ghost, to do the same." Prayers as suitable now as in April 1832, when they were written to me. I have journeyed now upwards of 3000 miles since I left Calcutta, and have 2000 more to go. But God is faithful. Life or death with Jesus is gain—infinite gain.

My heart sinks as I approach the difficult and delicate duties awaiting me at Ceylon and Madras. Faith is often called into exercise, I can assure you—faith in the will of God, in the power of Christ, in the operations of His grace and Spirit. May I be found faithful! It is an awful responsibility. I am now reading Bingham's "Antiquities," and thus am embuing my soul with the wise lessons of the past. To discharge my appropriate duties to the Church of Christ, and to the particular branch of it intrusted to my jurisdiction; to be the simple, spiritual minister of the Cross, and yet the diligent steward of my Lord's talents; to fill up my station; to rise to its real elevation, and not drag it down to my misery; to maintain the holy, consistent, uniform tenor of doctrine which I entered on in 1796, if I may humbly trust myself so to speak; to detect the errors of two years' residence here, the false lights, the glare, the distractions, the novelties,

and to establish a more spiritual, firm, exalted standard; to distinguish between what I really am in the sight of God, and what men may, perhaps in charity or from custom, think me to be; to make CHRIST all in all;—these are, I hope, my honest aims: but the difficulties, snares, impediments, trials, obstacles, are incredible, and all the little good that may be at last done will be wholly and entirely the work of God and the fruit of His undeserved grace.

Nov. 6, 1834.

A day of squalls, contrary winds, and swell on the sea, have retarded us much, whilst deluges of rain have forced us to keep the cabin. We are now sailing round the broad south shores of Ceylon. Dondhra Head and Point de Galle are now full in my view as I am sitting on the poop; and all the interior of the island presents itself as a sea of clouds, with the lofty mountain-tops peeping up, and thrusting their solid, rocky peaks above them, not unlike the Isle of Wight. We are coasting up to Colombo, and shall probably arrive after dark, which is at six o'clock all the year round, and land in the morning, so as to have two days for arranging for Sunday.

Off Colombo, Nov. 7, 1834.

We are anchored in the roads. We had a magnificent scene before us all the day yesterday, as we were skirting the south coast of Ceylon, for 120 miles. At three o'clock we were off Galle and sent letters, but we only arrived here at three this morning. The view at sunrise was most superb. Imagine the town with the low land in front, then

tiers of mountains behind, with all their variety of outline stretching beyond the sight on either hand, whilst in the farthest distance Adam's Peak, as it is called, 7000 feet above the level of the sea, was lifting up itself like a giant guard, all illustrated and projected by the rising sun from behind, which gilded and defined, without obscuring by its glare, every object; and just enabled us to discern the groves of cocoa and palm-trees which positively hedge in the whole island, and form, with the cinnamon-gardens and precious stones, the riches and ornament of the place. To God be praise for all His goodness hitherto. He that hath delivered and doth deliver, to Him we trust that He will yet deliver.

Kandy, Nov. 15, 1834.

We returned from Cotta on Tuesday night, and on Wednesday I held a Confirmation at Colombo: 108 were confirmed. On Thursday I delivered my charge, and invited all the clergy to dinner. Yesterday, at 5 A.M., we set off in the mail coach (for such is the fact), and came here by the extraordinary road cut by Sir Edward Barnes for military purposes. You cannot imagine at what labour and expense this road was formed. It resembles the celebrated Simplon of Bonaparte. The ascent is so gradual, though we are now 1600 or 1700 feet above Colombo, that the horses trot up almost the whole way; and as for the scenery, it is quite impossible for me to describe it—the wildest, most magnificent, and yet varied and picturesque, that ever spake the creative goodness of the Almighty: masses of rock behind rock, with hanging woods, rivers in the glens, waterfalls, rice-fields with their ascending

trenches, the beautiful ebony-tree, cocoa-nut, taliput, and bread-fruit, all cast into light and shade by the change of intervening objects, and at intervals the most noble bridges thrown over the mountain torrents. We arrived at about six in the evening at Government House. Most refreshing is the coolness. I am now preparing for my delightful spiritual duties in concurrence with the Chaplain and the Church Missionary, Mr. B——, who has been fourteen years here. Oh, what a change! The King of Kandy twenty years since, ruled all the interior of Ceylon with a sceptre of cruelty and oppression, and there was no security of life and property. An unanimous petition of the nobles placed the kingdom under British law and dominion. We have now the whole island, and I trust I may tomorrow preach a crucified Saviour amidst the temples of Bhoodi and the mosques of Mahomet. I hold a Confirmation this morning, address the native converts on Monday, and return, please God, to Colombo on Tuesday. Oh, what a grace to be permitted thus to take a share in the communication of the unsearchable riches of Christ to the idolaters and savages of the kingdom of Kandy, the proverbial seat of darkness and blood! Even now a conspiracy has just been detected for murdering the Government and Council and driving out the English. It was absolute madness, but such was the traitorous plan, and the trials of the twenty-one natives seized are coming on next month. It was detected in July.

May God lead and sanctify us all in our different lines of duty. The difficulties which surround me at every step are great. But God has helped, and will help, after He

has humbled and tried. Affliction with prosperity is the lot of the militant, as joy with prosperity is of the triumphant church.

Colombo, Nov. 21, 1834.

We returned on Tuesday from Kandy, and proceed to-morrow to Point de Galle, where we propose staying till the 25th. Trincomalee will be the last station in Ceylon which I visit. It is the finest harbour in India. You should have seen my levée at Kandy, when I received all the native princes, termed Adigars, and all the Bhoodi priests. I addressed them through an interpreter, congratulated them on the British protection and law, on their loyalty during the late conspiracy, and told them, that as there was but one sun in the natural world, so there was but one Sun of Righteousness, even Jesus Christ, made known in the Holy Scriptures, in the spiritual world. These Adigars wear immense folds of linen round the waist, which double their natural size, and are absurdly hot and unwieldy. The priests wear a mantle of yellow cloth.

Trincomalee, Nov. 29, 1834.

We landed at Point de Galle on Saturday morning, amidst the firing of cannon, lines of soldiery, and native authorities, and under a triumphal arch built to honour my arrival. I preached on Sunday to a congregation of 300 from Luke iv. 18, 19. May God assist me in discharging the duties of the close of life, so as to confirm those of each preceding period. Christ is all.

On Tuesday, before we left Galle, we gave a day to Baddegamme, a lovely spot belonging to the Church Mis-

sionary Society, about fourteen miles up the river of the same name. The romantic journey, the admixture of spiritual and natural beauties, the novelty of the whole scene, have left an impression not soon to be effaced. The Mission was founded about twenty years since by the Rev. Mr. M——, as I think, in a charming recess of mountains and valleys, soft and delicious, something like that around Richmond Hill. Here the pious Missionaries have each their pretty abode, ample (for there is no ground-rent to pay, and the houses are only one story high, with jutting roofs like the Swiss cottages, and large verandahs), neat, prettily furnished, with the modest book-case at one end of the sitting-room. Each has his own hill, with his out-offices and schools, and other buildings, to which you ascend from the river by a steep, winding, mountain track.

About four o'clock we re-embarked, and arrived at Galle after sixteen hours' absence. The next morning, Wednesday, we left for this, our last station in Ceylon. Two and a-half tossing days were a contrast to preceding scenes. Yesterday, at five in the afternoon, we opened on this harbour, one of the finest in the world, and capable of containing at once the whole navy of England. You enter by a narrow rock-built passage of only a quarter of a mile in width, crowned with Osnaburg Fort, commanding the pass. A harbour like an inland lake, of six miles in circuit, and deep water up to the very shores, thus stretches before you, surrounded with mountains, and under the sway of the principal fort, which renders the place impregnable. On one of these mountain-guards the Admiral's house

stands, where we now are. I am writing at seven in the morning, with my four windows open—the steamer at anchor in the harbour under my eye; the chief fort raising its height before me at the distance of a mile; the fishing-boats dotting the waves; the nearer rocks covered with verdure to the water's edge, and backed behind with other ranges in fainter outline; the entrance of the harbour hidden by the rude intervening mountains;—nothing can be finer: but man, man, fallen man, is vile! All is idolatry, vice, defilement, dishonour of God, misery, and turbulence of passion—darkness that may be felt; and the few nominal Christians are indifferent, cold, feeble, compromising. Oh, my children, if ever Bishop was wanted, it is here! God help me!

Dec. 1, 1834.

We are detained here to-day by stress of weather. Wonderfully does Providence watch over us. We had scarcely turned a dangerous point on Friday, and entered this superb harbour, when a stiff gale came on, which the vessel could not possibly have faced; and there it lies in perfect tranquillity, at anchor, in the inner harbour before my eyes, whilst the gale has been blowing with incessant torrents of rain ever since.

At Sea, Dec. 5, 1834.

Here have we been for four days, the sport of winds and waves, with no immediate prospect of change. This is the most trying period since I left Portsmouth, in June 1832. On Monday night the captain thought that appearances were favourable, and that on Tuesday we should be able to sail. Tuesday came. All was calm. Wind in right quarter.

We should be at Madras, I was told, on Wednesday night, if all was well. I rejoiced. We set sail early on Tuesday morning. Before evening, the wind and sea became violent and directly adverse, and this is the fourth day that we have been carried we scarcely know where, for the clouds have prevented our making any observation of latitude and longitude. In this state the engines have become useless by the boilers' failing, and there is danger, of course, every moment, of serious injury to the masts or hull of the vessel. You may judge of our discomfort. It has been a melancholy time of distraction, incapacity, prostrated powers of body and mind. Yesterday I summoned our passengers at the usual hour of prayer, and after reading Ps. cvii. offered the two prayers which are appointed to be used in storms at sea. This morning we prayed again in the extreme confusion of the cuddy, and when my voice could hardly be distinguished amidst the roaring of the sea, the clatter of the furniture, and the noise of the servants and seamen. We read Acts xxvii. 13-36, and I then poured out our cries to God in our calamity. Now I have my writing-desk open for the first time since I came on board, and am offering to my children the picture of the first real distress we have met with at sea since we left England.

Dec. 8, 1834.

Through God's great mercy the gale has gradually abated, though the swell continues, as well as the contrary state, though no longer violent, of the wind. At noon on Friday we were obliged to let the ship drive, for the sake of

preserving her, as several feet of water were in the hold, and she was strained in every part. Yesterday (Sunday), we were twenty miles further from Madras than we were on quitting Trincomalee the Tuesday preceding. This was a fearful state of things, but when the captain "bore up" and followed the wind on Friday, at noon, and the breeze at midnight moderated, the danger was over. Instead of four feet water in the well, and all pumps going, the boiler is repaired and the steam again set on. We are now in our right course, and, if God help us, hope to arrive at Madras on Thursday, eight days later than we at first expected. Yesterday the rolling continued so great, that we could only have morning prayer without a sermon, but at night I expounded Ps. xxix., written after a storm extending both to land and sea, as it is supposed, in which the voice of the Lord in thunder and lightning, and the noise of many waters, prepares for the concluding consolation of His sitting as king upon His throne above the water-floods, and administering strength to sustain under the calamity, and peace as the sweet fruit of it to His people.

Dec. 9, 1834.

Since I closed my letter yesterday the weather has continued more and more delightful, and the wind more and more favourable. We meditated last evening on Ps. xl., God extracting our feet from the miry clay; a new song put into our mouths; His countless mercies declared, especially in Messiah, who came to do His will; our sins more than the hairs of our head, and only thus to be expiated. God will put the wicked at length to shame,

and cause the poor and needy to sing of His salvation. This morning, Heb. xiii. gave us fresh topics for brotherly love; for freedom from care; for bold confession of Christ, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" for standing fast established in grace; for going forth to Christ out of the camp, bearing His reproach; for seeking a continuing city above; and for offering the sacrifice of ceaseless praise. This evening we have been following David, Ps. cxxxii., in his zeal for the house of God, in his prayer for Messiah to arise and take possession of it, in his prophecy of Messiah sitting on David's throne and of his horn flourishing, in his intercessions that the Lord's priests may be clothed with salvation, and his saints shout aloud for joy.

Madras, Dec. 11, 1834.

We landed yesterday. A heavy surf finished our calamities with its own petty annoyance, making us all wet through. But this was nothing, the preceding deliverance having been so great. All naval men now tell us, the danger being past, that our peril when the water was gaining on the pumps, and the whole vessel was strained, on Friday, was very considerable.

CHAPTER II.

Sermon at Vepery — Mission Church — Engagements at Madras — Journey to Palaveran — Encampment — Permacoil — The Road lost — Address to Natives — Cuddalore — Mayaveram — Illustrations of Scripture — Combaconum — Arrival at Tanjore — Visit from Dr. Kohloff — Swartz's Grave — Caste Question — Conference with, and Sermon to, the separated Christians — Visit to the Rajah — Description of Dr. Kohloff — Anecdotes of Swartz — Rajah returns his Visit — Sermon in Swartz's Church — State of Southern Missions' — Encouragement at Motaputty — Sacrament under Tent — Bishop Heber's Bath — Confirmation — Ordination of Five Missionaries — Caste Question — Missionary Charge — Affecting Parting — Mayaveram on return — Further Illustrations of Scripture — Porto Novo — Pondicherry — Interview with Governor — Return to Madras — Reflections on Eph. iii. 15.

Madras, Dec. 12, 1834.

THE mass of business which opens upon us here, with difficulties, discussions, delicate questions, is indescribable. Thus God compensates outward blessings by preponderating trials; the glorious Gospel commission with the thorn in the flesh; success upon the whole with infinite trials in the details; the Church's general triumphs with the Corinthian dissensions and divisions in particular. May grace sufficient vouchsafed, and Christ's power resting upon me, be manifest, and I trust I shall desire to

glory in my infirmities after the example of St. Paul. God's will be done!

Dec. 29, 1834.

I had a blessed Sabbath yesterday. I preached twice, and both times in the morning. At eight o'clock I preached to the native Christians at Vepery, from Acts xi. 26: "And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." I then administered the Holy Communion to ninety-seven persons. Caste is here unknown. All are one in Christ Jesus. Such a sight as this has not been seen since Swartz's death. The beautiful Gothic Vepery Mission-church, built chiefly by the munificence of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, filled with the humble disciples seated on the ground, after their manner, writing down my sermon on their books of leaves, the interpreter rendering clause by clause, presented a most striking spectacle. I asked them first, What is a disciple? and, secondly, Wherefore is he called a Christian? I. A disciple is one taught of Christ. The unity, glory, and majesty of God. The fall, depravity, and guilt of man. The recovery of man by redemption. But this must be in the heart—felt—inwardly and deeply imprinted—so that conversion, the birth of the Holy Spirit, and new creation, takes place. II. He *was* called a variety of names, taken from heathen gods, sects, and castes. The wicked *may* call Him now by names of reproach and contumely. But *he calls himself* a Christian. Because Christ is his master and Saviour. Because he desires to confess Christ before men. Because he is willing to bear anything, and carry any cross,

in confessing Christ. Application.—Beware of dishonouring this high, and holy, and blessed Name, by a life or conduct inconsistent with Christ's doctrine. Come to the Holy Communion, that you may confess yourselves Christians; love one another, and know no name but Christ.

To-morrow, at one in the morning, we start. But the future morrow who shall disclose? It is, where it ought to be, with God.

Madras, Dec. 26, 1834.

I have to-day confirmed seventy-seven native Christians, and attended a numerous meeting of the Madras Bible Society. After the Tamul Confirmation I called on Dr. Rottler of Copenhagen, who is in his 85th year, and has been sixty years in India. So excellent is his sight that he can read the smallest print without spectacles, and his hearing continues good. He was the intimate friend and brother of Swartz—a fine, venerable, holy disciple. He received his first religious impressions when seven years of age. He is very fond of botany, and is rather celebrated among the scientific of Europe and Asia. When I asked him to relate some particulars of his earlier religious life he was so overcome that he could not proceed, and I turned the subject.

Carangooly, Dec. 30, 1834.

I am now treading the ground where the beloved Heber died in 1826. The track is solemn and affecting indeed. This is our third encampment. Here we remain till three to-morrow morning. I am seated in the sitting-room of the bungalow. My servant is bringing in my

books, boxes, and clothes, and arranging them. My writing-desk and choicest books go with me inside my palanquin; my fourteen bearers are taking out the things and placing them under the verandah. Every evening at sunset part of the tents and baggage go on, to be ready for us the following morning. The rest accompany or follow us. The confusion, clamour, delays, impositions, difficulty of obtaining food enough, complaints, noise of women and children, multitudes of whom follow the camp, are indescribable. The Archdeacon is our Commander-in-chief. He was chaplain to Bishop Heber in 1826.

Permacoil, Jan. 1, 1835.

A happy new year to my beloved children! We are still living in tents. It is well that we have soldiers with us, for our baggage was attacked last night by a band of one hundred men, who fled at the firing of the native musketry. The village head-officer declares they were only villagers sent on to learn when we were coming, but the Archdeacon thinks it most likely they were thieves, and the soldiers describe the action in high style. We had ourselves a slight inconvenience. About four o'clock, when it was very dark, I heard an extraordinary chattering among the bearers. In a moment my palanquin was lowered to the ground. I jumped out; all the palanquins were abreast, and the sixty or seventy bearers in full and most rapid talk. They had lost their track. It was in the jungle, and the ruts of the carts, the usual guide, failed, through the ground having been trodden up during the rains.

The bearers had all stopped for the purpose of consulting. The Captain, who always accompanies us himself on horseback, was up in an instant. The torch-bearers were sent out in all directions; the lost track or star (for they go very much by the observation of the stars) was found, and we resumed our march. It is curious and interesting to see the manner in which we are welcomed in each village and station. The under-collector and the mayor, with innumerable peons or police officers, and villagers, come out to meet our caravan. Sometimes they come out several miles. Tom-toms, horns, and rude music accompany them. At one place an elephant, gaily caparisoned, led the train. On our arrival at our station the leading natives press in upon us. Each has a present of flowers and fruit, sometimes fish and vegetables. I have to address them through an interpreter. My speech is much the same everywhere:—"I am the friend of India. I wish to make you all happy. I bring you the true wisdom. Read and consider for yourselves. As the light of the sun shines in the heavens, so doth the light of truth in the Holy Scriptures." I make them always understand that we pay for everything furnished to supply our wants, and give no countenance whatever to idolatry. The profuse kindness of the European resident gentry, civil and military, is quite affecting. At Madras the whole community vied in affectionate and respectful attentions, and now on our march it is just the same. We spent last Sunday at Cuddalore, and were lodged in a beautiful house which happened to be empty. Cuddalore is one of the most charming spots in the south of India,

and is on the sea-coast. These are the first native churches agitated with the Caste question, or rather, with the heathen customs connected with that ensnaring bond of the whole system. I held a Confirmation during my stay.

Chillumbrum, Jan. 6, 1835.

We have been visiting the prodigious Pagoda for which this place is celebrated, with its thousand pillars, its splendid gateways, its interior courts, its mass of buildings larger than Christ's Church, Oxford, its Brahmins without end, its rows of columns from the temple to an external gate for holding festivals during the processions of the idols. Oh, when shall this stupendous accumulation of buildings become a Missionary College, with its churches, its schools, its Christian establishment, its dormitories and refectories!

Sheally, Jan. 7, 1835.

Our march was long, from the bad state of the road and the rivers to be crossed, for these rivers often occur. The palanquin is lowered in the twinkling of an eye; the ferrymen push, the bearers sit on the sides: all proceeds as a matter of course. We are now in the kingdom of Tanjore. In the bungalow where I now am, Bishop Heber spent March 22, 1826. THE MISSIONARY* also spent twenty-five years very much in these spots. May God give me wisdom, firmness, and grace in His Gospel!

Mayaveram, Jan. 8, 1835.

Here I am, in a delightful chamber of Sir H. Mont-

* Swartz. — *Editor.*

gomery's, waiting for my early cup of tea, after a most pleasant march of nearly three hours through a beautiful country—the rice-fields waving with their green mass of blade-grass, every field soaked and floated. Literally they “sow amidst many waters,” “cast their bread (corn) upon them,” “water them with their foot,” which removes the petty embankment when they let in the stream; whilst “the sending out thither the feet of the ox and the ass” is perpetually seen. The language of Scripture is, indeed, continually illustrated here. The “taking off the shoe” when you enter a house, as a token of respect, is the invariable practice. The long, ceremonious mode of “salutation”—the women not carrying their children, but “bearing them on their sides,” for they all ride on the mother's hip—the presents offered when any one approaches you—the sending on as Abigail did to David food to refresh travellers on their march—the living in tents—the patriarchal multitude accompanying any person of station—the indispensable blessings of the former and latter rains—the iron styles or pens, and the reed books,—are only a few examples out of thousands.

Combaconum, Jan. 9, 1835.

After a march of six hours, we arrived here about seven o'clock. Sir H. and Lady Montgomery overwhelmed us with kindness in their charming abode at Mayaveram. We are here also received by the Collector, Mr. Freer, with the greatest hospitality. This is the ancient seat of the Rajahs of Tanjore, and indeed of the Chola race, one of the most celebrated of the Hindoo dynasties. It is

accounted peculiarly holy, so that the old Brahmins come here to die. It is twenty-three miles only from Tanjore, and the Missionaries have come over to meet us. I have been conferring with them the whole morning on the important question of caste. We have altogether nearly 10,000 native Christians, and three or four thousand in schools. May God be pleased to assist and direct! Our morning reading was Gen. xv. 1-6 — Abraham justified by faith; an innumerable seed promised, as the stars of heaven; God his shield and exceeding great reward.

Tanjore, Saturday, Jan. 10, 1835.

After six hours' march we have just arrived. I am now writing in the bungalow allotted me at the Presidency by Col. Maclaine;—a charming one, indeed, it is. As we entered the suburbs of Tanjore, the venerable Kohloff, ordained by Swartz in 1787, at which time the elder Kohloff celebrated the jubilee of his own mission, and retired from active duty, came to meet me, with hundreds of his native priests, catechists, and school-children. They chanted a sweet hymn in Tamul, crowds of heathen surrounding us. I was almost overcome, though a sleepless, tossing journey of six hours had already sufficiently exhausted my spirits. Here we shall remain for ten days. The most difficult duty awaits me that ever I had to perform. Seventeen hundred Christians have separated from the Church in consequence of my letters about caste.*

* The Bishop had written to them from Calcutta. See "Memoir."
—*Editor.*

They are headed by two men of proud, artful, and violent character—Diotrephes like. They have much to say, because they have never been instructed in the sinfulness of caste; because they cannot, and will not, distinguish between gradations in civil society and caste; because they have no conception of spiritual and vital Christianity; because they are almost all living in the vices of impurity and drunkenness; because the uncivilised mind clings to any petty distinctions with tenacious grasp.

Tanjore, Jan. 12, 1835.

I have stood on Swartz's grave; I have visited his house; I have been in the room where he died; I have seen his garden, his burial-ground, and his mission-schools; I have preached twice in his church. Never can I bless God enough for the honour of being permitted to speak of the unsearchable riches of Christ in this seat of the great Missionary's labours. From 1706 to 1835 the Gospel has been proclaimed in the south. At Swartz's death there had been made a large number of converts. Decays were to be expected when faithful missionaries ceased to labour, or could not be sent out in sufficient numbers. For thirty-five years the flocks have been without many true shepherds. Heathen customs have, during this time, prevailed. Caste has gained ground; gross immoralities have spread. The Christians are more than half-heathen in ignorance and morals. To raise the prostrate Church is my earnest desire. Caste in itself is nothing; it is as the inlet to heathenism that I oppose it. God give the blessing!

On Saturday, at five, I had an hour and a half's conference with the separated Christians. I treated them with the utmost kindness; heard all they had to say; told them I was going to stay three weeks in the south among them; begged them to come to church the next evening. They then spoke one after another, being chiefly old people who had been twenty, thirty, or forty years in the service of the Mission, and had been dismissed by the Missionaries for not submitting to my letter. I told them I would soften things as much as I could, but that my judgment was unalterable as to removing all heathen customs of caste. They all sang a beautiful Tamul hymn before they left me. They appear much disposed to hearken to my words. Yesterday morning I preached a missionary sermon to the English, and such as could understand English. All the settlement, except one sick lady, were present. In the evening the fine church was crowded:—700 native Christians, 320 Soodra Christian separatists, 60 or 70 heathen, 50 Europeans: 1000 altogether were present. I preached, by an interpreter, from Eph. v. 2: "Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us." I send you a sketch of the sermon:—

I. The love of Christ to us. He is God—the Eternal Word. Man was a sinner—lost, ruined, blind, depraved, condemned. Christ took on Him our nature to save us. He died upon the cross. This was in our stead—for us. All was done from His love to us. He sent His Gospel to Tanjore by Father Swartz. Their fathers received it from him in a penitent, believing heart. They must do the same—receiving Christ's love, not as the

Pharisee, but as the Publican. Then they would understand and feel that love for themselves, would become new creatures, and live to Him who loved them and gave Himself for them.

Here I paused, and inquired if they understood me? if they saw something of Christ's love? if they desired to partake of its benefits? To each question the whole congregation answered, according to the Indian custom.

II. Our love to our fellow-Christians: "Walk in love." By nature, man walks in hatred, pride, lust, ignorance, quarrels, separation. Like Jew and Gentile, Greek and Barbarian, Samaritan and Israelite. Now walk in love, as united in Christ. This includes forgiveness of injuries, help in trouble, mildness in reproof, reconciling of differences, governing the temper, and using authority with tenderness. It does not alter differences of rank in civil society—parents, masters, judges, rulers, officers, the aged, the learned, the pious—but alters those impassable barriers between man and man which heathenism erects; alters the idea of defilement, degradation; alters the authority of Brahmins to judge about losing caste. They must then walk in love, as the good Samaritan, who did not pass by on the other side, like the Levite and Priest, but went to the traveller, never dreaming of being defiled thereby, and bound up his wounds. Love is the law of Christ's religion, and whatever opposes that law in civil usages must be renounced for Christ's sake. Would they do so? Did they wish for the love of Christ? Would they comply with the law of His kingdom? They all answered

they would. I inquired if there was any one person present who thought he did not need Christ's love for his salvation: if there was, I begged him to stand up. Not one stood up. I asked if any one objected to walk in love, as Christ also loved them. Not one objected. "Then you all submit to Christ?" "Yes." I then pronounced the Benediction in Tamul. Still, still, I fear whether the impression will be permanent. There is no religious character to go upon. Their objection is, they shall lose consideration and rank among the heathen; which objection proceeds on the false assumption that Christianity allows intercourse and seeks honour with the heathen. God only can work by His grace. My object is, to get back these 1700 under the means of grace; to obtain more missionaries; to form a new set of catechists and schoolmasters; to make all new converts and candidates for confirmation renounce caste at once and entirely: and thus to hope for a revival of these fallen Churches. God grant it!

Tanjore, Jan. 13, 1835.

For two hours before breakfast, and four hours since, have I been engaged in talking and hearing. I have had 150 of the natives with their leaders, who object to my letter. The Archdeacon, the Missionaries and Catechist, and my Chaplain, were present. I heard with patience all they had to say. One entreated of me, that as Nineveh was spared though it had been threatened, so I would spare them. I made no replies, but said I would consider. They are to come again to-morrow at half-past twelve. At the same time I began by telling them my resolution was unalter-

able, and that all heathen customs contrary to the law of Christ must be renounced. May God help us!

Jan. 14, 1835.

I have had another three hours with the natives, hearing their grievances. One said, that as Christ went away and said to the disciples, "Sleep on, now, and take your rest," so they wished I would do to them. Another man used such language, that Mr. Cammerer would not interpret it, and I was compelled to order him out of the room. A third left the room in anger, determined to hear nothing, good or bad. It is quite incredible what a state of decline and death and immorality these poor people are in. To allow such things to go on is to give up Christianity at once. To convince, however, and convert such characters, is difficult indeed. God only can help. Better, however, ten real Christians, than thousands of heathenish nominal ones.

This morning I paid a visit of ceremony to the Rajah. He sent his Prime Minister and Chief Secretary to conduct me. They came in splendid palanquins, preceded by two elephants richly caparisoned, and a body of soldiers. An interpreter accompanied them. The Rajah sent me word he longed exceedingly to see me, as a Padre had seated his father on the *Musnud* (throne). We went in several carriages, ten or twelve in number. As we entered the fort the guns fired a salute. Crowds of soldiers attended us, with about forty elephants and 3000 soldiers. On coming to the palace, which is an enormous mass of ill-kept buildings, with courts, and squares, and

gates without end, we came by degrees to the court which opened on the presence-chamber. His Highness was on the top of the stairs, most richly attired—covered with gold, in fact—and came forward to meet us. Col. Maclaine introduced me first, and then my company. The Rajah took the Colonel and me by the hand, and placed us on the right and left of the Musnud, which he ascended. I began the conversation by saying I considered it a great honour to be presented to the Rajah of the ancient kingdom of Tanjore, whose father had been raised to the throne by the venerable Swartz. I thanked his Highness for the protection he afforded to the Christians, and the assistance given to the schools. I said, India was the finest country in the world for its extent, rivers, mountains, productions, varieties of climate, and I hoped it would become equally eminent for its knowledge of religion, civilisation, and general prosperity. I told him I came from England for love of India, and had for forty years been interested in its welfare, and that my immediate object in coming to Tanjore was to make peace among the native Christians. The poor Rajah speaks so little English, that I obtained very few replies. We left, after receiving garlands, bouquets, and otto of roses. But my heart is heavy for the poor Christians.

Jan. 15, 1835.

Last evening the Missionaries dined here. The venerable Kohloff was quite delightful. He has all the feelings and manners of a gentleman, with a large and rather heavy form, and a florid, healthy look : his hair is not yet nearly so grey as Archdeacon Corrie's, and hangs long and loose

down his back. He soon lighted up in conversation, and has a gentle turn for humour. His simplicity of character and piety are extreme—very much like Swartz's. He gave me many anecdotes about THE MISSIONARY. He was under him thirty-five years. He never knew him angry or indignant, except when any servants of the Lord were acting inconsistently or timidly ; then he was all on fire. Once Sattaiwaden threw difficulties in the way in undertaking a journey. Swartz was most displeased, and despatched him instantly with a sharp rebuke for dishonouring the high calling of Christ. His management was extraordinary. Mr. Chambers came to him to ask whether he might attend a ball and supper at Col. Wood's (Swartz's great patron), and began to urge that there could be no harm in dancing. Swartz said, "Let us sit down ; I will give you no answer. We will see what St. Paul says." He read ten verses. "Now, what is the advice of St. Paul ? What does he consider the comforts, blessings, joys of a Christian ? What does a man do who receives these blessings into his heart ?" He said no more. Mr. Chambers much offended Col. Wood by not attending the ball. Swartz went of his own accord the next morning, and put himself in the way of his displeased patrons. They were very sullen. Mrs. Wood said, "Mr. Swartz, you spoiled our little party last night, by depriving us of the company of Mr. Chambers." He replied, "I assure you, dear madam, it was not my fault ; if there was any fault, it was St. Paul's." His strength of body for labour was wonderful. The whole Sunday he could go on with a variety of public services. His influence was supreme ; his word, law. His example and conduct con-

sistent ; not so sweet and benignant, perhaps, as we have thought, but with firmness of purpose and sternness which kept all around him in implicit subjection. He was very much in this respect like dearest —. Still, his general demeanour must have been sweetness, frankness, good humour.

Mr. Kohloff's mother used to send him a basket of provisions when he first settled at Tanjore, in 1784. Swartz used to open the basket, and taking the wine, put it up in an almirah (cupboard), saying, "You don't want this." He would then partake, perhaps, of the cakes. The wine was put by, without asking Kohloff's opinion, for the sick. Swartz never touched wine, except one glass on the Sunday. He was complete master of every thing and every body. He the father, all the other missionaries his family. He perfectly understood the science of government of mankind.

I have just been engaged in two opposite duties. The one duty was preaching to the natives from Rev. iii. 2: "Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain that are ready to die, for I have not found thy works perfect before God;" the other was, receiving the Rajah. He came in full state ; six elephants richly caparisoned, six state camels, English band mounted, all his officers of state on horseback, all his troops, his body of hunters, his body-guard,—himself on a splendid horse surrounded with guards, and a pavilion held over him. Col. Maclaine and I received him, and conducted him to the drawing-room. I told his Highness there would soon be only one religion—the Christian.

Jan. 15, 1835.

Last evening the aged Kohloff drank tea here with his family, and most of the Missionaries. We meditated at family prayer on Ps. lxxvii. Swartz was again our subject of conversation. He was very affectionate in his manners. He performed five duties every Sunday; one being the whole English morning service. He read constantly his Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament. I fancy he never read the Scriptures but in the originals. Kohloff presented me with his little well-worn Greek Testament. Each week-day he assembled his catechists and native priests to early prayers, and then sent them out. "You go there. You visit such a circle. You see how such and such families are going on." They returned about four, and reported their proceedings. He went himself to the schools and families in the neighbourhood, came in about one, and remained at home studying or writing till four, when the catechists returned. He then took them with him and seated himself in the Mission churchyard, or in his house, according to the season, and invited the heathen to converse and hear him read the Bible. He was mild, but very authoritative; very acute also in answering their objections, and never allowed himself to be embarrassed. In the evening he called for his Persian Moonshee, and heard him read the Persian poets or historians, to relieve his spirits. He always inspired respect. No one dared trifle with him. He had a good deal of policy and great sagacity on emergencies. He was indefatigable in acquiring languages whenever he changed his residence. For instance, when he moved from Trichinopoly to Tan-

jore he applied himself instantly to the Mahratta language, and mastered it completely. He composed a compendium of Christianity for the use of Tuljajee Mara Rajah, the grandfather of the present king. He had it splendidly bound in silk, presented it himself, and entreated the Rajah to read the arguments with attention. Tuljajee gave it to his prime minister as soon as Swartz was gone, who took it up (he was a Brahmin), and, reading a page or two, threw it indignantly on the ground, exclaiming, "It was an infamous book." Swartz never heard more of the work, and thought it must have been destroyed. When Swartz was summoned to General Fullerton's head quarters, the General requested previously of the officers to respect the reverend Missionary, who was expected the next day. It was unnecessary. Swartz first struck them with reverence, and then inspired affection by his anecdotes and cheerfulness.

Jan. 18, 1835.

I enter upon these holy days here, in these Southern Missions, with awe ; so few, so precious ! the ministration of the Word so peculiarly important. O blessed Jesus ! give Thy servant grace, wisdom, success. How the great question may turn out I know not. On Friday I confirmed eighty-seven natives and eighteen English at the Fort Church, which was literally crowded with natives, Christian and heathen. There, I saw the monument erected to Swartz by Serfogee, the late Rajah. There, I trod again on the spot where the sainted feet of that extraordinary man had been so often placed. There, I entered his humble abode, which remains in the state in which he

left it. The death-like attention of the people is at all events encouraging.

On Saturday I assembled the Missionaries for prayer at half-past ten, and we considered Gen. xxxii., Jacob wrestling with the angel, which was found very profitable. We then consulted together for three hours on the affairs of the Southern Missions. We have a plan nearly prepared for supplying them all with effective and holy missionaries, so as to lay the foundation of new native priests, new seminaries, new catechists, new congregations. In the meantime many are dropping in, and giving in their submission. Their ignorance and immorality are extreme. They have mingled amongst the heathen till they have learned their works.

Jan. 19, 1835.

I preached twice yesterday from Swartz's pulpit, and with the monument erected by Serfogee in my eye. Text in morning, Matt. xi. 28-30. At the conclusion, I said I had made the discourse from some notes of Swartz's found the preceding day at the Mission-house, and which were marked by him, "July 12, 1778," and that I came to Tanjore to tread in Swartz's steps, and do that which, if he were alive, he would himself do. In the evening the sermon was to the native Christians, who crowded every part of the church, nearly one thousand in number.

Motaputty, Jan. 22, 1835.

We have just encamped in this wild spot, to which no roads conduct, and where Christian Bishop never penetrated before, but where 800 souls in a multitude of sur-

rounding villages call for counsel and aid. They are amongst our most interesting and simple flocks—least bigoted to caste usages. They have no missionary, but native priests and catechists. There is a small church. It was deeply affecting to me, after a wearisome night, to be greeted, about seven this morning, with the sight of a decently attired crowd of natives arranged on the side of the path, who struck up a Tamul hymn as we approached. I sprang out of my palanquin and saluted them through my interpreter, and am about to preach as soon as breakfast is over and I am a little refreshed. On Tuesday and yesterday I was examining the Mission-schools, premises, and general affairs, conferring with missionaries, examining candidates, reconciling differences, and laying down maxims for future conduct. On the Tuesday evening I paid a private visit to the Rajah in his library, collected by his father, Serfogee. Colonel Maclaine inquired after Dean Pearson's life of Swartz, which the Rajah sent him the next day. It is splendidly bound in red morocco; but the Rajah cannot read English. I think I must get it translated into Tamul for the use of our ten thousand native Christians.

Trichinopoly, Jan. 23, 1835.

We arrived about an hour since. The mighty rock on which the fort is built arose on our view seven miles from the place, and deceived us as to distance, it seemed so near: the bold pagoda, arising from the summit of the accumulated masses of granite rock, overhangs the plain; the crested wall of the fortification, which crowns the circle, gives a most imposing appearance, in contrast with

the rich, deep shade of the tamarind, cocoa-nut tree, and banian. Here the Cauvery river flows and enriches the plain. The harvest (paddy, like our corn) was begun. That river and the Coleroon are the main blessings of Southern India. Its bed, which is so shallow for six months of the year that men go over it dry-shod, is filled to its highest margin from the ghauts during the two monsoon rains, and then is carried off by conduits, and canals, and tanks, to the thirsty corn-lands. May God bless us here! The death of the beloved and sainted Heber in this very place is an affecting warning. My mind sinks under the association.

Yesterday, at Motaputty, my whole soul was filled with gratitude! By half-past ten, many people being collected, I sent the Catechist to inspect the church, and inquire if there were any old and infirm persons who wished the Sacrament to be administered, as being unable to travel to Tanjore, which was twenty-five miles off. The church was a mud building, without windows, incapable of holding half the congregation, and at the distance of a mile from the tents. Many wished for the Communion, and some children needed Baptism. I ordered, therefore, the curtains of one of our large tents to be raised, had a Communion-table prepared, carpets put down around, and bid the people to be assembled. Above 500 crowded beyond the tent-roof, and even the expanded curtain-walls. I never saw such a sight—men, women, and children. Tamul prayers were read. I preached from Col. iii. 11, "Christ is all, and in all," and then administered the Sacrament to *two hundred and forty-seven*. We were three

hours and a-half in the service. At five o'clock above 100 were collected for the Sacrament of Baptism. Sixteen infants were admitted into the Church, and I addressed the people from Matt. vii. 20, "By their fruits ye shall know them." About 250 were present. Afterwards we walked down to the village and saw the mud church, where the schoolmaster assembles the Christians at five and eight to daily prayers. At seven we sat down to our dinner, and at nine resigned ourselves to our couches till half-past three this morning. What a blessed day! One such day is worth years of common scenes! These poor people were idolatrous Papists, with their images and heathen rites of every kind. About seven years since Mr. H—— distributed tracts amongst them, and soon after visited them and preached the Gospel. Now the fruits are thus abundant. I am going to send them a resident Catechist immediately, and a Missionary as soon as I can. They all submitted to my wishes about caste.

Trichinopoly, Jan. 24, 1835.

This morning I opened my commission, as it were, here, in this beautiful Mission Church, built by Swartz in 1766. It is a noble building, capable of seating on the ground (for this is the Eastern manner) 1000 people. There were 260 to-day out of the 800, which alone remain now of so many labours in and about this place—the usual congregation is about 100. The altar is very fine: the Lord's Prayer in English, Portuguese, and Tamul. The Mission-house I entered, erected by the same wonderful man. Is it not astonishing that an unknown

stranger should have conciliated rajahs and princes, and have built churches in the heart of Hindoo forts, in the most bigoted of all parts of India? for the Mahometans never penetrated so far south to disturb the ancient idolatry.

In the afternoon we drove to the house where Bishop Heber died, April 3, 1826. I visited his chamber, his sitting-room, the chamber where Mr. R—— was sick, and where the dear Bishop walked about after Tamul service at the fort, talking to him about the mission. I walked through the very passage by which the Bishop went. I entered the bath-room. It is a separate building, excavated within for a large swimming-bath, 20 feet long, 12 wide, and certainly 6 or 8 feet deep. I went down the marble steps and paced along the then empty space. The walls were far above my head with my hat on. I cannot describe my sensations. I then entered the very room where his dear sacred body was laid out, and where the Archdeacon sat up by him all the night. What recollections! The notion which has been entertained, that the Bishop struck his head in leaping into the water, is utterly absurd; indeed, with 6 or 8 feet of water it was impossible. The truth is, he was subject in England to determination of blood to the head. He had been over-worked all the time he was in India. He left Madras six weeks too late in the season. He had been in an atmosphere of 95° in a tent for a fortnight; his frame had been sinking rapidly under double and treble exertions; he had taken a cold bath the preceding morning. The second trial proved fatal to his exhausted powers. Apo-

plexy terminated his brilliant but most useful career. He as much fell a victim to the duties of the Episcopate as ever any martyr did at the stake. Bishop Middleton and Turner the same. Bishop James is the only fair instance of pre-existing disease.

Jan. 25, 1835.

On Saturday, before dinner, I ascended the rock of Trichinopoly. The ascent is by a broad covered way, built of stone, with occasional openings to the air, and the last hundred feet have steps cut in the surface of the granite, and are uncovered. At the extreme top is a small pagoda. The immense fort, some miles in circuit, stretches below. The Nabob's palace and gardens—the rich paddy-fields with their lovely green—the Cauvery river-bed, like the Nile's, now dry, but the source of fertility when the river overflows—were in prospect before me, together with Swartz's beautiful church and mission-house. I was carried most of the way in a tonjon by ten bearers. The view was extraordinary.

At half-past ten this morning I held my Confirmation. The church was not full, but well attended. The station here is the next in importance to that of Bangalore. I have since visited the schools and hospital, and examined the different classes. To-morrow, at nine, I hold the Confirmation at the fort. At 8 P.M. we start for Tanjore, halting at a village on our way.

Jan. 27, 1835.

A fine rain of two hours has been falling: but a more gracious rain has also, as I trust, been descending. Such a Confirmation and Sacrament at the Mission Church at

nine this morning ! Forty-eight candidates. Two came forward at the time to renounce heathenism and Popish Christianity, and receive the Gospel. There were 149 communicants, the chief civil and military personages kneeling at the altar with Soodras and Pariahs without distinction. The congregation consisted of upwards of 1000 persons, of whom at least 300 were heathen, crowding outside every door and window as far as the eye could see. Seventy were European gentry, the rest were native nominal Christians from twenty villages around. The service lasted nearly four hours. I pronounced the Confirmation prayer, the Sentences on delivering the elements, and the Benediction, in Tamul. I told the congregation that I aimed at no distinction of civil ranks ; that the Europeans would naturally approach the altar first ; that the respectable and educated natives, Soodras and Pariahs, would naturally come next ; that servants and persons of the humblest stations would follow ; but that there was to be no inseparable barrier, no heathen dread of defilement, only the natural gradations of society which prevailed in Christian churches at home. However, the English gentry voluntarily mixed themselves, on purpose to show the natives there were no inseparable divisions in Christianity, but all were one body. Positively, a Pariah kneeled between the Collector (the chief personage of the station) and his lady, at the lady's request. Out of five hundred, ten or twelve only left the church, and would not submit to my demands. Such is God's goodness !

* The Soodras are the high caste ; the Pariahs, the low caste of India.—*Editor.*

Tanjore, Jan. 28, 1835.

Thank God I did not, like Bishop Heber, die at Trichinopoly. Here I am in perfect health and strength. God's holy name be praised! At eight o'clock last evening we set off in our palanquins for Boodlepoor, on the Coleroon river, where 120 poor Christians, of the wildest habits as to civilisation, were collected in their little church. It was half-past six, A.M. when we arrived. We had fifteen miles to go to reach Tanjore. We could not wait. I went up into the pulpit in the dark, took out my Bible, and exhorted them for half-an-hour from Acts xiv. 22: "Confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith." We then resumed our palanquins, and arrived here at ten. Happily it was cloudy, and there was no sun.

Jan. 30, 1835.

Weather beautiful. A fine rain for two days, dropping fatness indeed. I have been preaching to the natives; there were five hundred present, of whom seventy were of the revolting class. This morning I delivered an exposition of the Epistle of Titus, in a lecture to my five candidates for holy orders, together with four catechists. I am now very busy in writing a Charge to these missionaries, to be delivered on Monday before I leave. It is still quite uncertain what the revolvers will do on Sunday, when I administer the Holy Sacrament at the Mission Church. God only knows what is, on the whole, best.

Jan. 31, 1835.

First day of fourth month of third year, for thus I

reckon time minutely in this dying climate. Blessed be God for this most remarkable day ! I have been permitted to send forth five Missionaries, by imposition of hands and prayer, to the work of the Lord. English prayers were read by my chaplain, and Archdeacon R—— preached. The Ordination then began. We were altogether twelve clergymen at Tanjore, the metropolis of the Rajah's dominions, and the most noted seat of Hindoo idolatry. Five clergymen united with me in the laying on of hands,—the Archdeacon ; my Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. D——, chaplain of Trichinopoly ; the honoured Mr. Kohloff, in the seventy-fourth year of his age ; the Rev. Mr. Mohl of Tranquebar, a Danish clergyman ; and one native priest, in his eighty-third year. There were the representatives, so to speak, of all classes of clergy. The whole of the English settlement were present, and an enormous crowd of natives, to witness the ordination of their Missionaries. The service lasted very nearly four hours. Oh, Lord, accept, pardon, bless ! I asked the holy Kohloff whether he was overfatigued with the service ? He said, with energy, “No ; this is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it.”

Feb. 1, 1835.

This is the most anxious day since I came to India, for more depends on it, so far as man can judge. The Holy Sacrament is announced. The European settlers will attend with the natives. The leading native Christian (oh, that he were really such !) is a magistrate,—a man of character and influence. He has come to Tanjore by the

request of Col. Maclaine ; but he has not yet made up his mind to conform to my wishes.

Sunday Evening.

We have had a most impressive service. The church was crowded from end to end, and about fifty of the disobedient Soodras were present. At the Holy Communion about 360 communicated, many Soodras, sixteen or twenty newly subdued amongst the rest, and these mixed without distinction with the Pariahs. Thus the strength of the opposition is broken throughout the south. A nucleus of obedient Soodras is formed at Vepery, Tanjore, Trichinopoly, Muttaputty, and Cuddalore. Around them the rest will gradually, I trust, gather. All the new converts, and all the children before baptism and confirmation, will altogether renounce caste, and the old congregations will drop off by the lapse of time, even if they do not submit to my wishes. Still it is a fearful combat to meet an uncivilised and half-heathen population of 10,000, scattered over a tract of 200 miles square, with scarcely a notion of spiritual and vigorous piety amongst them. But ages to come are interested. I stood firm as a rock, God helping me. The thing is done, as to the principle, of a new order of Christian habits and customs. But the details, the permanency, the extension of the principle into all the branches of vital Christianity, remain to be seen. God give the Spirit, which alone can do it. My dear old native priest's name is Njanaparagasm — "The Effulgence of Glory." He has been sixty-seven years a preacher of the Gospel, being made catechist by Swartz at the age of seventeen.

Feb. 2, 1835.

I have composed and delivered my Missionary Charge. There were at least 100 native catechists and schoolmasters present, whom I addressed through an interpreter. In the evening I entertained the clergy and catechists at dinner, in the very hall which formed a part of Swartz's house, the main parts of which were rebuilt twenty years since and enlarged. The dear, venerable Kohloff, immediately after dinner, proposed my health, and begged of me to print my Charge. His fine, benevolent figure, his benignant and yet animated eye, the manly beauty of his furrowed countenance, with his long hair hanging down on his back, and carefully turned aside behind each ear, was most striking, I assure you. He said the Missionaries had always been groaning under the miseries of caste, but had not power to put it down. Mr. Jœnické said "it was the grand battery of Satan." He rejoiced that I had come and vanquished the formidable enemy. Nothing could be so affecting—the old man's heart was full of joy.

Feb. 3, 1835.

Never, never, my dearest children, shall I again address you from this dear place of Tanjore. My heart is almost broken at leaving it. I entered it January 10th, almost four weeks since, and have found such blessings, such answers to prayer, such kindness, such affectionate and faithful friendship, such immense prospects of usefulness, as I cannot express. Now it is nearly half-past five, and at six our bearers take us up in our palanquins for a forty-six miles' run. God bless you and us! The un-

known future I leave to Him to whom there is neither past, present, nor to come, the self-existent now, the I AM, not I was, or shall be.

Mayaveram, Feb. 4, 1835.

Here we arrived early this morning, after a twelve hours' run. My mind is now at ease. The work of the visitation is over. God's blessing alone can do the rest, and much there is to do. There never was such a low, heathenish state of things, under the guise of Protestant Christianity, for Popish Christianity professes nothing but to substitute the Virgin Mary for Bramah. As the bearers were changing at one this morning, the old usage of girding up the loins, so often spoken of in Scripture, struck me. Before they start, each assists his fellow in binding their long girdles as tight around the loins as they can well do; they then tuck up their long flowing garments into the girdle, and are thus strengthened on the one hand and unembarrassed on the other, to run what is really a race—five miles the hour, with a heavy palanquin, six bearing at once. The Scripture custom, again, of the females, with their water-pots on their heads, going forth in the morning, is seen perpetually, only that the daughters of kings and patriarchs now leave the toil to the humbler classes. The painting the face like Jezebel is also common. It is a sort of yellow ochre, which is fairly daubed over the whole face, and gives the appearance of a newly-painted sign-post glistening in the sun. The covering the mouth also, when addressing a superior, strikes you; they constantly hold the end of their robes in one hand, and as they speak, cover their mouths with their involved

hand. The bringing a present with them when they approach you is so universal as scarcely to excite your notice. The immense wells, so deep that oxen are employed to extract and let down the buckets, and the low parapet walls around them, and the people sitting on the wells, as Jesus at Jacob's well, and the women assembling at these wells to converse together, are familiar scenes. Nothing also strikes me more than the perpetual disputes and battles now, as of old, about these wells. Again, most strange are the Oriental notions of marriage, the utter disregard of the young people's choice, and the purchase, or dowry, by which the bride is obtained. The parents do most literally give their daughters without asking their consent to the sons of their neighbours, and take in return the daughters of their neighbours for their sons. The Canticles in all its scenes, and Ps. xlv., are acted over in the East every day. And, in truth, the effeminacy of the East, the facility of procuring the means of living, the exciting heat of the climate, the unclothed person, especially of the men in lower life, the little necessity for houses, the fixed habits of polygamy which defile Hindooism and Islamism alike, have produced a state of intercourse very little above that of the irrational animals. Runjeet Singh paraded five hundred wives before Lord William Bentinck, at Simlah. The young Rajah of Tanjore begins with only three wives, but his father filled the palace with them. The consequence is, that the purity of Christian domestic life is the most difficult thing to effect in the native Christians.

Porto Novo, Feb. 6, 1835.

At Mayaveram I visited the Mission premises and twenty-two schools—a lovely spot—much inquiry—tracts and parts of the Bible eagerly sought, and as eagerly read. The Book of Genesis and the history of the Creation in six days strikes them prodigiously. I had all the catechists, and as many heathen as would attend, and preached to them in the afternoon, by the interpretation of Mr. S—— of the C. Miss. Soc., from John xvii. 3.

This Porto Novo is rising rapidly into importance from the discovery of iron mines, which produce the finest steel that can be imagined. It is one of the first commencements of opening the stores of the Indian soil and bringing forth its hidden treasures. Copper, lead, silver, gold, and abundant coal, are also found in different parts of this wonderful country.

Permacoil, Feb. 10, 1835.

We reached the celebrated French settlement of Pondicherry early yesterday morning. The place interested me deeply. It presented quite a new scene, being somewhat like a French town—neat, gaudy, laid out in parallel lines, but with little comfort, and bearing the kind of importance which the French attach to trees, *grandes places*, avenues, and streets perfectly straight. At eleven o'clock we went to call on the Governor. My rusty French was indispensable, for he spoke nothing else. I referred to my repeated visits to France, to literature, benevolence, and religion. In short, we became very animated, and the conversation was prolonged till I rose to take my leave. I next went to call on the French Bishop, whom Bishop

Heber visited in 1826. He was a fine tall old man—had been forty-two years in India;—a Jesuit, nominal Bishop of Halicarnassus, with an expressive though pallid countenance. His eyes still marked intelligence; his figure was large and portly; he was attired in a simple dress or close robe of silk, of a mulberry colour, with a gold cross suspended from his breast. He came out to receive me, and placed me next himself in his cell, a room in the cloister of the Jesuits' church, neat but small, and plainly furnished. We soon fell into conversation about Bossuet and Quesnel. I endeavoured to attract him to St. Augustine, but the Roman Catholic clergy seldom like that eminent father. He did not seem to have read him. I inquired after the ancient library of the Jesuits' College. He said it had been, during the last thirty years, disfigured and destroyed, especially by insects. I observed, "*Ah, voilà des étudiants un peu malins. Ils devorent effectivement les livres.*" The Bishop was amused, and laughed much. He sent his missionary to fetch a book for me. It was an "Evangile Méditre," and prefixed was a letter of commendation from a Protestant minister of Guernsey, about the year 1780. This he pointed out with pleasure. When I rose to depart, I entreated his prayers that we might mutually love our Saviour more and more, and advance vital and practical religion. I told him I had Thomas à Kempis always with me on my travels. He would accompany me to my palanquin. The church itself contained nothing remarkable, except as its magnitude reproached our miserable economy in our purer Protestant establishment in India. On re-

turning home I inquired when and where I could meet the English Protestants, of whom there are forty-five at Pondicherry, chiefly country-born, whom the Chaplain of Cuddalore visits once a month or so. An empty house was prepared as a church. I found nine candidates for confirmation, whom I examined privately, and then delivered my two usual confirmation addresses, mostly in French, and confirmed them before the assembled congregation. The service was most affecting and interesting. I gave them my opinion of Voltaire and of the French desecration of the Sabbath in France. I was delighted with the day.

Chingleput, Feb. 12, 1835.

We left Carangooly at four this morning. These quiet interposed days are most precious. This is the third. The first at Permacoil, in tents, was hot and suffocating, but the bungalow of yesterday was quite commodious, and to-day we are superbly lodged in a large upper-roomed house of the old fort. As we crossed the dilapidated glacis, the dry and half-choked ditch, the buttresses demolished, the drawbridges in neglect—not a soldier—not a gun—not a sentinel to be seen—the inclined roads to the fortification overgrown with weeds—as we rapidly crossed all this, the thought struck me of the vanity of man, the poverty of his best doings, the brief continuance of his strongest works. But the eternity of truth, the enduring safety of those whom the Rock of Ages surrounds, and the perfect peace of those that trust in Him, are brought out into bolder relief by the contrast. The Lord's will be wholly accomplished in us! Grace,

grace, more grace, grace for grace ; this is what we want—grace for suffering, grace for waiting, grace for bearing reproach, grace for walking with God, grace for acting and labouring whilst it is called to-day.

Wallahjahbad, Feb. 13, 1835.

We started this morning between three and four, and have now reached our last post of duty till we enter Madras again. I was meditating this morning when the day broke on Ps. lxviii. How the Inspired Word rises upon the mind in its authority and consolation, as troubles or duties perplex ! How glorious the ascension of Messiah—how blessed the captivity led captive—how mighty the strength and power He giveth unto His people—how cheering the silvered wings of the Dove after the pots and bondage—how heart-touching the benefits and gifts poured out on the rebellious—how encouraging the assurance that the Morian's land shall soon stretch out her hands unto God ! Chingleput is an interesting place. I forget what I told you of it as we passed through in December, but I am sure I did not describe, for I had not seen, the enchanting view from the Registrar's house in the fort, where we were received. It presented one of those picturesque scenes which only occur now and then. Immediately before us was our encampment—palanquins, servants, and camels. On one side, the building called Rye-Mahl, or palace of the former native prince, lifting its four-storied tower towards heaven ; on the other a dilapidated round citadel, frowning over the opposite rock. The outer walls running round the whole formed a

boundary-line to the near view; whilst beyond it the celebrated lake stretched its fruitful and calm waters, (waters of life in a temporal sense), beyond our sight, but was relieved from behind by an amphitheatre of lofty hills, where each mountain like a giant seemed guarding the entire place. The oriental foliage, with its rich expanse of leaf and prodigious bulk of branch, variegated wonderfully the scenery.

Madras, Feb. 14, 1835.

Thank God we are here in safety again, having been absent nearly seven weeks.

Sunday Morning, Feb. 22, 1835.

Thus Sabbath after Sabbath creeps on. I am now going up to finish, as we say, by preaching twice this morning; at eight to the natives, at eleven to the Christians. First text: "Jesus stood in the midst and saith unto them, Peace be unto you." John xx. 19. The second, Eph. iii. 14-19, that fine prayer of the Apostle, the finest, perhaps, altogether of all his sublime ejaculations—the fulness of God—the love of Christ in its vast dimensions—the in-dwelling of Christ—the fortifying Spirit—the grounded and rooted charity—the knees bowed to the God and Father of Him WHOSE IS THE WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH. This family must include you, dearest children, my grandchildren, my sainted wife, now eight years gone from me; my dear — and — and — and also Cecil, Forster, J. Newton, Robinson, Scott, H. Martyn, Buchanan, Swartz, Gerické, Cranmer, Luther, Calvin, Jerome of Prague, Claudius of Turin, Bernard, Augustine, Ignatius, St. John, St. Paul, and so back

through the prophets, kings, and patriarchs, to righteous Abel. What a family! Death only calls us from the portion of it on earth to that which is in heaven. Death separates, but does not divide. The dark creaking portal opens and we pass into the brighter abodes of our FAMILY MANSION, after having fulfilled the will of God in these dark and murky tabernacles where we tarried for a season. And what is separation, distance, removal, in this view? We are still the FAMILY CIRCLE.

CHAPTER III.

Voyage from Madras to Vizagapatam — Scripture Metaphors — Landing at Porree — Visit to Juggernaut — Return to Calcutta — Close of First Visitation — Reflections on the Past — Lent Lectures — Hindoo College — Clerical Meeting — Visit to Gungeree — Heathen Festival — Tittyghur — Visits to Calcutta Churches — Lord Bacon's Prayer — "Venn's Life" — Chinsurah — Mrs. Wilson's Schools.

At Sea, Feb. 23, 1835.

WE came on board at six o'clock on Monday morning, and have had our first prayer in the cuddy after breakfast. Our chapter was Deut. iii., in which Moses begs of the Lord that he may enter Canaan, and is only allowed a Pisgah view of the fair land. Even such views are no small blessings. I have just passed the happiest six months I ever spent, so much do I love missionary work.

Vizagapatam, Feb. 26, 1835.

This is a most romantic spot; I think, almost the most romantic we have seen, certainly the finest point on this side of India. Lord Clive took it from the French about the year 1760. The rocky undulations creep along the shore for three or four miles, and as we descended from Mr. Chester's yesterday morning to go down to the fort the view was lovely, especially from the beds of so many

channels by which the monsoon rains rush to the sea, now dry, but soon to present the appearance of mighty rivers. They remind me of the passage of the Red Sea—nothing is more usual than the sandy bed of a river crossed as a common road when the stream has flowed by. At Combaconum they throw up a road once a-year for their use during the eight dry months. The miracle of opening a sea, of forcing back its prodigious bulk of waters, of doing this at a moment, and with an immediate declaration preceding it; all this remains the same. I may as well add here, that the chief rivers in the south of India are never allowed to reach the ocean at all. The whole mass of water is drawn off by a thousand channels as rapidly as it fills the bed of the stream. The Scripture metaphor of the “Church’s peace flowing as a river” is literally seen here. So the rain being described as “dropping fatness.” Its falling “on one city and not falling on another city,” and the inhabitants of several places crowding to the fortunate spot, is seen every year. The collectors, zemindars, ryots, watch for the falling blessing, and envy the fields where the showers fall. The lands here present the same aspect as Moses refers to 3500 years since—every kind of grain is sown in the same field, in the vain hope that if one fails another may succeed. European skill is banishing this erroneous system; but when Moses forbids the practice, only a divine inspiration could have carried him thirty centuries forward in agricultural science. The religious and typical lessons couched under his prohibition are a further proof of Divine prophecy. The marks of caste on the forehead, alluded to in Ezek. ix.,

are entirely according to the practice now prevailing. The devoted idolater carries the symbol of his horrid deity on his front. Princes, also, write by their chief scribe or recorder; often because they cannot write themselves. The Rajah of Tanjore knew nothing of the letter of Dr. Pearson to him, or of the reply sent in his name.

Porree, Feb. 28, 1835.

A town of 50,000 souls is here held together by the direst superstition—no trade but sin, no art but delusion and lies, no bond of union but communion in idolatry. Nothing has yet been done to abolish these atrocities.* The pilgrim-tax is still collected about a mile from the town, and a ticket given to each wretched individual to warrant his approach. The three cars of Juggernaut are built anew every year; the tributary villages furnish the quota of unused wood; the cloths and mantles are still furnished for the idol pageantry by British servants. All must, however, fall. The horrors are unutterable. About 50,000 pilgrims pay the tax yearly, and 100,000 are let through as unable to do so. There are 150,000 altogether, of whom about one-third, or 50,000, perish by hunger, fatigue, and sickness yearly. They are collected from all parts of India. I stopped to ask some stout persons at one of the tanks whence they came. “From Bundlecund, a two months’ journey,” replied one. “From Tirhoot, a month’s journey,” replied another. “What is that small

* The worship of Juggernaut has since been discountenanced, and the tax abolished. — *Editor.*

building?" I inquired. "It belongs to Chandler Lale, minister at Hyderabad;" and so on all around. "These pilgrims, how are they collected?" By regular bodies of men termed pilgrim-hunters, who travel all over India for the purpose, and when they have gathered a troop, drive them like sheep before them till they reach the scene of plunder, cruelty, and lust. The larger number are women, who concert the plan for undertaking the pilgrimage unknown to their husbands and families, and start off at a moment's notice. When the caravans arrive, a perpetual fight takes place amongst the Porree inhabitants as to who shall receive them, so eager are the people to lodge—in other words, to plunder—the helpless wretches; and plundered they are, not only of all they possess or can procure, but of all they can borrow at immense interest. About five days finish the process. The stripped multitude then proceed on their return. The sick are uniformly left behind, to whiten with their bones the accursed plains. Those plains are barren sands thrown up from the beach by the south-east monsoon. The seasons of festival are chosen, as it were, to heighten the misery; for instance, June, when the extreme heat is suddenly succeeded by the rains and the cholera amongst the undefended crowds. The sick still sometimes throw themselves under the wheels of the Belial car. Bands of music, troops of dancers of the vilest order, noisy, intemperate debauchery, with the most profane songs and unutterable pollutions of every kind, make up the religious rites of Juggernaut. The pagoda, or circuit itself of the enclosed temple, is a mass of heavy buildings, not equal in extent or splendour

to those at Chillumbrum, but more sacred in the estimation of the Hindoos. One portion is sunk, by lapse of time, into a sort of pit, down which, when you cast your eye, you see the half-buried temple, with its grove. No one is allowed to penetrate the interior of the pagodas, because the cooking is perpetually going on in the inner circuits, and the passing of a Christian would defile the whole culinary establishment. If we had chosen to pay 2000 rs. for the re-cleansing of the sanctuary, we might have been admitted. Such is Juggernaut! Dr. Buchanan's description is most true. Cruelty, lust, oppression, disease, famine, death, follow in its train; as in the worship of the true God and Saviour there follow light, mercy, purity, justice, peace, diligence, domestic happiness, truth, pardon, holiness, eternal life. Oh, how benevolent is Christianity!—how gracious, how profitable to man, even in this world, to say nothing of its revelations of grace as to another! Never did the language of Scripture, as to idolatry, appear to me so pregnant with inspiration as since I have seen the dire effects essential to heathen worship, and the readiness with which the fallen heart of men called Christians sinks into apologies and indifference as to its true character. Put out the Bible, and Greece and Rome, with all their horrid abominations, would again fill the world.

Steamer Enterprise, Feb. 28, 1835.

After breakfast at Porree we convened the few Christians of the station, and had morning service. It was very affecting. I especially urged them to a con-

sistent conduct in the sight of the heathen. At eleven we re-embarked in the native boat, built without a nail, in order to yield to the surf, the planks being sewn with cocoa-nut strings, the bottom bilging up or sinking as the waves propelled, and were presently on board the "Enterprise." The view of the shore is very picturesque; the tall sugar-loaf pagoda of Juggernaut rears its hideous head in the distance. The value of land is so high all around, that the miserable huts are divided into two or three tenements, and human beings are packed into them. The humanity of the British Government has raised an hospital for the sick, and appointed a surgeon. The assistant officer pointed out to me just now, as I stood on the deck, some low pagodas on the beach. There is the Gate of Heaven, as the Hindoos term it. The idols are there said to come down at times from Juggernaut during the night. All the rich Baboos are taken down there to be burned after death; and if they can purchase some of the remains of a car of Juggernaut, which the Brahmins sell at an immense price, they consider their felicity complete. I should have said that all the pilgrims, on their arrival at Porree, eat of no food but what is cooked within the pagoda itself.

At Sea, March 1, 1835.

We are now within thirty miles of the pilot whom, on October 31st, 1832, I hailed with such exquisite transport. He is now in sight, in fact. May the Heavenly Pilot never leave me! I shall need His gracious presence and guidance on shore as much, yea more, than now.

Oh, the rocks and shoals, the treacherous calms, the quicksands, the storms, the piracies, to which I am about to be exposed ! And at times Jesus will seem to be asleep at the moment of greatest peril. May I awake Him by the voice of importunate supplication ! Jesus may at times tarry on the mountain after He has compelled us to enter on a hazardous course, and not be in or near the vessel. But then He is praying for us, and will come in due time, walking on the sea, and say, "It is I ; be not afraid."

We have had two services on board. I preached in the evening, from Eph. vi. 11-18. I thought I could not enter Calcutta in a better spirit than in meditating on the kingdom of Christ, as set forth in that exquisite passage of Holy Writ. I particularly dwelt on the armour provided for the Christian soldier, and the grace and power of his Captain. The temptations and peril of a new station, the distraction, the secularities, the destitution of religious society, the influence of climate, are indescribable. I expect a succession of chastisements and trials of the most poignant kind. It is the way to the Kingdom. No cross, no crown. Nor will you, my dear children, be at all exempt from similar ones. There must be a low estate, or God would never remember us in it, nor cause His mercy, which endureth for ever, to be illustrated thereby.

Calcutta, March 9, 1835.

I enter to-day on the fortieth year of my pilgrimage to the heavenly state, if, indeed, I am a pilgrim. I am far from relying on express times of conversion. Nothing

can be more dangerous; but to remember all the way which the Lord our God hath led us, to record like Jacob at Peniel and Samuel between Mizpeh and Shen the Divine goodness, is our privilege and duty. I have, therefore, never let March 9th pass since that day in the year 1796, when the first admonition of grace reached my feelings and heart, and led me to personal prayer as a sinner. But, oh, what a scene of humiliation presents itself when I look back! Oh what selfishness, inconstancy, backsliding, decay! But it is of little service uttering this to man. It is to Thee, O my Lord and Saviour, that the desires of the heart are to be made known, and it is from Thee the healing remedies must proceed. Gratitude, however, should and must be felt—gratitude that I have not been cast away from God's presence, and that His Holy Spirit has not been wholly taken from me—gratitude for having been placed in such stations of important usefulness—gratitude for all the blessings, temporal and spiritual, which have been vouchsafed. Nor must new resolutions of future duty be omitted—self-government, self-knowledge, self-abasement, self-denial, self-restraint, as to the negative branch—activity, zeal, beneficence, promptitude, courage, wisdom, as to the positive. The blessings I want are all comprehended in one—GRACE!

Calcutta, Nov. 15, 1835.

I have been preaching at the famous Old or Mission Church, on the occasion of opening it after repairs and enlargements, a sermon for Mrs. Wilson's Orphan Asylum which she has engrafted on her Native Schools,

and where she designs to train orphans as teachers.* She has purchased a convenient piece of ground on the river Hooghly, about eight miles on the way to Tittyghur. I preached from Matt. xxviii. 20 : "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." I considered the whole passage, and urged the importance of all things necessary for upholding and preserving Christianity, where it has been received, such as public worship, ministry of the Word, circulation of the Scriptures, education, catechetical instruction, and the care of the sick and poor, as being in part involved in the commission. Mr. Bickersteth's Hymn-Book was used for the first time in India. We sang that beautiful hymn :—

"Jesus, we Thy Promise claim ;
We are gathered in Thy name :
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest Thy presence here."

My soul is subsiding more and more into God. The excitement of India is going by. The novelty has ceased. I have now run through the first series of duties of all kinds. Now, blessed Jesus, I turn to Thee. Do Thou, and Thou only, work in me, and by me, and for me, and through me. Be Thou only glorified. Display Thy grace in Thy glorious Gospel upon the hearts of men.

Tittyghur, March 18, 1835.

I have now come again to this beautiful bungalow after an absence of nearly eight months. Time, which is so

* The Mrs. Wilson here referred to is the widow of a Missionary of that name.—*Editor.*

slow in its details from the languor of the climate, is more rapid in the aggregate. Last evening I was alone, and spent two or three hours after dinner in delicious retirement. I am taking Ps. li. for my Lent Lectures this spring. Our congregations are good, but the higher classes attend less than on former occasions. The novelty is gone, and the homely doctrine remains.

Calcutta, Sunday, March 22, 1835.

May I enter on the holy ground of the journey of life with holy feelings, a holy unction from above—with much of the influences of the Holy Spirit! I intend delivering my 225th Indian sermon from a part of the Epistle of the day, Eph. v. 8-10, which I composed for dear Islington this very Sunday four years. How obvious are the blessed tendencies of Christianity! Take this one text* out of ten thousand, and let any one say what must have been the origin of a religion which teaches such lessons, and how credible are the mysteries of a Revelation which are involved with these tendencies, and are employed to produce such effects.

Gungeree, March 23, 1835.

I am now writing in the small neat bungalow set up in this station by the Incorporated Society Missionaries. We set off soon after five, and since breakfast have been holding Divine service. I preached through an interpreter from Rom. vi. 3, 4. During the last six years there have been three or four hundred converts gathered into

* "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light."

the fold of Christ in this place, who are walking in the faith and purity of the Gospel. We were about two hours and a half at church. The bamboo building, with nave and side-aisles divided by unpeeled stems of the bamboo, was crowded with people, whilst the heathen all around in the verandahs were muttering consent or disapprobation as I went on. I preached again in the afternoon, when forty-six adults and about forty children were baptized. I attended, on Saturday, the annual examination of the Hindoo College in the Town Hall at Calcutta. Our new Governor-General was present. There is great industry, curiosity, animation, in history, chronology, poetry, mathematics, among the students—but no instruction in Christianity. The Government will not, as a Government, teach Christianity.

Sunday, April 5, 1835.

Again has the blessed day been permitted to re-visit me—the holy, sacred, peaceful, sanctified, and sanctifying day. How life, duties, ministry, sermons, responsibility, pass on! I have nearly 3000 congregations to answer for—3000 opportunities of saving souls—and how FEW ARE LEFT! How soon will the last number be written by some other hand in my registry of sermons!

April 11, 1835.

We had a delicious north-wester last evening, accompanied with a little rain. Our Clerical Meeting was delightful. Sixteen clergy were present, and all was love, piety, expansion of heart, and blessed communion with each other.

One of the abominable festivals of the deluded Hindoos takes place to-day. My horse was scared at the noise and crowd as I went for my early ride, and now the noise of the tom-toms and clamour are such that I can scarcely write. It is called the "Churruck Poojah," or worship of turning round. It is confined to the lower orders, and attended with unutterable cruelty, debauchery and riot. It is at this festival that some poor creatures are swung with velocity on an erected pole, an iron stake being driven through the fleshy part of the back. All Calcutta is mad on these occasions upon their idols. They have about eighteen of these festivals yearly, at irregular intervals, some lasting eight days, and the whole occupying thirty-four; but there is not one religious service in our sense of the word: no prayers, no teaching, no sermon—all is open profligacy, vice, and impurity. The heathen Sabbaths are the nucleus of their abominations, as the Christian are of the spiritual and healing truths and blessings of the Gospel. These Pagan feasts, too, are irregular. Our Sabbath is regular, after every six days' labour, and of one day only at a time, so as not to be abused. Then, mount up a little higher. The Hindoo feasts are similar in abomination to the deities they worship. Our Sabbaths spring from the command, and partake of the holiness of the One Eternal and All-glorious God. Thus all hangs together. But Paganism suits fallen man, carnal man, fleshly man, brutish man, uncivilised man.

One of the Missionaries from Tallygunge is just come over. He says none of the Christians there have joined

the festival, but the heathen villagers, from children to those of the oldest age, are mad upon their idols. They were drunken before daylight with toddy and arrack, then infuriated by the unseemly processions, then driven to the wretched self-torture of running spikes through their tongues, noses, ears, lips, and shoulders, whilst a few among them undertook the worship of turning or swinging themselves. Oh, may the Lord look upon the covenant, "for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty!"

Good Friday, April 17, 1835.

May this third Good Friday passed in India be more sanctified than the preceding ones! It is a day for penitence, for self-examination, for intercession for the conversion of the world, for new resolutions for serving Christ. My soul is exhausted and annihilated when I reflect on the past and the future of my bishopric, which another will so soon take; and the account I shall have to render to God of its administration.

Easter Day.

The Lord is risen indeed! May we rise from the grave of death and sin and live henceforth unto God. This is that power of Christ's resurrection which the Apostle exhorts us to know; and I conceive it is in this view that our Collect, after acknowledging that it is by God's special grace preventing us (or His special prevenient grace), He puts into our minds good desires, teaches us to pray for His continued help that we may bring the same to effect. For what is this but rising with Christ indeed—the new life—the soul inspired with

good desires, and the habits, principles, and conduct, effectually governed thereby? We were meditating last night on Mark xvi., and then praying for you, my dear children, for England, for all the countries of Christendom, for India, for the world, that sin and idolatry might be buried in the tomb of Christ, and that truth and holiness might spring from His resurrection, ascension, session, mission of the Spirit of grace.

Tittyghur, April 24, 1835.

Here I still am, with all nature blooming around me. The morning is lovely. The fine flowing Hooghly, with its native boats, stretches on my right; my own garden and pleasure-grounds surround the sweet flower-hut in which I am now writing; a double roof of bamboo covers it; walls, or rather an open lattice-work of the same material, with four doors and an open verandah, form my protection from the rising sun; the air is so cool as to make his rays cheering; a small white marble slab table, surmounted with the writing-desk you knew so well at Islington, stands before me; four chairs hold my books; not a voice is to be heard but that of the distant boatmen, intermingled with the chirping, singing, merry birds; and here I am about to enjoy two hours of quiet before prayers and breakfast call me. Well then, shall I not begin by acknowledging God's mercies? "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Calcutta, Sunday, April 26, 1835.

May this holy season be blessed! I am to preach to-day at St. James's. Text: "If by any means I might

attain unto the resurrection of the dead." A glorious resurrection to eternal life, the prize of our high calling. May our Low Sunday terminate our Easter meditations with a tenfold blessing ! The thought of the Divine foreknowledge, prescience, and purpose, seem to me capable of illustration by what I intimated yesterday. You, on the spot, know four months before myself what takes place in England. Things that are learnt as they occur, are in themselves of course matters of fact, matters not of contingency but of history. But this does not alter my feelings, my duties, my anxiety to learn events, my prayers. As each event becomes known to me, and not before, it is a subject of religious fear, awe, submission, thankfulness. The moral law remains always my one only rule of life, and not the supposed events occurrent in England. The knowledge that the event passed four months before does not prevent me, when it becomes known to me, from rejoicing or grieving. Now expand all this, and apply it to man's petty, narrow knowledge of things in their successive development, and an Infinite Being's all-comprehending omniscience and omnipresence. Add to these natural attributes the moral ones, of Infinite wisdom, goodness, mercy, love, righteousness ; and you have reason for entire repose in your ignorance.

Flower-House in Tittyghur Garden, May 22, 1835.

I had a very quiet day yesterday outwardly, though much agitated inwardly with the state of my duties. I was comforted this morning in reading a funeral sermon for Dr. Carey, and a speech at a Bible meeting in Edin-

burgh, at the anniversary of 1834. I rose up a little into general truths, felt the immensity of the spiritual work before me, and lost sight of the petty microscopic difficulties of this lower world. I have found always throughout life the great benefit of generalizing and abstracting at times, and ascending into the heavens as it were with Christ. These primary elementary feelings, connected with the special duties and discipline of our several churches, is the true way of avoiding bigotry on the one hand and latitudinarianism on the other. You keep steady and yet you mount. Oh, for the spirit of love, and of power, and of a sound mind!

May 24, 1835.

I am to-day about to officiate at Barrackpore, which is next in the cycle of the churches which I have been taking every Sunday since I returned, alternately with the Cathedral. I have been to the Old Church, St. James's, the Free Church, Bishop's College, and the Fort. Barrackpore, Howra, Kidderpore, Dum Dum, and Chinsurah, yet remain. Is not this cycle itself a vast scene of usefulness—to have ten large stations, besides the Cathedral, where I may preach the everlasting Gospel, stir up the clergy, give a public countenance to evangelical truth? I hope to go round the cycle once again before I start on my second tour of visitation in the winter, if I should be permitted to start. O for thankfulness for such great and effectual doors set open before me! May we to-day, according to our most beautiful Collect, “By God’s holy inspiration think those things that are good, and by His merciful guiding perform the same.” God demands the

heart—the heart in a state of constant contrition, obedience, love, subjection.

Whit Sunday, May 31, 1835.

O may the sacred influences of the dove-like Spirit descend upon India this day, in all the soft, gentle, penetrating, fructifying, illuminating powers of the Gospel! The work of the Holy Ghost is two-fold;—Gifts and graces, ecclesiastical guidance, inspiration of Scripture, qualifications of ministers, power of ordination, courage and fortitude in suffering, labours of missionaries and support in their high calling. This is one branch under which miraculous powers were ranged, whilst for the first two or three centuries they accompanied the infant church. We have specimens under the Old Testament of these gifts in Aholiab and Bezaleel, filled with the Spirit for building the tabernacle; Saul, endued with kingly qualities for government; David, conducting himself wisely under persecutions; and Solomon, blessed with wisdom and understanding for going in and out before so great a people as that of Israel. But the graces of the Spirit are infinitely more precious, and these divide themselves into two chief branches:—Conviction, or reproof for sin; and Consolation. The first unfolds the law; the second glorifies Christ. The first illuminates, humbles, converts, regenerates, new-creates the soul; the second consoles, calms, unites to Christ, aids in communion with God, spiritualizes, fills with faith, hope, charity, separates from the world, prepares for heaven, and fosters the anticipations and pledges of its bliss. Oh, what a prayer is that of Lord Bacon which is termed “the Student’s Prayer:”

“To God the Father, God the Word, God the Spirit, we put forth most humble and hearty supplications, that human things may not prejudice divine; neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, anything of incredulity or intellectual might may arise in our minds towards divine mysteries.”

You cannot think how much I am charmed with “Venn’s Life.” There is such solid piety, such humility, such self-knowledge, such good sense, such fine sagacious remarks on men and things, such kind-heartedness, so many detections of the windings of the great adversary, that I read it with much advantage and pleasure. At eleven o’clock on Friday night I was walking on the side of the noble Hooghly; the moon shone splendidly over the water, the trees around my flower-house and bungalow reflected and variegated its beams; my soul was humbled within me on the contemplation of the Divine majesty and goodness, and man’s apostasy and woe. Oh, what a heart is man’s, and what a heart is mine! Oh, what misery has sin diffused over this beautiful creation! The heavens, indeed, do still declare the glory of God; the invisible things of His being and sovereignty are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made: but in what a state are Hindoostan, China, Arabia, Persia, Thibet! In what darkness lie the most of those nations whom this glorious eastern moon illuminates! What a contrast between the Western and the Oriental hemisphere! How few know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent! May God be pleased to aid me, and all my brethren, to

labour more in dissipating idolatry and sin, and in proclaiming the Gospel wherever the natural heavens preach silently their Maker and Lord !

Chinsurah, Sept. 10, 1835.

I am now making my fifth visit to this large station. The town is an old Dutch settlement, with the former Governor still residing as a private man. The old Calvinist Church was given over to Bishop Heber in 1824. The place stands on an exquisitely beautiful reach of the river Hooghly. The native town contains 20,000 people. The bazaar is enormous, and highly characteristic of India. Its crowded narrow streets, its low houses, its teeming population, its chatter of tongues, its concentration of all kinds of articles of sale, its traders sitting on their shop-tables in the midst of their corn, and sweetmeats, and looking-glasses, and clothes, like monkeys ; the perpetual smoke of the cigar rising on all hands, the stoppages of vehicles of all kinds, encountering each other in the obstructed ways ; all constitute a unique spectacle. The frightful pagodas mark the idolatry and degradation of the people, and tell you the mass of misery, and vice, and female oppression, and brutal appetite, which the system of Hindooism involves, and which this outward confusion only suspends.

Sept. 13, 1835.

I enter to-day on the thirty-fifth year of my ministry. How few, comparatively, have been permitted so long a period of years for the exercise of it ! How little did I foresee, when sitting at Mr. Cecil's and Mr. Scott's feet, and drinking in their instructions, the way in which the

Lord would lead me! India especially fills me with wonder. The honour of bearing Christ's name in this country, the honour of suffering something for Christ—little, indeed, and not to be mentioned, but still something—the vast importance of the post assigned me; the influence on 200 clergy, scattered over a region 1500 miles by 1200; the correspondence with the Church at home! Oh for grace, simplicity, boldness, wisdom, faithfulness, steadfastness, love to Christ, love for souls, zeal, patience! Lord, help!

Sept. 14, 1835.

I am now in a *bholeah*, or large cabined boat, between Chinsurah and Barrackpore, with the spire of the church of Serampore in view; the varied shores on either hand crowded with fishing-huts, pagodas and bungalows on each bank of the river; the sun just rising; the rich, wide, calm bosom of the Hooghly river yielding to the languid impulse of the Indian oar. Cantonments are opening each moment, as we pass the seven regiments stationed at Barrackpore. We are now just opposite the great Missionary settlement, where the press is pouring out its treasures; whilst the Government House is coming into view, and at the opposite sweep of the reach my bungalow of Tittyghur closes the prospect. The splendour of the morning sun, reflected on the glassy surface of the stream, is what only an Eastern hemisphere can exhibit. Yesterday I preached, both morning and evening, to most attentive congregations.

Calcutta, Sept. 27, 1835.

I went this morning to see Mrs. Wilson's Christian

schools. The new Orphan buildings are going on. There are 116 orphan girls now under Mrs. Wilson's roof. Solid good is done in this manner, as the children are domiciliated and trained as Christians from their earliest infancy, without counteracting influences from home. Mrs. Wilson is an extraordinary person. I visited also the Infant Schools, the European Orphan Schools, and Mrs. Sandys' Orphan Schools on the Mission premises at Mirzapore.

CHAPTER IV.

Commencement of Second Visitation—Reflections—Cape Comorin
 —Malabar Coast—Quilon—Allepie—Cotyam—Visit of the
 Metran—Syrian Churches—Sermon preached in Native Church
 —Important Conferences with Metran—Cochin—Synagogue
 of White and Black Jews—Confirmation—Visit to Syrian
 Churches in the Interior—Differences between the Syrian and
 Romish Church—Proposals for Improvement—Goa—Augustinian
 Monastery—Decayed State of Libraries—Tomb of
 Xavier—Inquisition—Arrival at Bombay—Parsee Marriage.

The Hattrass, Oct. 4, 1835.

WE embarked at six this morning. I am now entering on a Visitation which may occupy nearly two years, should life and health be continued, as it will comprehend both South and North India. I felt thankful for the blessed repose of the Sabbath just before my departure. All Christianity is compressed into that holy season;—prayer, praise, gratitude, recollections and adoration of the first and the second Creation, sympathy with the Universal Church, public worship of God, the reading and hearing of His word, the administration of the sacraments, the conversion of souls, the quickening of drowsy and consoling of afflicted Christians, the preparation for heaven. May Islington and Calcutta, and all the places where the Lord records His name, be visited with all these blessings!

At Sea, Oct. 15, 1835.

We are now descending the Bay of Bengal, on its eastern shore, and shall round Cape Comorin to reach Quilon, on the Travancore coast.

I have suffered far less this voyage than in any preceding one. After the first two days I could begin to read and write. I have read through the first volume of Gleig's "British India." The sketch of the Afghan and Mogul Empires is the most fearful ever exhibited. For seven centuries one fell swoop of tyranny passed over India. Wars, endless in succession and execrable in cruelty, followed each other. Oppression, insecurity of person and property, invasion, famine, death, marched in ghastly procession. If ever there was a contrast in the state of nations, it is between India under the Mogul and India under the British sceptre. Life and death are not more contrary. The mind is refreshed with the equity, the impartial jurisprudence, the inflexible punishment of treachery in inferior agents, the new springs of agriculture, medicine, commerce, art, science, education, and morals given by England. The last of her rulers, Lord W. Bentinck, first diffused for seven years the blessings appropriate to peace in a copious and steady flood. No doubt we have committed, and do commit, a thousand faults; but I speak comparatively. Christianity must crown the whole. She is doing this, though amidst much difficulty, misapprehension, and division. She is making her way.

Sunday, Oct. 18, 1835.

St. Luke's Day. Again Sundays of distraction, soli-

tude, and exile are allotted to me. But we are seven English, and come within the promise; and well does the beautiful Collect of this day suit my state of mind. The diseases of the soul, the wholesome medicines of St. Luke's Gospel, the beloved Physician whose praise is in all the churches,—these are my subjects of meditation. My voyages are my times of spiritual examination and discipline. Seven or eight months of Calcutta duties have brought many attendant maladies upon my heart. External hurry, bustle, conflict, correspondence, new emergencies, intercourse in society, have led on Satan's forces, whilst the tendency within to all evil has betrayed the soul too much into his hands. Contemplation, thought, interior meditation, are now my duty. The leisure of this voyage is delicious. I pray God I may profit by the opportunity!

Nov. 13, 1835.

Cape Comorin was full in view this morning. We are now passing through new scenes. So far as Colombo we reached last year, but the Gulf of Malabar, Cape Comorin, and the Malabar coast, are entirely new to us. The Cape is one of the noblest scenes which offers to the traveller. The extremity of the land itself is, indeed, a low sandy point, scarcely visible at any distance; but the superb Ghauts, about twenty miles inland, and which to the mariner's eye push themselves forth into the ocean first of all, form a magnificent sight. They rise three or four thousand feet, stretch on either coast so far as the eye can reach, vary in their aspect and undulations, are broken perpetually into new series, sometimes four or five

ranges springing one over another, whilst overhanging clouds hide the extreme tops. A pagoda here and there, with houses and cultivated fields, enhance the beauty of the entire picture. And now may God prepare me for duties of another class! What is before me I know not; but thirty-two days of privacy, like St. John Baptist's in the wilderness, ought to have aided in sobering, humbling, strengthening the soul, under the influences of the Holy Spirit. The time, though now and then wearisome, has been most salutary—a pause between Calcutta and my renewed Visitation. Oh for the love of Christ, the compassion for souls, the presiding wisdom, the fortitude, the tenderness, the prudence of St. Paul, that “the care of all the Churches,” so far as they fall upon me, may fill me with self-abasement, sense of weakness, and reliance upon Christ! His kingdom is not of this world. The real work is His. Man is nothing; Christ is all in all. O to unite Claudius Buchanan, Henry Martyn, Bishops Middleton and Heber, the beloved Corrie (now, as I trust, Bishop of Madras), in one Christian course of superintending love!

Nov. 14, 1835.

We hope to anchor about nine. The coast of Malabar is exquisitely beautiful. The Ghauts, or range of mountains some miles inland, are in fine contrast with the cocoa-nut trees, the jungle, the meadows, and the sandy beach in front. At noon we passed Trivandrum, where the Residency stands, prominent on the beach. I sent in a letter by a country boat. The most interesting objects, however, were the neat Christian churches, planted at the

distance of a few miles all along the shore—beautiful buildings, like our English country churches; small, but of ecclesiastical appearance, of white materials, with a small tower and cupola, roofs of thatch, and white tombstones adorning the churchyards. I fear they entirely belong to the Roman Catholics, who are so little removed from the heathen in habits, information, or morals, that one laments the sad degradation of the Christian name. Two or three hundred thousand of these Christians crowd the south of India.

Quilon, Nov. 16, 1835.

We are at the Residency, a noble building, where we have every kindness shown us. The chief people of the native village came to present me with fruits and flowers, with a large cortège, yesterday. I spoke to them of the Christian faith. The thasildar (head-man) acknowledged it was a better religion than the Hindoo, and would by degrees prevail over it; but the Hindoo religion was very old, and it could only be overcome gradually.

Allepie, Nov. 17, 1835.

We started at six this morning, in four boats, for Cochin, about 150 miles, by what is termed the Backwater, which is a series of lakes running parallel with the sea-shore, and opening upon it from time to time, at a distance of one, two, or three miles. The larger lakes are connected with each other by intermediate rivulets or natural canals. The scenery as we left Quilon was of the softest and most luxuriant character,—the water smooth as a mirror, the margin studded with cocoa-nut trees, the

outline variegated on all hands with infinite loveliness. We rowed for three hours, and then disembarked at a small Christian village, and had breakfast prepared in the Parsonage-house adjoining the little village church. I looked into the church : it was a Roman Catholic one, with only the ground for a floor ; there were no seats, but an attempt at the usual gaudy altar and image, which seem characteristic of the Apostasy. A kind of quadrangle of small buildings, in a room of which we breakfasted, marks the perpetual attention of that Church for the provision of its priesthood. The people and priests are very little raised above the heathen. In fact, the Paganism which Conyers Middleton proved to exist at Rome, has been transferred just in the same manner to India, but with grosser features. The main difference is, that in the car and processions it is not Juggernaut, but the Virgin Mary that is worshipped.

After a voyage of thirteen hours we arrived late this evening at the charming bungalow of Mr. N——, at Allepie, where we found two or three hundred native Christians, Heathen, and Portuguese, collected for divine worship. I preached to them through an interpreter, from Eph. v. 2 : “ Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us.”

Syrian College, Cotyam, Nov. 19, 1835.

We arrived here yesterday. I have just received the Syrian Metropolitan, and his attendant catanars and deacons, in a first audience. He sent two priests this morning to me to know when he should call. He came at half-past ten, attired in a red satin dress, with a white

surplice of muslin falling over it, and a kind of rich hood or shoulder-piece of adorned work. A cross, apparently of gold, hung from his breast. A large crozier was borne before him, and a mitre was on his head. A long white beard marked him to be between fifty and sixty, as it flowed down almost to his waist. I received him in the modest black silk gown, which is the ordinary vesture of a Protestant Bishop. My Chaplain and the two Missionaries attended in their robes. As it was a visit of ceremony, I confined myself to general topics; all directed, however, to one point—the honour of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the setting forth of His praise. I said I was a stranger passing through his diocese to Bombay and the upper provinces of Bengal and Agra, and could not refrain from calling at Cotyam, to salute the Metropolitan and ancient Church of Syrian Christians; that I had no authority except over my own people, but was desirous to strengthen his hands in a heathen country; that England was the greatest nation in the world, and as God had given her the supremacy in India, she was bound to honour and protect the ancient Syrian Church of Malabar; that she had suffered the same kind of oppression from the Church of Rome which the Syrian Church had, and could, therefore, sympathise with her; that she was an Episcopal Church, and held the doctrines of the primitive Christian Bishops in like manner as the Syrian did: she revered also the first four General Councils, but that the foundation of all her doctrines and discipline was the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; that in order to convert the Heathens, the light must

shine brightly in the different Churches of Christ. I had then the catanars and deacons introduced to me, and conducted afterwards the Metropolitan to the door, where his palanquin was waiting for him.

2 P. M.

I have been returning the Metran's visit. He resides in the College which the English Government built about twenty years since, and which is a quadrangular building, with cloisters and verandahs on each side, something like our old colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, though much inferior in size and style of architecture, of course. Nothing but general conversation took place. I talked of Cyprian, Ambrose, St. Augustine, Athanasius. The Metran knew nothing of their writings. He appears totally ignorant, but assents to what I say. I told him that the Protestant Churches received the Fathers as witnesses, and gave them all the weight they severally deserved, but judged of them by the Bible, and not the Bible by them. The personal character of the Metran is very, very bad, which is a great obstacle to every reform. The people would willingly receive such reform, but the priests are opposed, as their gains for masses and prayers for the dead would be gone. It appears that much superstition has gradually clung even to the pure Syrian Churches, and many Popish practices have crept in. The Syrian Roman Churches have, of course, entirely submitted to the Pope and his images and idolatries. But in the pure Syrian Churches, though there is much decay and much of evil habits, error is not enacted by law, nor enforced by the authority of councils. The

Syrian Churches acknowledge and know the Scriptures. They hold the three first councils, and they acknowledge no other creed than we do.

Pullupali, Nov. 20, 1835..

I have been preaching in this pure Syrian Church by the permission of the Metran. It is called "St. George." There are seven priests and one deacon, and four or five hundred families. A ghaut with rough steps leads from the river to the church steps, in front of which a cross, with no figure of our Lord, but simply the two transverse beams, of a large size, was erected on a raised pediment. The western façade resembles all the other little churches here, rising like the gable-end of a house in decreasing stories. The nave was a mere room, without seats or benches. Before the chancel was a septum, or rail. Five large chandeliers hung from the ceiling, quite low. The chancel was elevated by several steps, and the altar at the back was simple — no Virgin Mary, no crucifix, no gaudy ornaments, no shrine for the host. Coarse daubings of our Saviour on the plastered walls were very miserably done, but nothing beyond our Protestant custom in England. The Morning English Prayers were read in Malayalim by the dear Missionary brethren. I then preached from my chair in the chancel from John viii. 12, Christ the Light of the world. I was particularly charmed with the primitive simplicity of everything. Along one side of the nave ran a kind of gallery, or long verandah, with an upper story leading into the gallery of the church, like our singing-galleries in England. Here two of the priests live; a prophet's chamber indeed

it was ! To this room, or gallery, we were conducted after church, to partake of milk and eggs provided for our refreshment. On regaining our boats, for we came by water, the view of the entire building, the antiquity of every object, with the church porch adding to the tout ensemble, the majestic cross in front, the old palm-trees waving on each side, the crowd of priests and Syrian laity saluting us, brought to my mind the primitive Church at Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians. Their poverty, their long persecutions, their ignorance, the superstitions which these circumstances had produced, their independence of the Church of Rome notwithstanding all, made them an object of the deepest interest.

Cotyam, Nov. 22, 1835.

The Lord Jesus assist me to-day ! I have the most difficult and delicate task to perform—to meet the Metran and propose measures of reformation. Thou, Lord, alone canst direct and bless. Guide Thou, I pray !

Under the present Metran everything has been going back. He ordains boys for money. He purloins Church property, and encourages superstition. Yesterday I had two long conferences with him—one alone, the second before fifteen or twenty of his clergy. I urged on him to ordain none but those who had passed through the College; to let the clergy be supported, not by prayers for the dead, as at present, but by fixed fees; to let all the accounts of the Church property pass through the hands of the Resident; to establish schools all over the diocese; to let the Gospel be preached by every Priest every Sun-

day, and to let a Liturgy be taken from the numerous ones now in use, in order to be translated into Malayalim, with alterations and abridgments. The Metran assented to everything, but said he must consult his clergy.

Nov. 23, 1835.

The church at which I preached yesterday was not so simply adorned as that on Friday. The nave, porch, and chancel were much the same. The adjacent buildings were more numerous and convenient. The service was very unsatisfactory; it was not social, but the Priest in many parts of it performed it in silence alone, whilst the use of bells and of incense partook of superstition. The language of some of the prayers was too much like that of Rome, and must have been the remnant of sixty years' subjection to that fierce Church. The solitary Communion celebrated by the Priest was contrary to all notions of social worship. Some of the prayers were in Malayalim; some in Syrian: the Epistle and Gospel in Malayalim. The whole service was a mixture of admirable and most spiritual prayers with superstitious language about the Virgin Mary, Saints, and the Eucharist. I could not help thanking God that our noble English Reformers had swept away all these, and the yet worse superstitions of Rome itself, and had formed such a pure and edifying Liturgy. The chancel of this Cotyam church was filled with crosses, which had figures of our Saviour painted on them, not carved figures, and more tending to superstition.

Cochin, Nov. 24, 1835.

Here we are arrived, after a passage of seven hours.

It is a most beautiful ancient town on the coast, long possessed by the Portuguese and Dutch, and only finally made over to the English in 1814. The harbour is most striking. We are at the Residency. Last evening we visited the Synagogue of the White and Black Jews. The Elders of the White Jews had waited upon us on our arrival, and invited me there. They are as fair as Europeans, but with the complete Jewish physiognomy; highly respectable. Two hundred are reported to have come from Jerusalem after its destruction by Titus; others have joined them from different nations since. The Black Jews are swarthy like Hindoos, and are considered of an inferior race. The White Jews received us at Jews' Town, with an immense crowd of people preceded with large wax candles. The Synagogue was illuminated, as were all the houses on each side the street through which we passed. After the usual evening prayers by the Elders, the Jews came up to me and begged of me to address an exhortation to the people. I inquired of the clergy whether it would be improper, and finding it would not, I rose and laid before them some proofs of Jesus being the Messiah, urging two prophecies, Daniel's Seventy Weeks and Haggai's Glory of the Second Temple; and then entreated them to read the Gospel, and mark the divine holiness of Jesus with His stupendous miracles. I then adverted to their actual state of dispersion for rejecting Christ, and told them of their future conversion. I lastly quoted Zechariah on the Spirit of grace and supplication, and begged them to implore of God his Holy Spirit to open their eyes to perceive their own sinfulness, and then they would look unto Him whom

they had pierced. They then made a prayer for me, mentioning me by name. When all was concluded they undrew the veil, and showed us the copies of the Hebrew Pentateuch which they possess.

Balgahatty, Nov. 24, 1835.

I have just been preaching and holding a Confirmation in the Protestant Church of this place, formerly a Portuguese Church, but since the Dutch possession in 1663 purified, and now belonging to the Church of England. The congregation consisted of 500 persons, of whom 150 had been Roman Catholics, and 100 listened from the outside, being Roman Catholics still. I confirmed seventy-five, being the first Confirmation held here by a Protestant Bishop.

Cochin, Nov. 26, 1835.

Yesterday we had a most exposed and fatiguing day. We were misinformed of our route, and what was to have been done in five hours occupied ten or eleven. The burning sun, the glaring sand, and the fatigue of palanquin travelling, almost overcame me. But how shall I describe the beauties and novelties of this first excursion into the interior? We visited five of the Syrian Churches. We conversed with the Priests, and at the most remote, Candermaad, I contrived, thank God, to deliver my intended sermon, exhausted as I was. We passed through the Syrian villages. We went over the spot where Dr. Buchanan and Bishop Middleton had been in 1806 and 1816. We stood in the Church where the furious bigot Ménézes, in 1599, held his forced synod—a synod, the majority of whose members he himself had violently ordained, on pur-

pose to compass his ends. Yes ; I have been at Deampoor—now a desolation, twenty houses only appertaining to it. The Romish glitter, the Romish images, the Romish crucifixes mark the place. The church where I preached was Candernaad. The other churches were Tripoontorah, Currinzereherry, and Deampoor, and one or two Roman-Syrian besides. The difference of the Syro-Roman and Syrian Churches in externals, is chiefly in the admission or exclusion of images of the Virgin, and of crucifixes, the Syrians having only crosses. In doctrine and discipline the difference is immense, the one being under the Pope with his Council of Trent, the other under its own Bishops and Clergy, with a slight dependence on the Patriarch of Antioch. The one denies, the other welcomes the free use of the Scriptures. The one builds on Tradition, the other on the Bible. The one excludes from salvation all out of its pale, the other acknowledges all orthodox churches. The first shuns all intercourse with the English Bishop and Clergy, the second admits them to preach in their churches and teach in their schools. The one prays wholly in an unknown tongue, the other allows the Syrian prayers to be translated or read in Malayalim, so as to be understood by the people. The Roman-Syrian has little or no preaching of God's Word, the pure Syrian admits and encourages it. The Clergy of the first are educated at Verapoli or Goa, in all the tenets of Popery ; the second educates her Priesthood at the Protestant College at Co-tyam built by the English, and where the Church Missionaries are the tutors. The Priests of the first take on them at their ordination all the vows of Popery, the Priests of

the second engage to observe the canons of the Council of Nice. Finally, the Popish Syrians enforce the celibacy of the Clergy, the Syrians allow of their marriage when Deacons. It should be added that the Romish Syrians avoid, whilst the pure Syrians invite, the English Resident's protection and guidance.

The result is, that the Church of England has now a glorious opportunity of aiding in the sound revival of these ancient churches. She has no authority, nor does she claim or want any, but she may advise, help, and strengthen. The Church Missionaries have been in the field for nearly eighteen years. The defects of the Syrian Churches spring from ignorance, the general corruption of man, intercourse with the heathen, and the remains of the Popish tyranny of sixty years, from 1599 to 1663. They know not what they hold. They deny all the peculiarities of Popery, and yet they pay some worship to the Virgin and Saints; they believe something like Transubstantiation; they pray for the souls of the dead; they hold solitary communions; they do not enough preach to the people; they have no fixed Liturgy; they have no Confession of Faith; they hold the canons of the Council of Nice, but know not what those canons are. Their civil and intellectual condition is low, feeble, ignorant. You may judge from this what a delicate task I have had.

My proposals go to a sound, temperate, thorough reform. I have fully impregnated the Missionaries' minds with my views, and have made, as it were, a public confession of Christ and primitive truth in the face of the churches. I have declared the name of Jesus with the

firmness, and yet the deference, which became me in another church, as a stranger with no authority. Already the minds of many are in movement. Several priests in the north and south are awakened and prepared for a better state of things.

The sketch of the Syrian Churches in Dr. Pearson's "Life of Dr. Buchanan," is the most accurate and fair we have. The information in Bishop Middleton's Life is curious and accurate, but Dr. Buchanan is the real man to be praised. His researches and letters are inimitable. His accounts are substantially correct. Some faults he made, of course. His references to their early history are crude and imperfect. His idea of the purity of the Syrian Churches, and the resemblance of their Liturgy to ours, was too sanguine, and the language he used of an union with the Church of England was unauthorised and premature. But what of all this? the main statements are beautifully picturesque and fully true.

Arabian Sea, Nov. 29, 1835.

The Syrian Church, my beloved children, fills my heart, and, I trust, my prayers. O that an advent of the Lord may be granted unto her! The general moral character of the Syrians much surpasses that of the Roman Syrians, of the Portuguese Roman Catholics, and of the heathen. And since the Bible has been permitted to be read they are rising, as a people, daily in knowledge and virtue. There is one very pleasing custom in their church service. When the priest says, "Peace on earth, good will towards men," the attendant priests take his right

hand between both of theirs, and pass the peace to the congregation, each of whom takes his neighbour's right hand and passes on the word. The civilisation, arts, trades, commerce, sciences, houses, conveniences of the Syrians, are at a very low ebb after an oppression of so many centuries: but they work in the Mission Printing-office and Foundry, they cultivate the land, and follow small merchandise. The purity of Christian marriage is the centre of all domestic and social excellency, and of public spirit and enterprise. What an honour to England to raise this Church if she can, and make her a light to lighten the surrounding heathen! Their bitterest foes are the Roman Catholics. Their villages are most primitive. The cross at the entrance, the little church raising its meek front, the huts covered with leaves of cajan, and the long vistas of palm-trees, combine to touch the heart of the Christian European. Each of the churches is impressed on my memory as by a signet. At two of them I conversed with the priests and a crowd of Syrian lay-people in the side-gallery without the church walls, and exhorted them to study the Scriptures and forsake superstitious customs.

Dec. 2, 1835.

In sight of the flagstaff of Goa. This coast of Malabar and Canara is lovely. The Sunny Mountains in varied figures are a perpetual object of pleasure; the bays, the indentations of the land, the multitude of brigs and coasting-vessels, the ports and flagstaffs every twenty or thirty miles, and the Christian Churches with their simple and elegant forms, constitute, perhaps, the finest scenery

of the kind we have yet seen, not excepting that of Ceylon. But, as Bishop Heber says, "only man is vile." Alas! alas! heathenism is here even of a more degraded character than in other parts of India.

New Goa, Dec. 2, 1835.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of this spot. A magnificent sort of bay leads from the sea to the river of Panjuis, on which the town stands—a wide and noble stream, crowned on either side with superb hanging woods of cocoa-nut, and interspersed with churches and country-houses, which conducts you to the town itself. We are now in the Viceroy's palace, and I have been looking round the immense rooms, surrounded with portraits of all the Governors and Viceroys, from Albroquerque in 1509 to the present time. The place has altogether fallen. The weakness of Portugal at home has debilitated her colony here. At present there is neither Viceroy nor Archbishop.

Old Goa, Dec. 3, 1835.

Old Goa is about five miles from Panjuis, or New Goa. We went in the Viacker's boat, with eighteen oars. The view of the surrounding country as we advanced was indescribable; the Thames at Richmond is beggarly in the comparison. We first visited the church of Cajâtan, the dome and centre aisles of which are feeble copies of those of St. Peter's at Rome: the whole edifice does not, however, resemble it, being in the form of a Grecian and not a Latin cross. I saw nothing when I was on the Continent equal to the splendour of the altar-piece. I ascended for a mo-

ment the immense pulpit, adhering gallery-wise to one of the pillars of the nave. The Convent of the Franciscans adjoining is, like all the rest here, deserted ; the library is literally mouldering from neglect. In thirty years more these buildings will be in ruins, for there are no longer any inhabitants. It is like Babylon in the prophecies of Isaiah, the satyr calling to its fellow. The Archbishop's palace is likewise deserted, and become a mere untenanted and sinking mass ; but the remains of such comforts and well-arranged apartments still exist as to show what it once was. The Archbishop's private rooms consisted of a library with a verandah, and an interior library, with the very couch on which the Archbishop slept, with bath-room, and exterior approach by separate steps. I took up a copy of the Charge of a late Archbishop delivered in 1818, and printed at Calcutta.

The chapel of the Augustinian Monastery is of the most subdued solemnity, and consists of a narrow mass of building, with the choir on the level with the upper cloisters, and opening into it. The altar is less tinselled than the Cathedral, or Cajâtan Church, but I cannot enter into more details. The high mass at St. Xavier's Church was disgusting mummary, with neither devotion nor instruction. The Nunnery of Monica, the mother of Augustine, we could only see in a small part, of course. Oh, what do we owe to our Reformers in the sixteenth century ! I could not help deeply lamenting the state of the libraries. Probably a dozen considerable libraries were rapidly perishing by mere neglect. I looked over the titles of many books, most of them Fathers, Councils, and old works on

geography and history. The typography of the Bibles and Prayer-books was superb. Those printed at Rome, and Antwerp, and Venice, were on paper like vellum, and with a bold, clear, large type—quite charming. But the impression of the whole of Goa upon my mind was most painful. A city made up of churches and monasteries (private houses there were none), a toy-shop for the Virgin Mary, the manufactory of men from Hindoos to Roman Catholics, and all Rome transplanted to India, in short. And then, the fall! In one hour all has vanished as to its real influence and power.

New Goa, Friday, Dec. 4, 1835.

On reflecting on the magic scene of yesterday my mind is overwhelmed. The Portuguese, for one hundred and fifty years the great European power in India, is silent in darkness, and the “Beast” which enjoyed her protection expiring. Instead of two thousand priests, whose licentiousness was proverbial, there are now fifty, or even fewer, stragglers. Immense masses of building, crumbling daily, and some positively without a single monk. The Nunnery alone remains, and that is to receive no more inmates. The Abbess has never been without its walls for forty-five years. One sweet-looking pupil attended her at the *grille*, downcast as a flower doomed to fade. The nuns we could not see. I should have mentioned that the tomb of St. Xavier is a great curiosity. It was opened yesterday and illuminated. It is an enormous pyramid of black marble, with the compartments filled with exquisite alto-relievo sculptures on each side near

the base; altars and images are around; gilding and ornamental work in profusion. The whole is surmounted with the silver coffin of Xavier in most splendid guise. The walls of the chapel are adorned with pictures by European masters. I said to Dr. Carr,* as we sat musing on these and similar follies, "Well, they are right on their principle. If man is to be bewitched and inebriated with the wine of spiritual fornication, this is the way; but if our principle is the true one, that religion is an intelligent, retired, spiritual service of a God who is a spirit, and who will be worshipped in spirit and in truth, then this is not the way, but an imposture." Dr. Carr, in 1816 or 1817, saw Joseph à Doloribus, whom Dr. Buchanan mentions, at the Inquisition. At that time the building was entire, though the Inquisition itself was abolished. Dr. Carr saw the room where torture was administered, and the adjoining cell where a scribe sat unseen to note down every groan of the prisoners. Oh, to tread, as I did, on the ruined heaps of the horrid prison, to survey the wild grass shooting amidst the masses, to cast my eye all around on the confusion, and then to think of three hundred years of tyranny, of two hundred prisoners at a time being there, shut up from liberty and hope! I cannot describe my feelings. I took the opportunity last evening of urging the authorities of New Goa, with whom we dined, to adhere to the fundamentals of Christianity, to establish schools, and to inculcate the Holy Scriptures.

* Afterwards Bishop of Bombay.—*Editor.*

One of the judges interpreted. At two this afternoon we go on to Belgaum, fifty miles.

Malabar Point, Bombay, Dec. 14, 1835.

The view of the harbour of Bombay yesterday morning, when the dawn appeared, was ravishing. An extensive bay girt with mountains, the foreground broken by Elephanta Island; the shipping sprinkled on the smooth mirror of the water between us and the town of Bombay itself; the spire of the Christian church meekly rising above the surrounding fortifications and houses; the extreme distance faintly marked by the lofty ghauts; the calm, beautiful sunrise in an Indian winter, shedding a glory over the whole! Nothing can exceed the scene, except perhaps that which stretches before my view at this spot, Malabar Point, which is a tongue of land projecting into the sea by the side of the harbour of Bombay, and commanding at an elevation of a few hundred feet somewhat the same objects as the eye seizes at the entrance of the bay. The kindness of Sir Robert Grant, the Governor, whose guest I am, is, as you may imagine, overwhelming. We drove up after church, about four miles, to the series of bungalows and tents which are planted on this little promontory for his use. I have a bungalow to myself; in other words a spacious, airy, charming cottage, with sitting-room, bed-room, dressing-room, and bath adjoining. My chaplain has similar apartments on the other side of the sitting-room. A wide verandah surrounds the whole, and beyond that a pent-

house, with mat roof shelving almost to the ground. The roaring of the sea reminds me of Brighton, and the fine, cold temperature of dear England.

Christmas Day.

May my fourth Christmas in India be blessed! May that Saviour whose nativity we celebrate be born in our hearts!

December 26, 1835.

The island of Bombay is about nine miles long and three or four wide. The population about 170,000, of whom 4000 are British. The Parsees are about 13,000 in number. They were expelled by the Mahometans from Persia. They still worship fire, but eat and drink like the English. They possess nearly the whole property in the island. Bombay is full of strangers of all descriptions. I went this afternoon to see Col. B——'s bungalow, as a specimen of some hundreds which are run up on the sea-shore every fine season for the sake of the sea-breeze, and taken down and packed up for further use when the rains fall. The whole space called the Esplanade is allotted in this way—180 feet by 240 was Col. B——'s allotment of ground. On this were stables, outhouses, servants' rooms, and a dwelling-house. The whole is built up every November and taken down in June. It consists of a framework of wood with canvas walls, coloured; a roof of bamboo and cajan leaves; rooms all opening into each other, and bounded with rows of flower and fruit-trees. In the rains the families flock into the fort. It is like a fairy ground, I assure you. From this place we proceeded to visit the gorgeous English house of the richest

Parsee in Bombay, the roof of which commands a most beautiful prospect of the bay, with its town, ghauts, and distant islands, forming a complete panorama. It was the occasion of a marriage which led us there. One month it is to last. The house and opposite ramparts are occupied daily with guests. This illustrates the Scripture parable of a king making a marriage of many days for his son. The guests also appear in wedding garments of long yellow silk, presented by the master of the feast. The bride and bridegroom were of the ages of ten and twelve. The little damsel came to us with her earrings and nose-jewels, her ornaments on her arms and feet, covered with jewels, and tinkling as she walked. Nothing could be so exactly like Isaiah's description of the Jewish females.

CHAPTER V.

Poonah—Mahratta Captain and Escort—Kirkee—Travelling in Tents—Ahmednugger—Nizam's Territories—Aurungabad—Grand Procession—Splendid Tomb—Caves of Ellora—The Impregnable Pass—Ali Khan's Pleasure-house—Wild Scenery—Perils of the Way—Boorhaunpoor—Paganism and Christianity contrasted—Mhow—The Newab of Jowrah—Ancient Fort—Nusserabad—Openings of Usefulness—Ajmeer—Splendid Ruins—Thugs—Jyepoor—Durbar of Queen-mother.

Candala, Dec. 30, 1835.

WE are again, patriarch-like, in tents. We alighted from our palanquins in this romantic spot at five this morning. May God be praised for the eighteen days of comfort, mercy, blessing, and support under arduous duties which we have enjoyed at Bombay! We had a most hurried time, but I hope we accomplished all the main ends of a Visitation,—in awakening ministers, testifying to truth, confirming the young, consecrating churches, determining ecclesiastical questions, holding religious anniversaries, becoming acquainted with clergy and laity, lessening prejudices against Christianity, the Church of England and the Clergy, strengthening all that is going on of good.

Poonah, Jan. 1, 1836.

We arrived at this ancient seat of the Mahratta Empire at five yesterday morning. It is an immense cantonment, with 1800 Europeans. The fine old Mahratta captain, who, with thirty horsemen, forms my escort, and rides peaceably beside my palanquin, was a celebrated officer under the native government, and fought most fiercely against the English eighteen years since. The tremendous character of these Mahrattas remains, though they are subdued. The captain came to be introduced to me this morning, bedizened with gold, with a dark jutting countenance, look indignant, eyes fierce and prominent, moustaches black as jet, sword by his side. This place, Poonah, with Ahmedabad, was one of the scenes of the acute negotiations of the Duke of Wellington in 1803. Even at present no Mahratta is allowed to go to Bombay without special licence.

Kirkee, 10 A.M.

We came on to this famous site of the battle of 1818 this morning, to breakfast. Here the power of the Mahratta Empire sunk under the British arms. The Mahratta Musnud was annihilated; the supremacy of Britain proclaimed; and in the old royal palaces the natives are now taught English learning, as I saw yesterday with my own eyes; and the last great branch of the Brahminical power was thus broken up. Poonah has 110,000 souls still. I went to inspect the site for a new church, after I had visited the schools. A bishop has, in this country, everything to do: all arts, all sciences, all languages, all business, all trades, must be his.

Kunderpoor, Jan. 5, 1836.

We are now fairly off on our journey to Mhow, Delhi, and Simlah. I am writing in the bungalow built for travellers in this village. We passed the site of the battle of Koreigaum in 1818. We contemplated the walls and towers where the battle was fought. We dismounted and read the inscription on the simple column raised to the honour of the heroes who fell. It was by similar valour and conduct to that displayed on this occasion that all India was won, and chiefly in self-defence, as far as we were concerned; and now we have to make the fit use of the Divine goodness. The supremacy of the British power in India, which followed immediately upon the victories of Kukee and Koreigaum in 1818, is the greatest trust ever committed by Almighty God to a Protestant nation. There is something very affecting, to my mind, in travelling as a Christian Bishop for the first time over the countries where, eighteen years before, all was hostility, Hindooism, and death.

Serroor, Jan. 6, 1836.

We were in motion at five this morning. The weather is lovely, the road rough and stony. The Deccan is fine, fruitful table-land, open and hilly; the soil rich, dark black loam, like our most productive tracts in England. The wheat is waving in the fields. All is well suited to the Mahratta character, and their wild cavalry and marauding habits. The men are black, fine figures, strong, fierce, warlike—all Hindoos. The view from the bungalow-window at Serroor is most beautiful, commanding the whole cantonments, the straggling native town, and our

own encampment—in a sweeping semicircle of four or five miles. We are now quite patriarchal. About sixty camels, forty horses, forty bearers of palanquins, thirty surwars, or native Mahratta cavalry, twenty-five sepoy, with tents and tent-servants almost innumerable, constitute my escort. The natives always bring their families with them. The crowd collects a bazaar about us wherever we move, so that we must be 300 or 400 altogether.

Ahmednugger, Jan. 8, 1836.

We lost our road in coming here. My thirty horsemen led me into a wild, hilly country, when they suddenly stopped, saying they had lost their way. I was a little ahead of the party. Nothing could be more picturesque than to see them all dispersed around, looking for the road—some mounting the adjoining hills, others galloping over the plains; whilst the figures of those who had reached the craggy summits were projected by the mild rays of the sun rising behind. At last they found some villagers, one of whom they drove before them like a prisoner, and compelled to show us the road. By daylight we were all right.

I have just been reading a comforting sentence in Thomas à Kempis: “O how wise was that holy soul that said, ‘My mind is solidly fixed and founded on Christ!’”

Yesterday Colonel Wallis drove me round the fine cantonments and fort, and Pettah, or native town. I alighted and walked up to the spot where the breach was made in the wall by Lord Wellington in 1803, and which

is marked by a tablet recording the names of the officers who fell. In passing through the Pettah itself, misery, decay, dirt, mud, ruin, told too truly the tale of Scindiah's rule. We dined with the Colonel in the evening, and an officer told me, that when the Deccan was first taken there were 400 Christians left without a chaplain for fourteen years. Sunday was the regular day for shooting and hunting-parties. This account led another gentleman to declare that at Bombay, twenty years since, there was only service once a Sunday by the single chaplain, Dr. B——, who had been forty years in India, and who, every hot season, shut up the church for white-washing and cleaning, and went to the hills for two or three months. Thank God, things are altered since that time !

There is something affecting to my mind in being in the heart of the old Mahratta Empire. I tremble, I tremble at the future ! A journey of 1300 miles to Simlah is before me. I feel travelling, and one moment is enough to dismiss me to the "City of the Silent." But hush, my soul ! Cast thyself into the arms of the only wise God. Repose on Infinity. Trust the love of Him who died in agony on the Cross. Be only like a wise virgin, with thy lamp trimmed and oil in thy vessel, and waiting for the midnight cry of the coming Bridegroom, and all will be well. Yes, O my God ! I believe Thy word of faithfulness. Send unto me large effusions of Thy Spirit ! Pour out the copious shower, and then will trust, joy, meekness, long-suffering, faith, patience, abound in me !

Tokah, Jan. 13, 1836.

The travellers' bungalows now forsake us, and we spend our days wholly in tents. We arrived here early this morning.

We are now in the Nizam's territories, and an additional escort of 100 men has been sent me, making my troops 100 infantry and 50 cavalry. Nor is the force needless, as we are now subject to the invasions of the Bheels—a marauding nation, like the Pindarries and Mahrattas formerly—who infest the Nizam's country, descending from their fastnesses in the mountains, and attacking any object they think they can subdue. The whole country continues one vast plain, rich with almost ripened corn, and capable of the greatest improvement. The people are a wretched and oppressed race, who can only be raised by Christianity, with its handmaids, the arts, sciences, commerce, and jurisprudence. The villages—and we have passed through ten or twelve since we left Ahmednugger—mark the savage character of the Mahratta Empire. They are walled, barricaded, and intersected with fortresses. The streets are narrow, so that only one passenger can pass, and are faced by immense walls without windows. The blessings of the British rule are already prodigious, and will be more and more so as Britons act more and more as Christians.

Aurangabad, Jan. 15, 1836.

We are now at the seat of the old Mahometan Empire, raised by Aurungzebe to be his favourite residence; then made a metropolis by the Nizams when separated from the

empire, but now sinking fast every year into neglect and ruin. Our noble Duke of Wellington was here in 1803, immediately after the battle of Assaye. It is now the capital of the province. There are seventy European Protestant Christians here, with no chaplain. We had a grand procession to receive us this morning—the Viceroy or Subdar, with his elephant, his troopers, his infantry, and his great guns. They came out ten miles from Aurungabad to meet me. I had to alight from my palanquin and make a speech in Hindoostanee, and hold a little conversation. The arrival of three ministers of religion with a judge (for I have the Archdeacon as well as my Chaplain and Sir John Awdry, of Bombay, with me), has made a great sensation, as the people think the English have no religion of any sort. Frightful, of course, is this effect of our indifference. No Bishop was ever at Aurungabad before. The immense importance of these visitations none can doubt who understand the case. Here I find, for example, seventy Christians without chaplains, or observance of the Sabbath, or means of religion; thirteen children unbaptized; marriages celebrated by the Colonel; funerals performed by the clerk. I addressed a company of nearly thirty last evening. Take, as another instance, Poonah, with 2000 Protestants and two chaplains. Serroor is a third case.

Captain T——, with whom we are staying, drove me yesterday to the city. The tomb of Aurungzebe's wife, Rabee Doorany, fulfils all the expectations which the fame of a thousand writings excites. The mass of white marble, the exquisite tracery, the domes towering

aloft, the relief of the four smaller towers or minarets, the surrounding gardens and water-works, are, or rather were, when it was kept in order, magical. A mosque adjoining was very striking, being a kind of arched room with numerous series of pillars, or separate rows of arches. But when this magnificent decay, for it is not yet a ruin, is contrasted with the total annihilation of the palace and city of Aurungzebe itself, the heart sinks in dejection. One vast desert now reigns over the city, once seven miles in circuit, the metropolis of an empire and the wonder of this part of India. The aqueducts, however, remain, for the site is a hollow, and bless the few inhabitants, oppressed, miserable, impoverished as they are, whom the crash of the Nizam's tiger reign still allow to brood over the spots where 60,000 souls once dwelt.

Dowlutabad, Jan. 18, 1836.

We have been for two and a-half hours ascending, or rather descending, this celebrated fortress, which, taking advantage of an enormous rock, has from the earliest ages been esteemed impregnable in India. It rises 500 feet from the plain, and goes on encircling the huge natural fortress. There is an external town or suburb enclosed within the outward wall, and six other walls, with ditches, parapets, and towers, without end, and at the extreme summit a platform for a gun of extraordinary and useless length. A covered way of 100-feet ascent conducted us, with the aid of torches, from the second or black fort, to the interior and main one. It was first taken by the Mahometans about the year 1300. A summer-house near

the top, built by Aurungzebe, commanded a fine view of the surrounding country.

Yesterday, at Aurungabad, we had a most affecting day. There were upwards of a hundred persons at divine service, many of them Roman Catholics. Several were confirmed, several were baptized, and more than thirty attended the sacrament. There had been no minister for a twelvemonth, and he merely passing through. A little flock of Malabar Roman Catholics in the family of Major F—— came to the Archdeacon, saying they had for some time left the Church of Rome, convinced that its image-worship was idolatrous, and had read amongst themselves the Liturgy of the Church of England, and had edified one another as well as they could. They had never seen a Protestant minister till our arrival. They had been first taught by a Malabar convert of the Rev. Mr. H——, of Tanjore, an elderly woman, who called on us in the evening, when they all assembled at my tent for my blessing. They received the Holy Communion at church. There were fourteen, including children. When the Archdeacon asked them whether the elements after consecration remained the same, or were changed into the actual body and bones of Christ's natural body, they hesitated, but at last said they dared not say, but they thought the elements must themselves remain the same. What an affecting incident! How widely may our Church Missionary Missions and Propagation Missions extend!

Caves of Ellora, Jan. 19, 1835.

Or rather at the mouth of them, for I am writing in a tent pitched in front of the principal one, called Kylas,

or Heaven, after having for four or five hours been scrambling over rocks and precipices to visit these far-famed excavations. They are, in truth, a wonderful proof of labour, and of skill in the arts, to a certain extent. You are sure that there must be some ground for an admiration, which has united all opinions of all classes of Europeans for centuries. And so it is. The world has nothing like it. They consist of a series of caves, temples, pagodas, halls, and colonnades, cut out of the solid basalt rocks. Dowlutabad is a fortress, indeed, rising up the sides of one of these mountains; but these caves, as they are termed, though it is a very improper description, are halls and temples, not erected upon the rock, like Dowlutabad, but cut out of it, with an interval of twenty or thirty feet between the scarp, which is often 100 feet high, and the rock-hewn walls of the building. Our rocks at home would endure no such transformation, but these immense basalt masses are like the hardest adamant, and require only labour and skill. What must have been the art which could excavate the Temple of Kylas, for example, where there is an entrance-court excavated, the rock being cut out and the whole materials removed; then a portico with roof, flooring, pillars, walls, and images, and figures and groups within the appropriate recesses. In the court, an elephant is left, as it were, standing, *i. e.* is cut out, on each side of the portico. Around the portico the entrance-court stretches, with a space of thirty or forty feet between it and the scarp. After the portico you ascend to the Temple itself; the steps, the balustrade, the temple, the pillars within, the images, the groups, the sanctuary, the

ornaments of the pilasters were not appended or built afterwards, but were cut out from the mass as the work proceeded. The Temple is accompanied by two introductory chapels, and five are placed around, all being in like manner with all the ornaments cut out, whilst the external walls are richly adorned with bas relievos. You descend, after examining this profusion of labour and skill, and in the northern, eastern, and southern sides of the rock, or scarp, are stories of three tiers, with magnificent colonnades. On the walls, as in the other parts, are sculptured groups, the whole being excavated or chiseled out of the one parent basalt mountain, whose natural ruggedness appears whenever you cast your eye from the windows or galleries upon the face of the rocks around.

Adjuntah, Jan. 21, 1836.

We are arrived at what is called the Impregnable Pass, which is a celebrated spot in the Nizam's territories. It is a large town, whose Pettah, as well as fortification, is walled; the whole being in ruins, like all places in India. We have found out a most delightful Baradary, or summer-house, where the low arches exclude the sun, whilst the open spaces admit the wind on all hands. Behind the building a deep natural ravine of basalt rock overhangs the nullah, a petty river flowing below. An immense court, or compound, in front, with its handsome gateway and porters' lodges, and surrounded by a wall, marks the whole as one of Aurungzebe's pleasure-houses, which, after a century's desertion, has for the last few years been permitted to be occupied by the European traveller. The

terrace-roof will be our retreat when the sun is down. The relief of such a building is great in this country of extreme atmospheric change. There is not a Christian to be found, but the seven of our own little party. In Ali Khan's pleasure-house, for he built it under Aurungzebe, we shall celebrate for the first time, Christian worship. Eighteen years since, war, desolation, rapine raged. Up this Adjuntah Ghaut, Scindiah rushed in 1803 on to Jalnah, to fall at Assaye with his 30,000 horse, 20,000 infantry, and 100 guns, before Lord Wellington's handful of heroes—5000. Almighty God perfected at Kirkee, in 1818, what was commenced here, and the Mahometan and Hindoo powers sunk before Christianity; for such is the real truth. The Nizam holds, indeed, his territories under a treaty; but the Resident is king, and England rules. The false Prophet and Brahma have no power, no hold. Education, science, commerce, civilization, are pioneering for Christianity even now, though Missionaries are not allowed to enter. At Poonah, however, we have actual possession; the Peishwa Bajera being a prisoner at Delhi, and Missionaries are at work.

Idulabad, Jan. 27, 1836.

We have been travelling through a fine fertile country, abounding with cotton, which is transported by a twenty-five days' march to Surat, and so through Bombay to England. The towns are wretched mud ruins still. The Adjuntah Pass, which we crossed on Monday, was a most tremendous descent of a mile down the sides of the mountain, with a native pavement of masses of stones, over which none but our Nizam cavalry could tread. A for-

tress bristled on the summit. After coming down 500 feet we entered the jungle country, which is full of tigers, wolves, cheetas or leopards, and other wild animals, and which is only passable at this exact season, the decayed vegetable matter generating miasma in and after the rains. The thought of Scindiah's 50,000 men and 100 cannons coming up the pass, like lions, to swallow up Lord Wellington, and spreading themselves all over the jungly plains, was horrifying. Now all is peace, and the mud-walled villages are opening to agriculture.

Ellichapoor, Jan. 28, 1836.

Delightful country. Wildest scenery. Landscapes variegated as the sun climbed the hills on the horizon. These Indian stages of eighteen or twenty miles seem trifling to you, my dear children, when you think of your English trips to Windsor and Tunbridge Wells; but the fatigue here is considerable. You are roused about three in the morning with the clamour of three or four hundred people. You are up at half-past four. You ride for an hour and a-half in the dark along a stony road, upon a stumbling horse, and with an insufficient guide. You get into your palanquin as the sun becomes hot, and are tossed about for three hours, suffocated with dust. You arrive at heated tents, and feel fatigued and unfitted for anything serious. You are scarcely capable of anything during the rest of the day but light work. But what is all this to "the journeyings oft" of the great Apostle of the Gentiles? Nor are our "perils of waters" probably at all equal to his. I mean exclusive of "the sea," and the "night and day on

the deep;" for the passing of the rivers is no light matter here. You are sometimes elevated, palanquin and all, on the heads of the bearers who are to carry you over. It is literally for them a "passing through the waters." Isa. xliii. 2. With respect to St. Paul's other "perils of robbers," the heathen, and his countrymen, how grateful should I feel to the Divine goodness for the British power, otherwise the Nizam would instantly commit me to prison, and perhaps death. Nor are we exposed here to "hunger and thirst," "fastings often," "cold and nakedness." We are like the Apostle, however, in some measure, "in weariness and painfulness," and "in watchings often." And in his "care of all the churches," I pray that I may more and more endeavour to follow his steps. Oh to be able to say with him, "Who is weak, and I am not weak? who is offended, and I burn not?"

Boorhaunpoor, Jan. 29, 1836.

We are now in the ancient capital of Chandish. It was once the best-built city in the Deccan, and is still full of memorials of former grandeur—ruins of a palace covering a mile in area, streets of mud and misery, houses just fallen, or in the act of demolition; tombs and mosques at every turn. It was taken by the Mahrattas under Tippoo and Hyder in 1760, and came in 1803 into the possession of the English. It was afterwards restored to Scindiah, under whom it now remains. The river Taptee, on which it stands, is a beautiful clear flood, opening into the sea at Surat. We are lodged in the best house in the town, but much dilapidated. It is a fair specimen of oriental taste. There is, first, the gateway,

with rooms over it ("He shall speak with his enemy in the gate"); then the court, or outer square. A second gateway leads into the principal rooms, which form three sides of the little garden; the beds remain; and the orange tree, I see, is loaded with fruit. Piazzas three deep secure the divan, or large company's apartment, from heat. I am now sitting in the interior piazza, through the wall of which a small window or aperture opens on the road. The ruined Mahometan buildings on either side, the royal palace immediately on the right, the minarets and mosques peeping above the trees, the circuit of the city having been originally four miles—all, all mark the fall of India till England shall raise her.

Asseerghur, Jan. 30, 1836.

We are in a charming bungalow, where we arrived after five hours' journey from Boorhaunpoor. Never before did I ascend such a mountain, 750 feet from the plain below, with tremendous precipices on one side of the narrow path, series of stone stairs here and there, and the ruined walls remaining exactly as they were demolished by Lord Wellington's army in 1803, and Sir J. Malcolm's in 1819. The main fortifications, however, remain, bristling on the long table-land of the hill. It differs from Dowlutabad, which is like a beehive, without table-land, and rising up to a point, on which nothing but a summer-house is erected. This fortress contains a whole town with hospital and barracks, besides a Pettah of 7000 souls in the plain. This is the land of tigers and wolves. Four or five tigers are often seen at a time crossing the ravines and lower mountains, which stretch as far as the

eye can see. I observed in the Pettah, as I passed, the vastly superior character of the streets and houses. There was neatness, good repair, some ornament: the whole appearance as different from Scindiah's town, as light from darkness. There are several causes of the misery of the native princes' territories. There is no security of person or property. Every town is let out to a subhar for so much, and he exacts all he can. There is, for the same reason, no commerce. Justice is bought and sold. The British Residents are not allowed to interfere except when disturbances arise. The bonds of government are so dissolved that all is hastening to open anarchy. The army is often eighteen months in arrears of pay, so that no reliance can be placed upon it.

In the native populations, whether in British dominions or not, the reasons of their misery are such as these: There is no belief in the One self-existing, holy, righteous, omnipresent Creator, Father, Benefactor, and Judge of man, His accountable creature. There is no rule of morals fixed and authoritative. There is no Sabbath for the worship of God, and for spiritual and moral duties. There is no Bible; there is no order of men for teaching and comforting man; there is no remedial dispensation known — no Saviour, no Sanctifier, no incarnation, no atonement, no regeneration and sanctification, no spiritual life, no prayer, no sacraments, no grace, no hope.

Their domestic and social wretchedness springs from the loss of the primitive institution of marriage. There is no purity, no companionship, no conjugal love, no family trained in parental obedience. Woman is a slave — an

animal. Chicane and cunning are the acknowledged instruments of conducting affairs, as is perfectly well known and acknowledged. Tricks bring no discredit, as being in the order of things. Truth, honesty, righteousness, are words unknown: nothing is attempted by means of them. The native does not understand what you mean by the term. There is no connexion in his mind between what he says he will do, and what he means to do. Their religion teaches adultery, treachery, craft, in all their mythological fables. Cruelty succeeds to deceit when their parents and friends are old, and can no longer be of any use. Gratitude!—the word exists not in their language any more than humility. Indolence and quietism, sugar and sweetness of diet, sleep and lust, savageness and fawning, fatness of body and sordid avarice, servility and desperate deeds,—these make up life. Classes of men—whole nations, rather, as the Bheels and Thugs—live from age to age as robbers and murderers. One race of Brahmins is allowed thirty or forty wives each. Still, still, man is man. There is a conscience, a faint notion of duty, an idea of accountableness, a sense of difference between moral good and evil. No one man in India considers benevolence a vice, or cruelty a virtue, generally. They acknowledge generosity and truth to be good, and avarice and lying to be evil. Thus God leaves not Himself without witness. Rom. i. and Eph. ii. are as true now in India as they were eighteen centuries since in Asia Minor and Europe. The fragments of truth and moral feeling are just enough to show that man was created in a state from which he has fallen. There is nothing in Heathenism or Mahometanism to restore man, to reveal

the will of God or the way of forgiveness, to communicate holiness or peace. Man lies dead in trespasses and sins.

Bekingaum, Feb. 3, 1836.

Yesterday we meditated on the presentation of our Lord in the Temple; on Simeon's joy and Anna's hope, and Christ the fall and rising again of many; and we prayed that we might be presented to God with pure and clean hearts, and might grow in wisdom and have the grace of God upon us.

These villages through which we are passing are, I fear, unknown to fame. Idulabad, Serroor, Ellichapoor, Boodur, and Sirood may hereafter become celebrated, like Assaye, Plassy, Kirkee, or our Runnymede; but now they are names as little known to us as to yourselves. The rude, untaught Hindoo, is what our Druidical ancestors of London or York were when Augustine and his monks came over to us from Pope Gregory. God grant that India may now stretch out her hands to God!

We are now in the Nerbudda: the river is about 1000 yards across at this dry season, and winds most beautifully in its course. The fearful jungle-country of Chandish is passed, thank God! Nothing can give a notion of the ravines, rivers, high bushy grass, impervious masses of low trees, and stony, rocky roads. We have been preserved from beasts of prey ourselves, but on Thursday one of our camel-drivers was missed, and, we fear, killed by a tiger. At Sirood a bullock was carried off, and a letter from Asseerghur informs us that all the officers were going out after a tiger which had seized a bullock the very night

before we left. Thank God for protection! The whole number lessens yearly, as civilization advances. Some parts of the jungle were damp, chilling, fearfully dangerous.

Mhow, Feb. 6, 1836.

Here would I raise my memorial to the Divine goodness. We have been preserved in perfect health during a march of forty days, and have now passed the longest and most difficult, and perhaps I may say dangerous, division of my whole journey, except that the season of the year is, of course, advancing. Our next grand halt is Neemuch, then Nusserabad, and then Delhi. And shall I not trust my blessed Master to take care of the future, as He has of the past? Yes: I will rejoice, love, obey, more simply than ever, the Holy Inspirer of life and grace being with me.

On crossing the noble Nerbudda, we entered into the first Bengal station ceded to us in 1818 by Bajerac, the Peishwa. Habits, language, houses, aspect, tone of feeling, are changed in a moment—all are full of Calcutta, and its superiorities and dignities and power, as Bombay was before the theme of admiration. This little rivalry pervades the three Presidency stations. After breakfast at the Political Agent's, we celebrated divine service for the seven Christian inhabitants. Capt. Sandys was all kindness and attention in showing us hospitality, which is a virtue most eminently exercised all over India. At nine in the evening we entered our palanquins for a dâk run of ten hours, leaving our own bearers and camels and camp to follow. By this means we are here before Sunday, and I am not so much fatigued

as by a long morning ride; indeed I feel nothing that deserves the name of weariness.

Mhow, Feb. 10, 1836.

Service was held at the station-church at seven on Sunday: the Archdeacon read prayers, and I preached from Isa. lvii. 15. All the soldiers and gentry that could crowd in were present. There was great attention. May a blessing descend! I remain ten days at this place, that I may do all in my power for Christ my Lord. This is the first visit of a Protestant Bishop. Oh for grace to use every means of influence, while it lasts, to God's honour and the magnifying of the name of Christ!

Yesterday I consecrated the pretty church here. I called it Christ's Church. I preached from Isa. ii. 2-4, to a large and attentive congregation. Our camp arrived from Mundleysir yesterday morning, three days after us. You cannot imagine what fine oranges we found all the way from Aurungabad to Mundleysir—large rich fruit of the sweetest and most fragrant, and, indeed, delicious kind—the skin, like a loose cloak, encircling the vast pulp, and adhering to it only by its fibres; and the instant you applied the slightest force the whole peeled, or rather fell off at once. Really we walked in one garden, perfectly enchanting. There were immense trees loaded with this fruit, and limes, citrons, and mangoes; whilst peas, cauliflowers, cabbages, salads, and celery abounded. I never before plucked off oranges from the tree itself, and ate them, walking in a garden of Eden, as it were, but without a tempter.

Jowrah, Feb. 19, 1836.

We are in a charming bungalow in the jaghire of the Newab of Jowrah. His highness sent his troops and ministers to meet me six miles, and came himself four miles. He is a boy ten years of age. He was attired in scarlet robes, with a kind of crown on his head. I alighted from the elephant which he sent for me at his approach, and after mutual salutations he placed me on my elephant again and ascended another himself, his horsemen, dogs, camels, elephants, and servants, forming a gay crowd as we entered his town. This jaghire was a part of Holcar's territories, and was given to our young Newab's father by Sir J. Malcolm, for having deserted Holcar and come over with 2000 men to the British at the battle of Mehidpoor. Like all the native countries, it groans under an oppression which shocks one's feelings. No security of life or property—lands a wilderness—not a word of truth or honesty known—mutual distrust, with lust of gold, dissolving the bonds of society—no creature ever speaking truth to another except by accident—the court a focus of profligacy and extortion, where valour and honour and long services pass for nothing, but the panderer to vice amasses treasure. The Company's territories are like a garden compared to those of the native princes, bad as our government may be, and defective in many respects. The supremacy of England is the salvation of India, both as to temporal and spiritual things. Christianity makes us what we are, and for this reason, that we know the One God of truth and righteousness in his One only Son our Lord. Hence spring justice, honour, mercy, forgiveness of injuries.

Hence spring the rules of duty and the motives and strength for performing them, and the means of pardon for past offences. In Christianity is LIFE. All the rest is DEATH, temporal, spiritual, eternal. Oh! if Englishmen knew their privileges and their responsibility! Instead of overturning Christian institutions, they would uphold them as the source of all good to man. But so it is. Perverse and crooked human nature spurns at Christianity at home, while India, and Asia, and Africa are crying out, "Come over and help us."

Neemuch, Feb. 20, 1836.

Here I would again pause and say with the Apostle, "Having obtained help of God I continue unto this day." The coldness of the weather has rendered our early morning dâk a delightful trip. I was reminded of an English frost on some severe January morning. A fortnight ago I was dissolving in a heat of 92°. The perils of Indian travelling, from these extreme atmospheric changes, are by no means slight. Nor are other perils to be omitted. A few hours before we arrived a party of banditti had been plundering on the road, and the outer bazaar of this cantonment itself had been attacked. We passed safely, however, thank God, though our troopers had fallen in the rear and we were wholly unprotected. And now may "our entrance in" here, not be "in vain."

Sunday, Feb. 21, 1836.

My heart weeps over these distant stations. No churches; repairs of a room not done; officers making excuses for not attending; almost all of them, young and old, anything but moral; a young clergyman careless,

procrastinating, uninfluential; no Sacrament plate; no pulpit; no notion of the Sabbath, of public worship, of religion. O Lord, help by almighty power and grace. Oh! what caution, charity, prudence, forethought, humility, do I need! My comfort is to turn to Thee, O dying, rising Saviour, and to repose in Thy arms. Thou art the Head over all things to the Church. Thy blessed Apostles had to suffer from divisions, from false teachers, from disorders of all kinds within the Church, as well as from Jewish and heathen opposition from without. Let me have grace to follow Christ, to love Christ, to preach Christ, to live and die Christ, and all will be well. He, even Jesus, will order, control, sustain, bless. Oh for a heart spiritual, docile, child-like, cleaving to Christ on His cross! Oh! to be willing to say with the great Apostle, "Most gladly therefore do I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." "Though I be NOTHING," that Christ may be ALL THINGS in my deliverance from trouble, in the success of my ministry, in my present and final salvation.

Sanjaneer, Tuesday, March 5, 1836.

We arrived here dâk last night, at eleven, from Chittoor, and stayed four hours, examining this ancient fort by the splendid torch of an Indian full moon. Its light was resplendent and silvery. The shadows cast on the vast fragments of arches and towers were literally like witchcraft. The calm, soft coolness of the air, was in perfect contrast with the tropical heat we had endured in the day-time. The Governor, with all his myrmidons, was

ready for us, the Rana having prepared them. Three horses were provided for our ascent, and about midnight we were on the march. The description of the place by Hamilton and Bishop Heber in 1825 is no longer applicable, so rapidly do the rain and sun dilapidate unrepai- red buildings, and the Hindoo never repairs when not com- pelled. The roads were clogged with loose stones, the walls and palaces in the act of falling as it were ; the vast gates re- maining with not a remnant of the former arch ; the bazaars annihilated. Here and there a miserable creature was watching the silent ox grinding in the oil-mills, or asleep by his side. I slowly ascended on my enormously saddled steed, meditating on my holy and honoured predecessor treading the same path a few years before. How sunk the place from the time (A.D. 1803) when the Mahometans are first said to have taken it, or from 1680, when the son of Aurungzebe subdued it ! It is now under its ancient sovereign the Rana of Odjeypoor, and utterly neglected, except as an object of historical recollection. The two points which most attracted us were the Cow's Mouth and the Jove's Temple, dedicated to Siva. To the first you descend some hundred rock-hewn steps, with interposed courts and temples, till you reach a low kind of building under the shadowing protection of lofty trees, the moon- light dancing amongst them ; where a perpetual stream of fresh water, which once issued, I conclude, from the actual mouth of a figure of a cow, of which there are some frag- ments, now pours itself into a reservoir, and runs off into one of the many tanks with overarching trees, which the moon was rendering so solemn and mystic to our view.

The temple is beyond my architectural powers to describe. I gazed, and gazed, and gazed at it on all sides ; now with the moon throwing her direct light, and now with the vast column interposed between me and the illuminating body. The whole gave me the impression of a larger building, far more imposing, with a greater mass of superincumbent stories than Bishop Heber's picture, and not so high. I guessed it to be 90 feet. Three or four of the nine stories which I ascended were crowded with coarsely cut mythological figures. At three this morning we re-entered our palanquins, and had to pay for our pleasure by a most terrifying dâk run of five hours, through a wild, uncultivated country, where the noxious opium reared its variegated head in profusion around the villages.

Nusserabad, March 7, 1836.

At Dabla, one of the places through which we passed on our way hither, we walked to the town near the camp. The Thakoor, or Commandant, came out with all his old finery to meet us. He conducted us over his ruined ramparts. The ditch had been very noble ; the remains of the bastions were not grand, but rather imposing ; his bhât, or bard, preceded him, chanting the praises of his master. The Thakoor complained bitterly of the oppressions of the Rana of Odjeypoor, and said robberies occurred in the neighbourhood of which he was innocent. Our Captain says he has no doubt he is a leader of robbers himself. He would accompany me back to our bungalow, and I begged him to let the bard remain to chant some of his airs : the man soon sent for his fiddle and tom-tom, and sung to us

some songs, which he made one of our servants interpret. They are all Rajpoots now, and robbers by profession. The opium trade is nearly over, being confined to Malwa and Patna. It is an extraordinary curse to all the people where it comes—a positive curse, especially throughout China.

This station of Nusserabad is nearer than any we have yet visited to the disturbed country of Jyepoor, Shekawattee, Jholdpoor, names you never heard of. A large part of the force is out on duty. We are now skirting the British territory, and proceeding through the stations of the field force. Mhow, Neemuch, and Nusserabad, are in the heart of the country of the unsubdued chieftains, and hill robbers, whom the terror of our name, and the known discipline of our encampments, overawe. Our high sense of justice and international equity imposes on us now the non-interference system, which reflects the brightest credit on our Christian government. If any of the princes should act as Tippoo, or Bajarac, or the Pindarries, or the Rajah of Coorg, we should then act as Lord Wellesley and Hastings did, and put them down with a strong hand. Even now the inhabitants are infinite sufferers under the extortions of their native rulers, but it is noble in the greatest nation in the world thus to abstain from interference with states which are indeed provoking us continually, but have not compelled us as yet to absolutely seize the executive and legislative functions. I preached on Sunday, as strong a sermon as I could, from Eph. v. 2.

We have the hope of immense usefulness in this station. Oh, for hearts calm, reposed on God, spiritual,

tender, self-denying, prepared for the cross ! To-morrow I visit and examine the schools and hospital. We hope to make the journey from this place to Delhi in nine days, of which five will be dâks at night. The object is to avoid passing the heat of the day in the slender tents, which are penetrated on all sides, and unavoidably oppressive, whatever precautions are taken.

Ajmeer, Thursday, March 10, 1836.

We have reached this celebrated capital of the province after a four hours' dâk run. We were more and more pleased with the appearance of things at Nusserabad, and formed or renewed four societies there—one a branch of the Christian Knowledge Society, a second for relieving the sick and poor, a third for church building, a fourth for schools. We obtained efficient secretaries, and for the last, several ladies as visitors. Captain B—— tells me, that the improvement of the Ajmeer provinces, since the commencement of our rule seventeen years since, is inconceivable. There is more land in cultivation, wealth is beginning to be diffused, there is perfect security of person and property. The town of Ajmeer is rapidly increasing. It seems that the non-interference system is disapproved by almost all the civil and military gentlemen, from the vacillation it betrays and the distrust the change produced. The native chiefs also are incapable of governing their countries, and they know it, and prefer the English rule. Still I am inclined towards this non-interference system, on the broad grounds of reason and righteousness. The dreadful state of society in this part of India, the low

standard of morals, and the complicated miseries of idolatry and imposture, are most deplorably shown in the tribes of murderers who, from generation to generation, hand down the habits and associations of open enemies to man. The Thugs, the Bheels, the Grassiers, and five or six more, are nations of men-killers, who live by nothing else but robbery and blood, bring up their children to nothing else, have their own internal laws and regulations founded on the system, and when detected are accounted as saints and martyrs by the survivors. The devil was, indeed, from the beginning, and is still in all his worship, and the tendency of his idolatries, a murderer, and the horrid figures under which he is worshipped are but emblems of his real character. Our God, on the contrary, is love; our Saviour and Master is love; our law of morals is love; and yet England hesitates, is tardy, and full of doubts, in sending out the heralds and messengers of love. Her sons are few and uncertain in taking up the cross, and entering on this only true crusade of mercy, purity, and truth. May the Lord of the harvest raise up and send out the labourers!

Ajmeer, March 11, 1836.

The heats are stealing on: therm. 77°. Yesterday we were for two hours exploring this delicious spot, which is a city planted on the slope of a mountain, and surrounded on the other sides almost entirely with the same barrier. Sixteen years back there were scarcely 15,000 inhabitants. Terror, extortion, want of good water, insecurity, depopulated it more and more. There are now 60,000 souls. A noble new tank has been formed in the heart of the

place, surrounded by a bazaar and dwelling-houses ; new streets have been built ; fine, spacious houses, are erecting ; commerce is rapidly increasing. It was delightful to see a thriving large town rising up, like any of our new English towns, where trade has suddenly poured in. The Company's Superintendent is the father of the people—lays out plans for building, collects workmen, gives land, lends money. Such are the capabilities, even of the Hindoo, under good government. The antiquities of the place have a double charm when surrounding the vitalities of actual improvement. The ruins of a Jain temple, which are described by Todd, struck us with admiration, from the length of the colonnades, the loftiness and grace of the pillars, and the magnificence of the portals. The Mahometans had seized it when they conquered the place, and had faced it with inscriptions from the Koran. In like manner the celebrated tomb where miracles are said to have been wrought, and to which Ackbar came eleven times 230 miles on pilgrimage from Agra, is equally visited by Hindoos and Mahometans. I refused to enter, because the priests would have required me to take off my shoes, and I did not choose to give even such a countenance to idolatry and imposture ; but I obtained a good view of it from the margin of a tank behind. It is a mass of buildings of white marble, and is very richly endowed with the rents of twenty-two villages. It was an imposing spectacle, and the more so from the deep narrow tank excavated from the rock, and with flights of steps in every direction descending to it, by which its lofty minarets and domes were relieved. It is this abundance of sweet water which is raising

Ajmeer ; for a third reservoir forms a fine lake, of which the mountains with dams, form the barriers : whilst the pleasure-houses and gardens of Shah Jehan, with walks defended by white marble parapets on the edge of the deep-walled sides, give an air of enchantment to the whole scene. Education, morals, Christianity, are now beginning to creep on. Commerce serves to soften caste distinctions. Knowledge dissolves its chains. But the Gospel only can give true liberty of soul in their stead.

Nusserabad, March 12, 1836.

We had divine service before we left Ajmeer. There had been no minister there for six years. Eight were confirmed. I preached and visited some sick persons, and then returned here to a late dinner ; but my time at this place is drawing to a close, and I feel nervous lest I should leave anything undone for the cause of Christ.

March 14, 1836.

Preparing for setting off for Jyepoor. We had a most solemn Confirmation here on Saturday. May God have mercy on the Bishop, and on his presbyters and flocks ! The task is immense ! Yesterday was a most affecting day. I think I do not exaggerate when I say that every creature not detained by necessity was present. My text was John xiv. 18. At the Sacrament, fifty-five persons. I have every cause for thankfulness and hope.

Jyepoor, March 17, 1836.

I have been taking my first drive with Major Alves, at whose residency I am. A vast sandy plain encompasses

Jyepoor to the south and west ; mountain barriers defend it behind. The walled garden, of about 150 yards square, in which the Residency stands, relieves the grandeur of the abode. It is the same as Bishop Heber visited in 1825.

We were out for three hours this morning, visiting what is emphatically termed "the Ghaut," a deep gloomy ravine between the vast rocks, about four miles from Jyepoor, which has been ornamented by a series of lovely groves, fountains, pleasure-houses, terraced gardens descending one below another, pavilions, paths, reservoirs, amidst fine lofty trees and shrubs. Into this fairy scene the ladies of the court frequently come and pass the heat of the day. The high wall separating the pleasure-grounds from the ravine, where the public road passes, is crowned with a chain of small pavilions and overhanging balustrades. Instead of stairs to the upper rooms, terraces on an inclined plane are built, up which a small carriage might, if necessary, pass. These slopes are not made wider than ordinary flights of stairs ; they are within the buildings, and much surpass our European method of steps half a foot high. In going and returning I had an opportunity of viewing the country, which is one vast world of sand, and towards the ghaut the surface was varied like the waves of the sea. In fact, a steady wind blows from March to June from the westward, and when it rises into a storm, roads and paths are effaced, new hillocks are accumulated, and the scene is altogether changed. To guard against these effects, the cultivated fields, consisting chiefly of wheat and barley, are defended with mud-banks, like many

of ours in England, a narrow road being left between. Water is the great desideratum. Where wells are discovered, they soon fertilize the land, which consists of a thick loamy clay under the external bed of sand. Wonderful is the provision of Providence, in the cushioned feet of the camel and elephant, under which the sand is the best basis. Hard, firm ground, suits not these fine creatures at all, but a shifting, yielding, dry soil is their natural ground for travelling with comfort.

I began as soon as I arrived yesterday to lay out my spiritual duties. Seven is the number of Christians here. I expound daily in the family circle. This morning we had Ps. lxxxvii., and "Rahab, Tyre, Babylon, Philistia," were generic terms, including Jyepoor and Ajmeer. "This and that man born there," were the remarkable converts whom we trust God will here raise up and "count among His people." "His foundation in the holy mountains," "the Lord's love to the gates of Zion," the Church's song, "all my springs (of joy, strength, triumph, hope) are in Thee," were easily applicable. It is delightful to see the military officer, after a separation of twenty or thirty years from the means of grace, drinking in the words of exhortation and life. Besides these seven, there are eighty souls in the camp itself.

I have just been called out to see four Thugs, a caste of murderers by profession, who have been now for seven years hunted out by the Government in all parts of India by military officers especially appointed, and brought to trial. The system is almost suspended by this benevolent vigilance, though it is far from being eradicated. They

live in villages of 700 or 800 inhabitants each. They are brought up from generation to generation to the horrid work. Each particular family has a sub-division of it, and no other, allotted to it. The method is strangulation, by a cloth thrown at a signal round the traveller's neck. I examined these four men as to their motives, notions of a Supreme Being, humanity, sense of right and wrong. They said they were born to it—had been Thugs thirty or forty years—from boys—it was their fate—their goddess and her priests favoured them, and received a fourth of their spoils. They now knew it was wrong, they said, but did not before—they followed their profession as a soldier did his—that if they had been born agriculturists or leather-dressers they should have been glad; but what could they do against their fate? They did not know before that there was a God in heaven; they went out three or four times a-year Thugging, sometimes three or four hundred in company, disguised in different dresses. Sometimes they murdered seventy persons at a time, at other times forty or fifty. They buried the dead bodies after plundering them. They always killed their victims first, and then ran the chance of finding plunder or not. They were sorry when it happened that they killed any one for no purpose; they used formerly to plunder first and only to kill in case of necessity; but this was not found so quiet and comfortable as their present method. Now that they knew right and wrong, they would never return to their former courses if the Government would let them go. What a picture of human depravity, callousness of heart, obduracy, to say nothing of humanity! Such is

Hindooism ! She has a goddess for murderers ; temples, priests, offerings, caste privileges, bards, villages, fame, all connected with murder. Each of the four wretches I examined had murdered on an average three or four persons annually, during thirty or forty years. One had killed 400 persons himself. 1100 of these monsters were taken up between the Jumna and the Ganges alone. There are about 500 in Rajpootana. But the fearful system is suspended, and will gradually be annihilated by British Christianity.

Jyepoor Palace, March 18, 1836.

We have had a most refreshing breakfast, in the very same oriental fairy summer-house of which Bishop Heber speaks. The cloistered court on one hand has a basin of water, and that on the other the parterred gardens, with the beautiful fountains throwing up rose-coloured water. At the extremities, the eye rests on the four or five stories of the palace, with open verandahs ; the fruit-trees, with their verdant foliage, interposing a pleasing contrast with the effects of human art. Musicians have just struck up their national songs. The arched roof of the alcove in which I am sitting reflects every object in a thousand shades from its tall looking-glass panels. We are going to a grand durbar presently.

Jyepoor Palace, March 19, 1836.

The durbar at the palace, yesterday at noon, was very interesting. Whilst we were at breakfast, the ladies, whose apartments are arranged around the room where we were, sent to beg the purdahs to be raised, that they might be favoured with the sight of an English party at their meal.

A messenger soon made his way through the crowd—for there were hundreds of officers and servants in attendance—to call us to the durbar. We were conducted by Rawull-Beree Sal's two sons and the state officers. A vast vaulted hall, with wide verandahs, the walls and ceiling of which were covered with quilted silk, presented a grand and tasteful view as we entered. Not a creature was there. The Rawull came in, and placed Major Alves and myself near the purdahed wall of which I have spoken, and within which we had been admitted before breakfast. The circular holes caught my eye, the light behind rendering them the more visible. Two or three eunuchs stood near the purdahs, one of whom was the medium of conversation. I heard distinctly the Ma-jee (Queen-mother's) voice, for the Rajah is only two years old. It was clear and soft, and every word was uttered in a whisper. If I had understood the language, I should not have lost any one sentiment. She expressed her joy at Major Alves' safety, and the goodness of the British Government to her, by which the confusion of the country had been prevented. She then congratulated me on my arrival. A present of ten or twelve trays of shawls, and one of jewels, was then placed before me, by her orders; and an elephant was said to be waiting without. Major Alves explained that the custom of the English did not allow me to accept presents. The ceremony of investing the Rawull with his robes of office now took place. He first retired at the Ma-jee's orders, and soon returned adorned with a turban of rich gold lace and long garments of scarlet cloth—not gaudy, but imposing and dignified. He advanced, bowing profoundly to

the unseen Princess-mother, and when near the purdah was girded with his scimitar, received his dagger and hooked elephant-driver, the crowded durbar standing up to witness the ceremony. The immense room was by this time thronged, whilst the officers and attendants formed a row on one side, and Major Alves and the English on the other. All were seated on the ground, with our hats on. The durbar soon after broke up, by the Ma-jee begging Major Alves to take care of himself, as his life had been once endangered in her service. All Rajpootana is now tranquil. A platform, I trust, is laid for the gradual, social, intellectual, and religious improvement of the people.

Bhadra, March 21, 1836.

I had the hardest work yesterday that I remember for these twenty years. I preached twice, and confirmed. The incomparable importance of these services to our scattered Christian brethren is more and more obvious to me. Their attention is quite touching. Poor fellows! some have not seen a clergyman for ten years together. I tried to impress upon the Major's mind, before I left, that all attempts at civilization would fail if not connected with religious education. Such temporal benefits would go on for a time, but then roll back, unless Christianity gave the elements and principles of moral and religious order.

We passed during the night the town of Ambeer, where, on a series of mighty rocks, the old palace of Jyepoor stands, more magnificent than Windsor itself in extent. The young moon was just setting behind the castellated walls as we passed, and projected in fine relief the outline of the towers

on the three vast mountain-tops. A lofty minaret or citadel on the most distant reared itself above the rest, whilst the descending valleys were just discernible. The façade was, of course, obscure in deep night. I did not wish to enter and go over the place, as we had done at Chitton Ghur. It was Jye Singh who removed the court and city to New Jyepoor. It is considered to be by far the noblest castle, in point of extent and position, of any in India—perhaps in the world.

Shah Jehanpoor, March 24, 1836.

Yesterday evening, as we were walking in the camp, we met three travellers, one an elderly woman, carrying four wicker baskets on bamboo staves across their shoulders. They had come from Hurdwar with bottles of water from the Ganges, to apply to the dying. They were going to Joudpore, about 450 miles off. The old woman was carrying one basket, though she was ill, and one of the men the other; the third was a Brahmin, who would not touch the load, though to save the woman's life. Hurdwar is a celebrated spot on the Ganges, where hundreds of thousands go on pilgrimage to bathe. Oh for the knowledge of that only "water" of life which our Lord discoursed of to the woman of Samaria, and which He died a sacrifice to bestow! This requires no wearisome months' journey to reach, being nigh to us all.

CHAPTER VI.

Arrival at Delhi—Splendour and Dissipation of Court—Colonel Skinner's New Church—Meerut—Temporary Illness—Sanatorium on the Hills—The Doon—Consecration of Burial-ground—Mussooree—Life of Felix Neff—Steep Ascent—First View of Snows on the Himalayas—Description of the Hill People—Anniversary of Consecration—Sublime Scenery—Sites for Two New Churches—Descent to the Jumna—Prevalence of Infanticide—Levéé under Tent—Colonel Young—Peculiar Habits of the Inhabitants—Plurality of Husbands—Local Court of Justice—Thunder Storm—Scripture Illustrations—Difficulties of Road—Want of Missionaries—Arrival at Simlah.

Delhi, March 26, 1836.

At length we are at Delhi—the throne of the world—the star of empires—the throne of Jhangere—the world's conqueror of Shah Jehan—the lord of the world, of Allemgere or Aurungzebe, besides Timor, Baber, and Ackbar ! Its former revenue, fifty-two millions sterling ; its army, 300,000 horse and as many foot ; its provinces, twenty-two, each greater than most western kingdoms ; its luxury, display, gorgeousness, fame, proverbial, both under its Hindoo and Mogul emperors. It is impossible to approach the fragments of all this mighty edifice without emotion. God has given it all to English piety, talents, and courage, as a trust. It was six o'clock, A.M., when we came within

sight of the domes and minarets of Delhi. The distant view very much resembled that of Oxford from the Banbury road; a nearer approach, however, dissipated the delusion, as it displayed the lofty city walls, in excellent repair, stretching as far as the eye could reach. We entered the fortification at seven, after fifteen hours' dâk; and most imposing was the grandeur of the mosques and palaces and mansions of the ancient monarchy of the world. The red stone of which many of the buildings are formed is very beautiful; the wide streets; the ample bazaars; the shops with every kind of elegance; the prodigious elephants, used for every purpose; the numerous native carriages, with noble oxen; the children bedizened with finery; the vast elevation of the mosques and fountains; and arcades for travellers; the canals for water, raised in the midst of the streets,—all gave me an impression of the former magnificence of a city which was once twenty miles square, and counted two millions of inhabitants. May God bless our labours here, among the 130 Christians scattered among the 120,000 Hindoos and Mussulmans who now constitute the population.

Delhi, March 28, 1836.

The air is delicious, like a fine English April morning. Yesterday we had two full services, excellently attended. The evening one was at the Residency in the city. The Residency was formerly a palace of Sultan Dava, a brother of Aurungzebe. It contains an immense area walled round, with gardens, stables, baths, offices—in short, a little city kept up. No one is admitted to “the Presence,” as it is impiously termed, without taking off his shoes and

sssuming a turban, and bowing as a slave to "the King of Kings;" another impiety. Then the Emperor, who is above eighty, and has had fifty-two sons, is suddenly exhibited by a curtain being withdrawn, and proclamation is made, "Behold the Light of the World !" Bishop Heber went through all this. My present impression is, that it would compromise my station and character to do so. The immense palace stretches a mile in extent on one side, and a quarter of a mile on another. There are about 3000 female slaves, or concubines, in the seraglio, according to the abominable licence of the Mahometan imposture. The poor children are stolen, bought, inveigled from all parts of India beyond the Company's territories. In this way our pension of twelve lacs is abused. These things cannot last. The light must be poured in upon the prison-house, and the connivance of England cease. At present, the circuit of the palace is an asylum which the Resident dare not enter. Most truly may I say, "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united !" Every place impresses me more and more with the value, the necessity, the purity, the benevolence, the grace, the adaptation to man of the holy Gospel.

A most cheering circumstance here is the erection of a beautiful Christian Church in the city by a Col. Skinner. This fine soldier resolved to build a church to Almighty God, in gratitude for His giving him Delhi. It has been eight years in building, and will cost about 80,000 rs. I trust I may consecrate it in the winter. It is a beautiful edifice, the whole being coated with the most expensive chunam, which gives the beauty and appearance of white

marble, and would be a splendid building in any Christian country. Here it is unique, being the first temple raised by individual piety in India.

Meerut, March 29, 1836.

We arrived about 10 A.M. at this vast station, where there are two very diligent and pious chaplains. The fall of rain on Sunday evening was repeated on Monday, and made the night charmingly cool. It exposed us, however, to some danger from the swollen rivers and deluged roads. One day's rain additional would have rendered the journey impossible. As it was, we were delayed for three hours, and the bottom of my palanquin was completely wet with the deepness of the brooks we had to cross; the least increase would have floated me in my moving bed, raised though I was on the heads of the bearers. Here, then, may I raise my Ebenezer and say, "Hitherto God hath helped me."

Meerut, April 12, 1836.

I have been detained one day beyond my time by an indisposition, which, like that at Cochin last November, scarcely deserved the name, but which is another warning, for the smallest thing in India may become the greatest in a moment, and I observe that most persons are carried off by diseases so mild at first as to be unperceived. In truth, I had been doing rather too much from the day I arrived in this immense station. Instead of preaching once a-week, as at Calcutta, I preached, or did what was equivalent, on Wednesday, Thursday, Good Friday, Easter Eve, Easter Day, Easter Monday, Easter Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. On these two last days I felt a

little failing. However, I got through Sunday—a sermon at seven to 1800 people—Hindoostanee chapel at four—Sacrament and fifty communicants, and a sermon—evening church as a hearer, at half-past six. This was too much, I admit; but I have postponed my dâk journey, have kept entirely quiet, and am as well as ever this morning. I ought, indeed, to be better in the highest respect, for every warning has a voice, speaks a lesson, calls back to God, reminds of eternity, arouses conscience, endears Christ, discovers secret sins, puts out the glare of the world, calms the soul, breaks off its projects, and casts it on God.

I have been conversing with Mr. Bacon, the judge of this station, on the bearing of these hill stations in the three Presidencies, Nilgherries, Mahabuleshur, and Simlah, on the colonisation of India, in combination with the steam communication. At present they are little known, even here; at home, not at all: but every season the plans of European society are formed upon them more and more, as the nucleus of health. There is nothing to prevent Europeans settling in these lovely mountains, and bringing up their families in the finest health. One school for English children is already crowded with the sons of civil and military officers. Capital laid out skilfully in farms, or in sugar-plantations, would return an ample advantage. Thus the grand impediment to colonisation and civilisation and Christianisation would be overcome. India would be habitable to an English race, just like America; and the certain and rapid steam-post would bring her within 60 days of Europe, instead of from 120 to 150 as at present. What a cheering prospect for prostrate India, though distant

still ! Hindooism and Mahometanism are loosened in their very foundations by the subtraction of the temporal power. With the fall of the Mogul and Rajpoot sovereignties these wretched delusions virtually fell also. Their hold now is in the corruption of our nature, habit, and the interests of a mercenary priesthood ; strong, I allow, but nothing like the heathenism of the Roman Empire when entrenched in all the powers of an ancient, dominant, military government. The importance of the awful office held by Bishop Corrie and myself rises incalculably in this view, as contributing to establish the truth of Christianity in its most primitive and permanent form in the hearts and consciences of nominal Christians. But the work must be God's. Grace is everything. My own petty troubles are nothing to me, if God will but be pleased to use me for His glory in Indian evangelization.

Deyrah Doon, April 15, 1836.

We have entered this magic scene after twelve hours' run, the road lying through the most romantic ravine imaginable, with overhanging rocks of every form, the road often one mass of loose stone and rock, from which the rains have carried off the soil. As we approached the Doon, or valley, itself, the prospect was most lovely,—cultivation like England, the finest trees, wheat-fields, verdure fresh as from the hand of the Almighty ; the scene bounded by the Himalaya mountains in a most magnificent outline, elevation about 1000 feet, charmingly watered with running streams. The village of Deyrah forms the centre. It belonged to the Moguls, but had been seized by the Gharkes, and was ceded to us in 1815.

We had divine service at Muzufferunggur, the first place after leaving Meerut, and again yesterday at Sehranpoor. Some good, I trust, is done at both places.

Six o'Clock, P. M.

We have had divine service (twenty-five present), baptized two infants, and consecrated a burial-ground. At this latter the whole village poured out from curiosity; the Goork troop of 250 men were drawn out, and all the society of the station. Mango-trees overshadowed the pretty, neat ground; the tombs of those who fell in the Doon, in 1814, were now first enclosed in sacred walls. It was evening; the sun shed its softened beams; the crowd of mingled soldiers, natives and Europeans, filled the spot; whilst the enormous Himalaya ridges arose in giant strength all around. Nothing in India has equalled the beauty of this valley, which more resembles Switzerland, from the contrast of fertile fields in the loveliest verdure, with the rude rocks tipped with eternal snow, than anything we have yet seen. The Doon is about 60 miles by 12, spreading at the foot of the Nepaul range. The sugar-cane has been lately introduced with success. The inhabitants are increasing daily, from the security we afford them, and the demand which the Company on the hills creates.

Mussooree, April 16, 1836.

Here I arrived at 9 A.M., after three hours' ascent in a species of chair with poles, borne by four men, along the romantic path formed in the mountain between the Doon and this lofty range of rocks, which constitutes a part of

the vast Himalaya, and rise to the height of from 6000 to 27,800 feet. The scenes we have passed through have struck me with such awe, and almost confusion, that I want a day or two to collect my thoughts. In the meantime I would entreat my dearest children to bless God on our behalf, that we have been preserved and kept thus far after so long a voyage and march.

I must just tell you, fatigued as I am, that I have been delighted with reading, as I mounted the precipices, Gilly's "Life of Felix Neff," which I met with at Sehranpoor, and borrowed. He was an extraordinary person. These simple, devoted ministers, are most edifying. What love to Christ in Neff—what self-denial—what zeal for the salvation of souls—what adherence to Holy Scripture—what close communion with his God and Saviour!—and with all this, such meekness, such sobriety, such regard to Church order, such care of the young catechumens, that the whole is most admirable! To speak of his labours, his neglect of comforts, his hardiness in mountain journeys, his midnight toils in preaching, is to say little. I feel put to shame before such grace and heavenly-mindedness. And as the prodigious natural beauties and sublimities of the winding track, which a good deal resembles the Simplon in point of magnificence and variation of prospect, rose before me, I closed my book, and fancied I was with Neff in his Alpine parish, though in a very, very inferior sense; for our hills have as yet displayed none of the terrors, snow-storms, impending masses of rock, gorges, winter-torrents, avalanches, by which the hamlet of Dormilleuse was environed. His

was peril, mine only the enjoyment of sublimity and grandeur.

Mussooree, April 17, 1836.

After seven hours' sleep, I rise this holy morning with such feelings of health as ought to be accompanied with gratitude to Almighty God, the Giver of 'all good. The beautiful morning sun has just climbed over the rugged mountain to the east, and is warming my chilly frame, and we are preparing to ascend a neighbouring height, of Landour, where about 150 invalids are stationed, for morning service in the barracks. There is no chaplain here. One of the officers at Degrah had not seen the face of a clergyman for eight years! My whole soul is filled with desire to supply more ministers of Christ for these desolate Christians.

Mussooree, April 18, 1836.

Little did I think yesterday what sort of mountain I had to ascend to church. I was a whole hour threading the serpentine path, with the most fearful precipices within two inches of my chair, or jonpon, and sudden turns or rather corners of the road, as the path took its different steps of ascent, where my long poles exposed me, in making the turn, to the peril of instant destruction. I was preserved. At nine o'clock I found myself at Major Macdonald's bungalow, where breakfast was ready. I had ascended 1500 feet (7500 altogether); and as I was walking through the verandah I looked up and beheld a sublime range of eternal snows, with an intervening awful-looking valley, at which I quite shuddered from fear. The snows were apparently within eight or ten miles!

I had seen nothing like it even in Switzerland. I remember the Jungfrau peak, as I was making one of my Swiss excursions; but that was a solitary head of rock: here was a crest stretching on each side as far as the eye could see. Though so near in appearance, it was, in fact, six days' march, sixty or seventy miles off, and the immediate contrast with the gardens and bungalows in which I stood was overwhelming. In the winter, however, these heights have their inconveniences. In February, the Major's bungalow was almost buried in the snow. No intercourse could be kept up with the plains, nor even with Mussooree, except as the indefatigable dâk men cut their way through the mass and brought them news. At breakfast I suffered greatly from cold. We descended some hundreds of feet at ten to a barrack, where seventy soldiers of the invalids, and perhaps fifty gentry from Mussooree, were assembled. There had been no divine service since October. I preached from my first text at Bisley,* September 1801, John vi. 37: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." The eager listening is extraordinary. May God make impressions permanent, deep, and saving to the soul! I had been reading, as I went, my dear Felix Neff. I assure you I wept like a child at the touching accounts of that incomparable man: had his life been extended to seventy years, like Swartz's and Oberlin's, instead of thirty-one, he would have been one of the most remarkable persons of his age. I could not lay down the book on my return, till I was so overcome with my feelings that I feared I should not get through

* The Bishop's first curacy.—*Editor.*

my afternoon duty. At four, we celebrated divine service in the largest room which Mussooree contains. About seventy crowded in. The bungalow in which we are lodged contains three very good rooms on the ground-floor, and one perched on the roof. This upper room is allotted to me. The house is like a bird's nest on the mountain side, some hundred feet below the summit, and commanding a noble view of the valley of the Doon. Indeed all the houses, which must be fifty or sixty in number, are like white patches in the deep green of the hill foliage, each one with its own winding path; each with its little artificial table-land, its outhouses, gardens, and fields. The success of a residence here in point of recovered health is so remarkable, that in one month the sick have English countenances again, and the children become ruddy as the rose. For eight months the climate is delicious.

Mussooree, April 21, 1836.

I must give you, before I close this letter, some notion of these Himalaya mountains. They run almost across the whole of Asia, from the Caspian to China; but the range, properly speaking, extends from the Indus to the Burram-pooter. The portion best known is that ceded to us from the Sutledge to Almorah, where Bishop Heber was. The belt is about eighty miles. Little Thibet and its vast plateau is on the north; the plains of Hindoostan on the south. The loftiest known peak is in the longitude of Benares, and is 27,750 feet. There are twenty peaks higher than any in the Andes. The loftiest habitable spot is 9700 feet, and of shrubs 1300. The line of perpetual snow varies from 13,000 to 16,000. We are only on the

entrance of the range at Mussooree, where the first bungalow was built in 1827. The ascent from the Doon is by the slope of successive hills, on a road cut out with care on a gentle rise, and presenting the most exquisite mountain scenery, hanging woods, the Doon intersected with torrents stretching below, valleys waving with corn, flocks of goats grazing in security, the native huts and European bungalows appearing from time to time. There is no table-land here; the houses, therefore, are perched on the crests of the infinite multitude of summits of different elevations, which rise on all sides. The approaches to the houses are by separate tracks cut in the mountain sides, and winding sufficiently to render the descent easy. The natives are a rude race, very dark, not healthy in their looks, with a thick coarse clothing, living in villages of forty or fifty houses each. The men come up in hundreds to carry the Europeans' luggage during the season. They are said to be honest, but their domestic miseries are inconceivable. Female infanticide prevails. The women have a plurality of husbands. They usurp all the commanding offices of life, and send their husbands about to nurse children, fetch water, and perform all meaner services. Such is the depravity of man in all countries!—varied, but uniform in cruelty and lust, except as Christianity opens redemption. The features of idolatry never change. Its tendency is to ignorance, vice, ferocity; and, here, to the overthrow of the first moral elements of society. In short, as a woman is a slave and beast of burden in the plains; so she is here, from the paucity of the sex, the tyrant and unnatural lord of man.

Nothing is yet done; there are no schools, and no missionaries.

Mussooree, April 28, 1836.

The extreme cold is not at all relaxed. On Tuesday the thermometer was 49° in the house. I was quite glad to go to bed for a couple of hours in the afternoon, to procure a warmth which clothes and fire and sunshine would not give, and for the first time in India I rejoiced to ride out in the full heat, such as it was, of the sun. I observe the natives of these mountains have the same goîtered necks, perhaps one in every twenty, as in some parts of the Alps. Faqueers also make their appearance—men smeared over from head to foot with chalk, the face being plastered with cow-dung, with holes for the eyes and mouth. These are extremely holy; they are beggars, idlers, liars, scoundrels. No matter: the estimate of character amongst idolaters lifts them up on high. I was reading, a day or two ago, Milner's "Thoughts on Idolatry." They are worthy of that great divine and eminent historian. Fallen man dislikes a spiritual, invisible Being, of infinite knowledge, power, and holiness; he is uneasy; a molten calf suits him far better—an image of the Virgin—the sun and moon—departed heroes. He finds here something to lean upon, and he can go on in his sins. Take two examples, which have been stated to me during this last week. A holy, most holy Brahmin, will live with a Mussulman woman, but so long as he does not eat with her Brahma is not offended, no sin is committed; it is no more than his god, Krishna, did repeatedly. A Thug will go on murdering the helpless traveller for forty years, but

if he neglects his offerings to the deity, if he goes out on days declared unlucky by his priest, or touches the food of an unclean person, his conscience is filled with terror. Such is corrupt and blinded human nature. But, on the other hand, I am well convinced that external order, rule, the visible means of grace, the Sacraments, written Liturgies and Articles, Church government, a moderate regard to primitive antiquity, subjection to civil and ecclesiastical rulers, a willing sacrifice of our private wishes, on things indifferent, to the authority of the established powers in the Church, are essential to the piety and morals of Christian nations. A Church within such limits, and with such formularies and such a polity as our own, abuses being from time to time unsparingly excinded, holds the due medium between Idolatry and Popery. But I stop. My mind is occupied with the religious, or rather irreligious, state of India, and the best means to be pursued for a permanent, spiritual, enlightened, apostolical, evangelical, Christ-like Christianity. My difficulty is, how to aim at all this in that wise, gentle, tender-hearted spirit which becomes the Gospel. The difference between you and myself is this. At home, all has been settled for nearly three centuries, and you have only to fall into the existing orders of things and imbibe the spirit of the Reformers. Here, nothing is settled. All is to be begun from the beginning, with almost every creature against you. "Jesus, Master, Saviour, Head of Thy Body the Church! guide THOU us by Thy sanctifying Spirit, the Paraclete, the Conductor, the Author and Giver of life, that we may accomplish Thy will and glorify Thee only!"

Mussooree, April 30, 1836.

The 29th day of April, 1832, is a day ever to be remembered by me—the solemn official dedication and setting apart of a poor sinner for the higher degrees of the Christian ministry—his diocese the Eastern world—his flocks scattered, without shepherds almost, from the Himalaya, where he now is, to Point de Galle and Singapore, *i. e.* over thirty degrees of latitude, and from the Straits of Malacca to the Persian Gulf, where 250 Christians are in the Bombay navy, being fifty degrees of longitude—his predecessors rapidly cut off, four in nine years, himself fifty-four years of age, a private clergyman during the thirty-one years of his ministry at Chobham, Oxford, St. John's, and Islington. Under such external circumstances consecrated to the work and labour of a superintendent watchman and bishop of souls! O those awful recollections! that grave and mild Archbishop, with his paternal carriage—those surrounding Bishops and Clergy—those dear, dear relatives and friends—and then the solemn procession through those religious passages, with their ancient arched roofs, and the beautiful archiepiscopal chapel!* But, O my soul, call to thy mind the divine sublimity, the evangelical truth of the prayers and sermon, and above all, the examination of thy motives, thy replies, the charge, the investment with thy decent attire of office, the imposition of hands, the collation of the Holy Ghost, the awful eucharistic mysteries closing the whole service! Remember now, also, in connexion with all this—four years of mercies, health, safety, grace,

* At Lambeth.—*Editor.*

support, deliverance; 423 sermons, exhortations, charges, permitted to be spoken in the name of Jesus. Call to mind again this day, when thou enteredst the fifth year of thine office, the trials domestic, ministerial, episcopal, social, personal, with which He that loveth thee has seen fit to purify and purge thee: not one trial too many, not one too severe, not one but what was, and is, indispensable to thy soul's health. For, remember thy sins as they appear in the eye of thy God, thy Redeemer, thy Saviour. Be more and more jealous of thyself, more self-denying, more tender in conscience, more spiritually-minded, meek, easy to be entreated, diligent, thankful! Begin thy fifth year of Indian service with more of Christ and His grace, and sacrifice and love; with more of heavenly wisdom; with more of the calm, presiding, superintending mind; with more readiness to detect and amend faults; with a sweeter temper of forgiveness of injuries and calumnies; and bear in mind how soon thy bishopric will another take. Death, incapacity, are before the door. Christ be magnified; Christ only be exalted, and extolled, and glorified.

Mussooree, May 3, 1836.

May the great Church Missionary Anniversary this day (I think, its thirty-seventh) be largely blessed with influences from above! It is astonishing the loss I feel in this respect in India; the stirring, awakening, consoling, spiritualising effects of those public meetings, the collision of various minds; the high tone of piety given by some, the courage infused by others, the charity breathed by all, were means of grace to me. I can truly say,

many a time have I entered such meetings depressed, reluctant, timid, distrustful, and have left them with an enlarged love, faith, joy, peace, resignation, triumph in Christ. You should make great allowances for us poor, banished, and isolated Christian brethren, and help us on as well as you can by your prayers. It was this day four years that I took my leave of the Church Missionary Society, and to-morrow four years of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and I have never ceased a single moment to love them and pray for them with the same warmth as ever.

Mussooree, May 4, 1836.

Yesterday it happened that I had no ride of business to take, as I generally have, and Captain B—— took me round one of the most sublime scenes that nature ever presented—the winding of the hill-track was so lovely, the panorama of mountains thrown into shade by the declining sun so magnificent, the hanging woods partly concealing the dells, and glens, and ravines, and partly opening the gaping depths to the eye, were so fearful—then the patches of bungalows, stuck here and there like birds' nests, reminded one of the Prophet's descriptions of Idumæa and Babylon. I am quite enchanted. We shall have a church here presently. J——'s beautiful plan was entirely approved by the meeting on Monday. I hope before we leave to have a solemn celebration at laying the first stone. This is the Brighton, or rather Malvern or Dovedale, of India. I have just been preaching for the second time to about twenty-four poor fellows in the hospital at Landour.

Mussooree, May 7, 1836.

One great advantage of a pause is that it gives time for prayer, for reading the Holy Scriptures, for examining the heart, for seeing how the "works and armour of light" go on. Here a page or two daily of Thomas à Kempis comes in, and Cecil's "Remains," and dear Bickersteth's "Psalms," and Walker of Truro, and Milner. But oh, the depths of evil, the waywardness, the lusts, the tardiness to real spirituality, the corrupt motives, the propensity to sensible things, the impenitence, the self-conceit and self-importance of the human heart! How true the sentence of the Prophet, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" Then the tempers, words, actions of each day, what a fund and treasury of evil! And when all this mass of defectiveness and provocation is compared with the holiness of our God, the spirituality of His law, the example of Jesus, the professions we make, and the responsible office we bear, I feel that nothing but a revelation of grace suits such a sinner as I am. Nothing but Christ—nothing but Christ! May I be found at the last day, and may all my children and grandchildren be found in Him, relying on His obedience unto death, sanctified by His Spirit, and following, though faintly, His steps. O my dearest ones, keep close to Christ. Draw very nigh to Him. Adore, love, repose on, glorify Him only.

We have dined with four small companies in a friendly manner during these last few days. We see much good disposition, piety, readiness for church building, interest in missions, and improvement in moral habits; but there wants

knowledge of the Gospel, decision, steadiness, spirituality. Things, however, are marvellously better than they were thirty years ago. The natives, too, are rising generally by little and little. They regard their Brahmins less. They acknowledge the integrity and purity of the British rule. They long for English education. Commerce pushes itself wider. Caste is less thought of. They live more comfortably. Their dress, food, houses, gardens, farms, manners, all improve as they come under British government. We start, D.V., for Simlah by the mountain-road, on Monday next, May 16th. We hope to arrive June 4th, and to descend again for Loodianah, Kurnaul, Delhi, Agra, and Cawnpore, in October.

Mussooree, May 11, 1836.

You must smile at my descanting on a debate* ten months after its occurrence, and three months after your perfect acquaintance with the proceedings of the present session ; but so it must be till you join the two countries by steam. Did you ever think of the prophetic expression, “And there shall be no more sea?” *i. e.* with its separations, its interposed distances, its uncertainty, its perils. No wearisome voyages then, no storms, no banishment, no vast and inaccessible barriers between the family of man ; but “a highway,” as it were, from Egypt to Assyria, and from Assyria to Egypt : “whilst Israel,” the Church, “shall be the third with Egypt and Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land.” I suppose the mariner’s compass and the art of printing will be allowed to have prodigiously

* Debates in English Parliament.—*Editor.*

and incredibly tended to unite the most remote people. Steam may, therefore, be another stride in the same course.

Mussooree, May 12, 1836.

A rejoicing day to me was yesterday, in laying as it were the foundation of two churches. One, the site measured and staked out; the other rather less substantial, being in the form of a letter to the Governor General to beg for one at Landour. At five I held my second Confirmation, and preached from Rom. xii. 1. It is one of my projects to transcribe about twenty Indian sermons during my five months' captivity at Simlah for private publication. There is no one way in which I hope good has been more decidedly done than by my different little works distributed on the visitation. They are received as a favour, and read and circulated, when the parties would never have dreamed of purchasing them. I only wish I had brought with me ten times the number I did. God be praised in, and for, and by all!

Mussooree, May 14, 1836.

The other morning I was walking on my favourite roof, soon now to be quitted, with my honoured father Cecil's "Remains" in my hand. I read letters 6, 7, and 8, (pp. 92-94), with inexpressible sympathy. His remarks on the idolatry of the heart and on secret prayer, "the door being shut," went through me. "Shut the door," means much, says he: "it means, not only shut out nonsense, but business; not only the company abroad, but the company at home. It means, let thy poor soul have a little

rest and refreshment, and God have opportunity to speak to thee in a still small voice, or He will speak in thunder." It was in 1798 I was first personally introduced to Mr. Cecil, but I remember hearing him ten years before that time in the noble church in Spitalfields. He died in 1810, aged only 62—a period which I am now so rapidly approaching. May his mantle repose more on me!

Kussena, May 16, 1836.

We had a charming conclusion yesterday to our visit at Mussooree, a larger proportion of the congregation remaining to partake of the Holy Sacrament than I have witnessed since I have been in the ministry. We set off at six this morning, and have descended 7000 feet, through scenery still more varied and beautiful than any I had before seen, to this romantic village on the mysterious Jumna, with its winding streams pouring along in the ravines of the mountains. The journey was oppressive till the sun was happily shrouded by the western hills. More than once we had to alight and make our way through rocks and stones, and sometimes, the descending path being in the form of steps rudely cut in the rock, it was with the utmost difficulty my bearers could carry the jonpon in safety. We are now again in tents, after an interval of seven weeks. May God preserve us!

Luckwara, Tuesday, May 17, 1836.

Our descent this stage to the Jumna was the most precipitous I have yet accomplished. The river seemed about 400 feet below the camp, but we were forty minutes reaching the stony bed of the stream. As we ascended the face

of the mountain opposite to the camp, after crossing the Jumna on a bamboo bridge, the view of the rocky valley through which it forced its way was most picturesque. The surrounding hills, as I mentioned yesterday, formed a vast bed for the torrent. I counted five ranges of different heights, and all variety of tints, in sight at once, and I could fancy four rivers rushing along from different rocks, so completely were they hidden as they whirled round the base of the mountains. The village consists of about 200 inhabitants, who live in wretched abodes tiled with coarse slates. They carry about fifty or sixty pounds weight, eight or ten miles a-day, in a most awkward manner on their backs. Mussooree and Simlah have enriched these villagers, but to the untutored heathen money brings no habits of care, forethought, or comfort; they live on as they did, and throw away in a marriage festival the savings of a year. Christianity has promise of the life which now is, as well as of that which is to come.

Nugtath, May 18, 1836.

As we travelled over the crests of the hills this morning we observed some exquisitely beautiful villages perched on their sides, with the cultivation pushed by shelves or steppes from the extreme valley to the summit. Every spot has been turned to account here, as in Switzerland, ever since the British conquests began to give them security of person and property in 1816-18. Their health and comfort have equally advanced. Nothing can exceed the frightful state in which the British found them. Slavery was prevalent. Female infanticide was common. Colonel Young, who is king here, took me in the evening to see the female children,

a practice he always pursues when he goes through the hills. The children are numbered in his presence. Imagine, ye tender Christian mothers in England, the state of your heathen fellow-creatures on these hills, where the chief officers go round to count the female children, lest they should have been destroyed by their own mothers that bare them! This joins on with the abomination of four or five husbands living with one wife, to sustain the pride of which latter, the females must be kept few in number. You may now ask a great lord who is his father, and he will tell you he has four fathers. Perpetual feuds and bloodshed were another feature. What would you think, dearest L——, of the dance we witnessed last night at Luckwara, in which three drawn swords were in the hands of females, whose skill consisted in conducting a sham fight without wounding their companions, male or female, all their sword exercise being regulated by the rude music of the village band, till at the last a single combat was danced between a woman and a man, each with a drawn scimitar and iron shield. I assure you the glittering weapons were not a little terrible. The distinction, not of caste but of masters and slaves, remains, though the sale of human flesh and bones is abolished in the English territories. At Luckwara there are two towns, the one of free men, the other of descendants of slaves, who cultivate the lands and have wages in corn, not in money—one of those anti-social practices which must give way to civilization. The lands were never cultivated under the heathen rule; no tradesmen visited them; their hill stockades and Goorka troops withstood all attempts to penetrate their country, through

which no roads were formed. Now, all is changing by degrees.

I had a kind of levée last evening at my tent-door, where Abraham sat in the cool of the day, and through Colonel Young gave them the best advice I could. I suppose fifty of the officers of the village were present with their people. They replied much as the Thugs at Jyepoor: "We did not know it was wrong till the English told us. Now we no longer do this or that." They complained, however, that all the children born in their villages were females. Of course I did not, and do not, believe them; but the Sennaha, or head-man, told us gravely that there were seven or eight girls born to one boy. I take such a statement as a proof of a lurking inclination still to female murder.

Shanma Pokeer, May 20, 1836.

Our course to-day has been extremely pleasant. We are encamped, like Israel at Elim, near the waters. From our hill we have the view of a circle of mountains skirting the valley towards the north, dotted over with villages. It is a great advantage to have the nominal king, Col. Young, with us; for at each encampment all the native officers collect, all petty suits are adjudged, and I have an interpreter near at hand. I visit the villages; I inquire into manners and customs; I trace the moral tendency of heathenism in a mountainous country. Last night, after dinner, I sat for two hours with Col. Young whilst he was hearing complaints. Nothing could be more patriarchal: he was seated at his tent-door; his chief officer from the Doon was with him; the Punchazet of five elders, as a kind

of jury, accompanied him from Luckwara. The village-writer was there, to draw up summonses and take depositions. A crowd of friends of the parties surrounded us. The first complaint was made by a lad who had been robbed as he was travelling on the hills. Deposition taken. How many fathers had he?—Two. Were they living?—No; dead. What relations?—An uncle: upon whose appearance the thieves were ordered to be summoned to this place by the Punchazet. The next case was that of an elderly woman, whose land had been seized, and herself driven out from her home as a witch. How many husbands had she?—Fourteen voices claimed her. Which did she choose to maintain her cause?—She pointed out one. The Punchazet was directed to inquire and report also to-day. Third case, a widow, complaining that she was driven from home and refused any food by her son. He also complained that his mother had poisoned his father. How many fathers had he?—Two: one living, one dead. How had his father been poisoned?—By witchcraft. What proof?—His father died. Sentence: Punchazet to inquire into facts, and report. I begged the Colonel to tell them that in one evening three cases of cruelty and inhumanity had been brought forward, all springing from the unlawful practice of more than one husband: hence jealousies, feuds, absence of domestic happiness, disobedience and rebellion of children, uncertainty of inheritance, charges of witchcraft, neglect and cruelty to the aged. I told them that God was very angry with them; that female infanticide being now prohibited, plurality of husbands must cease also; and that I hoped they would consider the Christian people's religion.

In what a fearful state is corrupt man! They appear to have few priests, and few notions of religion. Each hill has its deity. Daughters are disposed of for a dowry of fifteen or twenty rupees. Suttees used to prevail, till Lord William Bentinck's noble prohibition. Charges of witchcraft are now dismissed by Col. Young. There is a waterfall four miles from this place, where witches used to be thrown down. If they were innocent, it was believed they would escape; if not, perish. But the fall was so tremendous that few, if any, ever escaped. O Lord, send out Thy light!

Deobund, May 21, 1836.

I find many difficulties, but God is my help! to Him I make known all my cause; to Him I look to undertake for me. I am ignorant, feeble, subject to passions like other men, blind to my real faults, insensibly affected by the new and strange circumstances in which I have been and am placed; in danger where I perhaps least suspect; entrusted with a superintendence which must be perilous to my own soul. I desire, therefore, to "fall into the hands of the Lord, and not into the hands of man." I have found all through my ministry that things soon get right if I can but keep myself calm and wait for God. They only become irreparable when obstinacy and pride, and by-ends and worldliness, and self and departures in heart from Christ, lie at the bottom of the wound and fester there. Who ever reached the crown of glory without the cross which leads to it? Not one.

Deobund, May 22, 1836.

I rise after a stormy night, with tremendous lightning

and much rain, to calm my mind in the holy, dove-like influences and comforts of the Great Teacher. How singular that I should spend a Whitsunday 8000 feet above the level of my ordinary travels, with the first fearful and even dangerous storm that I have encountered since I have been in India! for deaths by lightning and the conflagration of houses and tents on these extreme summits are very common. Three or four bungalows have been destroyed. Thank God, we are all safe! though I scarcely closed my eyes all night, the howling storm made my fragile abode quiver in so fearful a manner. I did what I hope I shall always be enabled to do in such circumstances—commend my soul, body, camp, family at home and here, brethren, country, to the One Almighty Potentate in Jesus Christ.

We shall meet six to-day in public service, instead of the 1800 at Meerut; but more good may possibly be done, and we are within the promise. God goes a way by Himself. Christ's presence is all.

Kuttanah, May 23, 1836.

I am seated now on the side of a hill, with a vast valley stretching 600 feet below, bounded on the right and left by lofty rocks, which shut up the ravine. The sun has climbed over the eastern mountains, but its rays are innoxious; the thermometer on my writing-desk, which is supported by a small jutting step of the rock on which I am sitting, is 64°. The face of the opposite mountains, with their shelving sides descending into the valley till they are intercepted from my view by the trees in the extreme bottom, is exquisite. The Captain, with his gun, is perched on a knoll half-way down, shooting; the bearers are going off

in different parties down the hill to the villages, which stud the whole beautiful amphitheatre: three or four are in my eye at once, the first directly under my feet, on a little table-land green and blooming like Devonshire; the little slate-roofed huts, like those of Switzerland, seem built to resist the winter-torrents. The eye follows this village and its surrounding small corn-fields till it fixes on the second small village of the prospect, half-way up the face of the opposite mountain, the winding footpath between them assists this discovery; whilst on the summit of the path a third large village crowns the scene in that quarter. On the left of all this, a division of fir and cedar-clad hills climbs up to the heavens; the line of shadow is retreating as the sun mounts higher, and has just fixed my notice on a fourth intervening hamlet, lower than all the preceding. But the bugle has now sounded, to note that breakfast will be ready in an hour. How glorious is our God in the works of His providence! Oh that we, His rational creation, were obeying His will as Nature doth! Why should our God have strewed such beauties over His works? Why caused that exquisite green to clothe the meadows and hills all around? Why adapted Nature to create pleasure in almost all her aspects? Why have provided remedies for incidental evils? Why have placed man in a position where his reason and foresight are perpetually demanded to avert those evils by preparing for them? And what an analogy is there between all this and the system of remedies in revelation by the Son and Spirit of God? And what infinitely higher beauties are the moral ones of a Divine Redeemer and His work!

Grace teaches what nature fails to do, since the fall of Adam.

Our ascent, or rather climb, on Saturday, to Deobund, was tremendously sublime and awful. At one pass I had two men holding me as I clambered up, one under each arm; two pulling before me with a rope thrown round my waist; and a fifth sustaining me behind. A few weeks ago the snow lay so thick here that two officers turned back: it was as high as their chests. The villagers bring us up masses of snow every day, but we have not yet regained the sight of the sun's range in its brilliancy, as we saw it at Mussooree and Landour. A musk-deer was brought up, a very delicate animal; we gave eight rupees for it: the musk-bag, a wonderful provision of nature, the tusks and the skin, are much sought after. The rocks are now chiefly of limestone formation; the trees, firs, larches, and cedars, emitting a charming fragrance. We are too high for agriculture or grazing. Lower down the rocks are of a clayey slate and exfoliated gypsum. Cultivation there abounds: every patch is made the most of in a rude way. My mind is much affected with the state of the poor people who inhabit these high regions. I think one or two missionaries here, with God's blessing, would do much good. Satan has overdone himself. The profligacy of the Hindoos of the plain is bad enough, but here it is still worse. It would fall before the least instruction; their small villages, their agricultural occupations, their simplicity, the absence of Brahmins and temples, would afford singular advantages for schools and other missionary labour. Their numbers are considerable.

Bussourah, May 27, 1836.

We have been hitherto much favoured in our journey. Providence has been most kind to us. Rain has fallen every afternoon since it began on Saturday at Deobund—what we call the “small rains,” in opposition to “the rains” which come down for three months in torrents. The refreshing coolness is delightful. We arrived here this morning, after passing through an exquisitely beautiful country. The Rajah has sent his head-officer, with hurkurus and bunjians (messengers and tradesmen with a market) to attend us; and a hundred coolies (labourers) to “prepare our way,” level roughnesses, smooth spots for our tents, repair roads and bridges. In fact, this is one amongst a thousand illustrations of scriptural imagery, Isa. xl. 4; but the reference in this case is almost too sacred for me to apply it. But the oxen treading out the corn in an area or corn-floor meets us at every turn. The use of mules and asses for travelling in the hilly country of Palestine, where, as here, no carriages could make their way, is too obvious to be remarked; as well as the couches (dhoolies) and simple rugs on which the people sleep, and which they carry with them wherever they move, John v. 11, as a matter of course, forming, as they commonly do, a part of their clothing. The constant need of guides from village to village, where there are no public roads, is more striking than in countries like England. The living in tents, strangers and pilgrims—not only as passing through, but as persons unknown in the land—and the taking down these frail tabernacles, so that in five minutes after we have quitted them they are removed, are very

instructive ; for such are our feeble bodies, and such life itself. 2 Pet. i. 14. Then the messenger, or dâk carrier, known at a distance by his swift running and his being alone, daily rejoices us. 2 Sam. xviii. 24-26. The periodical rains, twice each year, with no intervening showers, are as much looked for here as in Palestine. Hos. vi. 3. The beasts of the field carrying off a sheep from the fold, and even children from the hovel, are so common in India, that five rupees are given by Government for every tiger's skin. The presents with which you are approached continue as in Old Testament times. I was obliged to take four rupees yesterday from the Rajah's son, which he brought in his hand as a matter of course, and placed in mine before he saluted me. The long and ceremonious nature of the salutations, with three profound bows and the hands closed, and a silent waiting till you invite the stranger to speak, illustrates such passages as Luke x. 4. The gods of the valleys, and those of the hills, is an idolatrous distinction in full vigour. There is a wretched temple, like a Chinese pagoda, on the crest of the village mountain here : whilst on our way daily, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" makes an immense difference in the fatigue of the whole camp. And to conclude what now occurs to me, as I have fallen on the topic, I was much affected as J—— read Neh. v. in morning prayer this very day, with the "bondsmen" which fill these hills. Pray tell Mr. Buxton that India is replete with a sort of slavery or tyranny in such a state of society as this. Christianity alone brings true liberty.

Chepûl, May 28, 1836.

We have again ascended 8000 feet, after a fearful march yesterday afternoon in the "deadly valley," as it is termed, of Peontra, the heat in which was so excessive that I scarcely remember a fiercer conflagration. In the evening we deplorably missed Colonel Young. The headmen came, some of them very fine figures; but I could make little out,—no cutcherry, no development of habits, no ready interpreter, no friendly influence. My heart is fixed on devising some means for the instruction of Col. Young's people, many of whom, notwithstanding their simplicity and ignorance, appreciate the immense benefits already accruing from British rule. If a leading man in a village were to welcome the blessed Gospel, probably all the little community would do the same, as "Lydia and her house," "the jailor and all his;" whereas at Calcutta, and in all large towns, however much the people are convinced of Christianity, they fear to profess it because of their priests, and sisters and wives, and female relatives: for the stronghold of superstition is in the female mind. What fine powerful missionaries also would these strong-minded mountaineers make! whereas the Hindoos of the plain are feeble, effeminate, childish, nothing, without European guidance. Possibly a native ministry might begin in the Himalayas, God being our helper.

How full of instruction has been our tour! How full of delight! What new discoveries have we made of the wonders of Providence, and of the majesty, power, and goodness of God! Then, the information I have obtained

about the moral and social state of 20,000 or 30,000 fellow-creatures is invaluable, and will, as I hope, lead to some plan for their gradual illumination with the light of Christ. Nor is it a small thing to have seen the Refuge for the European constitution which Providence has, by the arms of Lord Hastings, placed within our reach. The Church now actually rising at Mussooree, and the impression made by Divine grace on 300 or 400 souls, as I trust, is another topic of gratitude. I can truly say for myself also, that human life resembles these mountain journeys. It is a series of efforts for overcoming difficulties. You think all accomplished when the first summits are gained, but these only open hills upon hills. Then, the doubling of the tracks round the recesses of the mountain-sides reminds one of the long, deceitful, weary way of the Christian's life, in which objects seem far nearer than they really are, and the path to excellence doubles round the intervening obstacles. The safety, however, obtained by the circuitous path, whereas the immediate one would be precipitous and fatal, teaches us how our Saviour may be leading us by "a right way to a city of habitation." The Pisgah views, also, which open at some lovely spots, when the heavens are serene and the soft light gilds the distant objects, may remind us of Moses viewing the promised land; whilst the fine views unknown to fame, which rise and terminate within these mountains, content to augment the celebrate floods of the Jumna and the Ganges, are emblems of the humble Christians' course, which passes on in silence, and is satisfied with increasing unknown the

peace and salvation of all around them. Oh for this shrinking, meek spirit, to walk silently with our God more and more !

We are now going on to Simlah for a five months' residence, or nearly so. New scenes of duty will open upon me from all quarters when I reach this place, and am known to be stationary. May I be prepared, by true annihilation of soul and tender faith, to meet them in a right spirit !

CHAPTER VII.

Anund Messeeh—Family Trials—Labour stopped on Sunday—Encouraging Services—A celebrated Faqueer—Study of Sanscrit—Interesting Discussion between Dyce Messeeh and a Vakeel—Quit Simlah—Sabāthoo—Descent to Plains—Heathen Sacrifice—Loodiana—The Koran—The Travellers' Serai—Kurnaul—Interesting Visit of Two Hindoos—Ordination of Anund Messeeh—Ruins of Paniput—Delhi—The Great Mosque—Consecration of St. James's Church—Visit to the King of Delhi—Mahometan Worship—Improvement of Country—Arrival at Agra—Tomb of Ackbar—Abdoul Messeeh's House—Church Missionary Premises.

Simlah, June 21, 1836.

I HAD yesterday the peculiar pleasure of seeing Anund Messeeh,* the first native Christian in India. He showed me a testimonial given him by Bishop Heber in 1824, which very much affected me. It closes by recommending him, "in case of my death, to any one who may succeed me as Bishop of Calcutta." He is a catechist of the Church Missionary Society, and a very superior man; able, powerful, simple in his love to Christ, well instructed in the Bible, humble. He has stood his ground twenty-two years. I look forward to him as an instrument of good. I have written to the Church Missionary Committee at Cal-

* This convert afterwards somewhat disappointed these expectations.—*Editor.*

cutta to give him a title for orders, and hope to ordain him before I leave.

Simlah, July 3, 1836.

I have been walking in my verandah with dear Bickersteth's Hymn Book in my hand. No. 127, by C. Wesley, beginning with—

“ Full of trembling expectation,
Feeling much and fearing more,”

is one of the finest hymns I know, and has been my meditation this morning, as the dark thick clouds and pouring rain were surrounding these noble hills ; which, however, remain unmoved, for the succeeding days of sunshine and fertility. And so the soul, fixed on the Eternal Rock, should view undisturbed these changes of sin and sorrow, waiting for the returning beams and fruitful influence of grace. The health of —— is one of the trials to which my Heavenly Father calls me. Her face can no longer cheer me ; but Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, is enough. I may myself be sent home by failure of health any day. But so long as India can restore me, I shall never, never, never quit the scene of my joy, India ; and I hope to live to receive some of my dear grand-children on this glorious field of labour. Oh, may God direct ! Here I am in my Patmos, my retirement, my spot for meditation and prayer, full of business, overwhelmed with correspondence, sermons, preparations for work. Oh for more grace to vanquish Satan, to glorify Christ, and to act with wisdom, meekness, humility, courage !

Simlah, July 10, 1836.

Thank God, we begin hopefully this morning. Instead

of clouds and rain, and mountains of fog, the glorious sun illumines the sides of the distant rocks, lights on the bungalows of Sabāthoo, shines full on the gable-end of our little church, and throws into strong relief the bazaar and bungalows around it. May the Sun of Righteousness thus also arise with His healing beams ! I have just dismissed all the poor coolies, whom I found entering on their heavy work of fetching earth in baskets from the valley to repair my mud roof. I called up the head-man, told him it was Sunday, day of rest—no work ; poor men must go home and be in peace ; to-morrow return and finish roof. They looked full of astonishment. Oh, how much more tender is God Almighty than man, the slave of idolatry and lust !

We have but little opportunity now of making remarks on the native character. The hill labourers and bazaar people are bad specimens of the mountaineers, and the crowds of our domestic servants still worse. The multitude of nautch girls, as they are termed, is very offensive as you pass through the close narrow bazaar. There is no shame, as in Christian countries. They sit about all day in the shops or upper apartments. The indolence of the native character obtrudes itself on every eye. They lie about sleeping, even from the earliest morning, without any notion of having anything to do, except when roused for some special service. Repose is their element ; work is strange. And when they do begin, they perch themselves first on their heels and gently move their arms and tools. Repose, sugar, sweetmeats, sleep, indulgence of animal appetites, constitute their ideas of felicity. A Baboo is a mass of ghee and sugar. Such is man in the nineteenth century,

after 3000 years of a certain class of civilization. I say nothing of their lies, impurity, cruelty, malicious passions, and idolatry.

I received on Monday a most delightful letter from dear Corrie, Bishop of Madras. The caste is nearly abolished at Tanjore and Trichinopoly. Of 10,000 people, there are not more than 200 who resist my regulations, and these are persons who never thought of coming to church till the question of caste was to be fought about. The success, therefore, of this step has been more general, and quite as speedy, as I could have expected. The Syrian Christians in the neighbourhood of Cochin, to the number of about 300, have renounced their superstitions and invited the labours of Mr. R——, our Church Missionary. At Cotyam, also, things are moving on.

Simlah, August 27, 1836.

Nature blooms and luxuriates on these fine hills, flowers of all species are bursting forth on the mountain-tops from Nature's own garden. The air is soft and salubrious. Here let the sick Missionary retreat, instead of losing three years in voyages home, with immense expense to the Society and vast intervals in his missionary and spiritual duties. The rides are now exquisite. As I was turning one of the mountain-sides this evening, I was struck with the appearance of a magnificent rainbow on the broad face of the mountain immediately before me, thrown out in the clearest outline, every one of the colours glorious, and the entire span of the semicircle defined till its feet were lost in the deep valley. The arched bow was as high as the lofty rock

itself. How well do I remember the joy dear — took, in the sight of the bow of God, and the remembrance of the blessed covenant of which it was, and is, the seal !

Sept. 5, 1836.

We had a charming day yesterday. Every creature upon whom the drawing and attracting power of truth could work, crowded to our little bungalow church. The attention, both morning and afternoon, was most profound; really they seem as if they would devour the words as you deliver them. May God grant the effectual blessing by His Spirit ! I went up the other day to the extreme summit of our mountain, to visit a celebrated faqueer, who has lived there for many years in absolute solitude and almost total nakedness. I never saw such an unnatural effect of a dark idolatry. He has a miserable hovel filled with idols, and a kind of garden with a rude enclosure. He professes that he shall never die, and that lightning will never fall on him. The poor hill natives maintain him, and indeed supply him with food and little luxuries. He has a crafty, diabolical look, and when we saw him he was cooking his dinner. And this poor creature is the object of veneration ! What must the standard of holiness and devotion be, to admit of it ? and how earnestly should we labour and pray that the light of Christ may soon dissipate all this darkness !

Anund Messeeh's eldest son came up here on Saturday. He has neither the force of character nor prepossessing appearance of his father, but I hope to train him for a Missionary if God grant him grace. He comes to me every

morning to prayers. Then I read and talk to him for three hours in my oriental studies. I have begun to look into the fabulous and ancient Sanscrit. Dr. Mill's "History of Christ" is what I read. I shall not pretend to make any proficiency, but it becomes me, if I can, not to be wholly ignorant of the learned tongue of India. The following is a very pleasing prayer Dyce Messeeh (for such is his name) made on Tuesday in Sanscrit: "I worship Thee, O Lord, who art the everlasting Lord, made up of knowledge. Cause Thou my mind to be right in understanding the wisdom of Thy holy Scriptures. I pray only unto Thee, because I see not another except Thee who art the increaser of wisdom, and benefactor, and Saviour." This is entirely his own, composed in Sanscrit, and translated also by himself. Sanscrit is a most elegant and copious tongue, but infinitely difficult.

We received on Friday a most beautiful present of fine grapes, brought from the interior of the hills beyond the Berendah Pass, on the other bank of the Sutledge river. No rains fall in that district, the intervening rocks forming the barrier between the climate of Hindoostan and that of Thibet and Tartary, where the Chinese Empire meets ours. The vineyard is on the eastern face of a mountain, covered for five months of the year with snow. The heat during the summer matures as fine grapes as any in the world, except those in our English hothouses: the soil is poor, as in most grape countries the trees run along the ground. At the proper seasons a dâk is laid to bring them in baskets, every three or four days. The Sutledge is a superb river, rising in Chinese Tartary, running through Cashmere and

falling into the Indus, and forming the boundary between the British possessions and those of Runjeet Singh. At a place called Kotghur a bridge is thrown across, composed of ten single ropes, merely affixed to trees on the opposite banks, and not even united by any transverse cords. The passengers are placed in a sort of basket of cords, and tied firmly around the waist in case of giddiness, and then, at a signal, pulled across the bed of the river at a height of sixty feet.

Sept. 28, 1836.

My young convert, Dyce Messeeh, goes on very well. I spend all my mornings from breakfast till my time for exercise with him, dividing myself between Sanscrit and Hindoostanee. On Saturday the Vakeel of a hill Rajah, a considerable person, came to him, to know what religion the Christian was. My young man told him. He answered, "The Hindoo religion is the best, and unless the Christian doctrine is in the Hindoo books I cannot believe it." My convert said, very smartly, "That is unfair. Every religion must be learned from its own books. If you do not compare different books, and the evidences they rest on, you cannot come to the truth. If you will let me read the history of Christ to you, you will know what Christians believe, and then you will be prepared to examine the evidences we have to offer. The Vakeel agreed. Dyce read the three first chapters of St. Luke, the 1st of St. John, the 26th and 27th of St. Matthew. The Vakeel said, "All was very good; but how came the Christians not to act according to it?" Dyce distinguished those who were real from those who were nominal Christians. Two hours had

passed ; it was evening, and the Hindoo retired. Now, was not this very good—capitally prompt and skilful? If God is pleased to bless the Vakeel will come again. I hope Zaccheus's curiosity will appear.

We are now beginning all the misery of packing. On Monday week, please God, we descend to Sabāthoo, after four months' delicious retreat on these mountains.

Seyric, Monday, Oct. 10, 1836.

At length, through God's goodness, we have made our first move. This morning, soon after six, many of my little congregation would accompany me a few miles on our way, and one kind lady had prepared coffee and rusks at the last house in the station, about three miles on the road. Here we alighted. There was quite a congregation ; amongst the rest Col. Hamilton, who had received Bp. Heber near Neemuch in 1825. As we parted I begged them to pause a moment. All stood uncovered whilst I offered one or two petitions to Almighty God, and pronounced a blessing. We then parted.

Sabāthoo, Thursday, Oct. 13, 1836.

This mountain station was taken from the Goorkas in 1816. You cannot imagine a more lovely spot. A steep valley surrounds it, beyond which the rocks of Simlah rise in magnificent prospect. We are now in a beautiful bungalow, built on a wall on the margin of the parade. Immediately out of the three windows of the room where I am now sitting the valley descends on all sides, so precipitously that it makes one giddy to look down. The road on Monday, as we approached Sabāthoo, was very pictur-

esque, especially at a narrow pass between two jutting rocks, through which the small Gumber river, clear as crystal, forces its way, leaving a dubious path for the traveller. In the rains a suspended bridge is opened for the passage. We forded the stream without danger, and then ascended perhaps 1000 feet, as we had previously descended, in a fine road cut on the sides of the mountain, and commanding the fruitful valley or ravine, with the face of the opposite rocks covered with vegetation. There are about 800 Goorka troops, who are as faithful and brave now as when they defended these mountains. We rode for an hour and a half before dinner yesterday with the Adjutant, through an enchanting valley filled with rice-fields, five times deluged each year with water by channels—"blessed are ye that sow beside many waters"—with ginger plantations and gardens, whilst in the extreme depth the Gumber was making its way to the Sutledge. The 800 Goorkas give a liveliness also to the place; perpetual drumming, and fifing, and marching, with enormous bazaars running up the sides of the hills surrounding the parade, and intermixed with the soldiers' lines, and forming with the white bungalows the most delightful scenery imaginable. But, oh, the interior misery of a heathen population! When you ride through the bazaar, and look into their shops and houses, and see the ruinous, filthy, disordered state of their abodes, with their wretched wives and children, or when you inquire into their habits and learn that they are at this moment devoting ten days to the particular worship of Kalee, a murderous female deity, who delights in blood and has a necklace of human heads,

you shudder at the horrible disgrace and shame of our apostate nature. During these ten days as many animal victims as possible are offered, and on the last day there is a great festival, during which the head of a buffalo is struck off by a Brahmin, in solemn sacrifice to the goddess.

Tajour, Oct. 17, 1836.

Having had a week to accustom ourselves to the heat of the plains, we have now recommenced our journey. We have marched several hours through an exquisitely lovely valley, or rather series of valleys, wide, fruitful, smiling. It is impossible to describe the goodness of God in the variety of the wonders of creation, and how the labour of man overcomes the difficulties of climate and situation. The men also are fine, tall, strong, vigorous. But oh, the miserable superstition which binds them as in chains of iron! Yesterday afternoon, as we were passing to dinner, we were attracted by the parade of the military, who were celebrating an annual sacrifice; all the natives from the bazaar were crowding around in their best attire, drums beating, trumpets blowing, standards and flags displayed. A circle was at last formed. Brahmins advanced. Fires were lighted. Offerings of rice and flowers were prepared. A child dressed up in gaudy clothes was brought forward, and a dhooly, a kind of palky borne by two men, was placed in the midst. The victim, a goat, was next placed near the centre, and various sprinklings and anointings were performed. A Brahmin lastly advanced with a crooked knife, large as a sickle, and with a single stroke cut off the head of the goat. All the implements of hus-

bandry and of cooking were placed around. I was much distressed and agitated. It was the first sacrifice I had seen. It was offered to the bloody Kalee. I could not learn the particular design, and I had not my books with me. Revelry, drunkenness, and debauchery, dancing men and dancing women, close the hideous festival. Such is the degeneracy of fallen man ; such the offerings of righteous Abel and faithful Abraham, corrupted in the lapse of ages. Oh, when will the Lord vouchsafe to look upon us in India !

Nulla Ghur, Oct. 18, 1836.

The Rajah of this place has kindly afforded me the use of a bungalow. There are no windows, but four doors in it. We have had an affecting lesson this morning of our continual dependence on Providence. Our captain of escort was thrown violently from his horse at a sudden turn of the road, and taken up senseless. We trust no serious consequences may follow, but the event is doubtful. We are now in the country lying between the Jumna and the Sutledge, having passed through the valley of Pinjor. We are now in the plains. The country belongs to a variety of petty rajahs, some of whom came to meet me this morning. Rice-fields abound, but no inclosures, no pasturage, no cultivated farms ; a wild disorder stunts the prodigious exuberance of the soil. There is no security of person or property, no openings of commerce, no possibility of rising from the ~~caste~~ caste where fate has placed you. J—— was refused water for our sick captain at an adjoining village, and was compelled, under such circumstances, to take it by force. Hindooism would leave a sick stranger to

perish. Oh, what a monster is man when infuriated by Idolatry!

Roopoor, Oct. 19, 1836.

We came thirteen miles this morning over a very difficult country, the whole of which has been inundated within the last month; so that watercourses, streams, stony beds of torrents, deep sand, jungle, the grass of which is seven or eight feet high, rendered our way a little perilous. Captain Wade, the political agent, came to meet us with boats and tents, and servants and food. He is a most well-informed and pious person, and has been many years in India. We have had a long conversation on the Seik, the Sutledge, the Indus, the Punjaub, education, native rule, and Christianity. The Seiks are a sect of Hindoos, founded about 350 years since by Baboo Namuch. They have priests and temples, but worship no idols. They are, indeed, supposed to be pure Deists. Their government is detestable from negligence, bribery, caprice, oppression, the insecurity of person and property. It never enters into a prince's thoughts to seek the welfare of his people. His object is the largest amount of revenue, and the most complete effeminacy, luxury, and self-indulgence, with impurities incredible. O what a blessing is Christianity, even in a temporal point of view! One single principle of Christian morals is worth the whole mass of superstitious commandments. Well, things are moving on, as I humbly trust.

Loodianah, Oct. 21, 1836.

We arrived here last evening, having crossed the Sutledge river, in ten hours; which, considering our boats,

and men, and oars, and the shallows which frequently impeded our progress, was excellent travelling. There are about sixty-five Christians here, of whom twenty are ready for confirmation. My little Hindoostanee and Sanscrit are daily coming into play. I am sending off my convert, Dyce, to read to them the Confirmation Service.

We drove round the cantonments and native town last evening, before dinner. I never saw such an immensely spacious town, built of mud houses, with wide bazaars, and increased fourfold since we were in possession, from the security of person and property which is instantly diffused. Thousands of Cashmere inhabitants, driven by famine and oppression from their lovely valley, fled here two years since, and brought their wonderful shawl manufactories with them. A few wealthy merchants are building brick bazaars. A fine silver thread is made here, which English artists, it is said, cannot produce. The shawl-weavers and silver-workers have been all day in this portico displaying their skill.

Oct. 4, 1836.

We performed divine service yesterday in the large room of a vacant house. I preached as strong and awakening a sermon as I could. This morning I have held a *darbar*, and visited the native school under the American Missionary. Youths from Lahore, Caubul, Cashmere, and the Punjaub, are assembled to learn English. Most affecting was it to see England the centre of attraction to this extreme verge of civilization on the Sutledge. Tomorrow I hold a Confirmation and consecrate the church-yard.

We are in sight of the snowy ridges of the Himalaya. The land is jungly, with very little cultivation; but the soil is, just as in England, fine mould, and would be capable of infinite fruitfulness, if there were good laws, a just government, and a spring of industry in the religion and morals of the people. India is one of the most fertile countries in the universe, with fine rivers, harbours, mines, cities, sea-coasts, but Satan rules. At Jesselmere, lately, a Hindoo devotee buried himself alive for thirty days, in order to obtain an heir for the Rajah, who was childless, and who offered a lac for this meritorious service; the devotee was regularly bricked up and taken out after thirty days. He affirms he was in a trance the whole time. Our Doctor says it is a collusion. But such is Hindooism.

I looked the other day into Sale's "Koran," to refresh my memory with the main points in the Mahometan controversy, which now meets me at every turn. Namuch, the Seik founder, was a benevolent enthusiast, who attempted to unite Hindoos and Mussulmans on the footing of natural religion. His tenth successor, Goorud, turned them into warriors in the year 1700. They are now sunk again into all the idolatry and abominations of Hindooism, like those around them. So impotent is natural light to preserve itself or convert others! Even Islamism sinks before idolatry. The Mahometans of Hindoostan are half idolaters. There never was such a bare imposture as this pretended religion. You cannot read a chapter without seeing its folly, its pollution, its cruelty, its inconsistency. The foundations of both superstitions are giving way as education spreads; but God only can substitute Christianity.

Shahabad, Oct. 21, 1836.

We are now on the main road of the Mogul Emperors, from Agra and Delhi to Lahore. At every coss (two miles and a-half), a pillar is erected, like our milestones, only far larger. At every five coss, a serai is built for travellers. That at Rajpooor is superb; or rather was, for it is now a prison. It consists of a square, containing, perhaps, a hundred alcoves, each capable of accommodating a dozen travellers, with a recess for sleeping. Towers for defence are built at each angle, and two forts at the main gates. Near it is a well, with a Baradary, or pleasure-house. The well is itself circular, built round with bricks, and a broad stone parapet at the top. One face of it opens on a flight of steps, for descending to the level of the water, of easy descent, and wide enough for ten women abreast; side landing-places conduct to stories in the circular brick-work, with arched entrances for approach, according to the height of the water at different seasons. These buildings were chiefly erected by Ackbar, but are now, like all the old Indian towns, one mass of ruins. Hindoostan is a great ruin. From the fall of the Mogul Empire all has been flowing in the channel of British power, habits, abodes, and ways of travelling; and blessed is our rule. The new towns where we settle, like Loodianah and Umbalah, are increasing beyond all imagination. Even the towns which are expected to come into our hands are crowded with new merchants. The steam navigation is here valued as it ought to be. It is considered the king of civilization.

Azinadah, Nov. 2, 1836.

I rode yesterday morning for an hour with Mr. Edgeworth, brother of the celebrated Miss Edgeworth, our kind host at Umbalah. He tells me the native Seik chiefs, who overran all these provinces about eighty or ninety years since, and who are now under the British protection, mostly die in early life, without children, from their premature dissoluteness of manners. The first condition of the conquest is, that the British power inherits the lands where there is no heir; the estates are all dropping in. Our dominions thus insensibly extend, and with them light, and equity, and distributive justice. Village wars abound—forages, as they may be called—sometimes with much loss of life. Thanassur is a vast ruin, once amongst the oldest cities in India, and the seat of Hindoo veneration before the Mahometan invasion. The fabled river Seraswati flows by it, and it was once the scene of the war. Everywhere are exhibited the same features of misery, neglect of their people, oppression, and ignorance of the very first springs of national prosperity. Everywhere they seem to say to Britain, who is deaf to the cry, “Come over to India and help us.” For what is England doing, comparatively, in so great a cause?

We are now encamped in a mangoe tope, or orchard, as we were also yesterday. We mean to run into Kurnaul this evening. Good Mr. P——, like Barzillai, has sent out to meet us with bread, butter, and vegetables. The country we have passed is of the same nature as before, wild jungle along the roads, wretched agriculture beyond, man in his lowest depression. The munificence of the

Mogul Emperors, in their fine serais and bridges, is conspicuous, though all is now in ruins.

Kurnaul, Nov. 5, 1836.

We arrived in this large station on Thursday evening. We have now passed the first difficult portion of our journey. Thank God for protection thus far! I have been consecrating one of the finest churches in India. I must see if I cannot raise a tower upon it.

Nov. 6, 1836.

O blessed Jesus, shine Thou into our hearts this blessed day! It was the first Sunday in November, 1832, that I preached my first sermon in the cathedral at Calcutta, and how soon my last may be delivered God only knows. Oh, to stand with my loins girded and my lamp burning! Oh, to finish well! I hope I am desiring to have no will but God's. I hope I desire to say, "For me to live is Christ." India wants the Gospel, sighs for the Gospel, waits for the salvation of God. May God's time of grace soon arrive!

Nov. 12, 1836.

An interesting event occurred last week as we were passing through Thanassur. Two Hindoos came to my tent to ask me to hear them read the Gospel. They had been Anund Messeeh's scholars. I put a good face on the matter and followed them, reading, with Dyce's help, as well as I could. About 9 P.M. five Brahmins went to Dyce's tent, and sat down. They wanted to know who he was, and what he was doing in my suite. He said he was teaching me Sanscrit. "What book did I read?" Dr. Mill's

“History of Christ,” which he showed them. They were surprised, and began to read it. “Very good, excellent style, no grammatical faults. Who was Dr. Mill?” “An Englishman.” “Impossible! no Englishman could write Sanscrit so.” He assured them of the truth. “How much had the Bishop read?” Twenty pages or so. “How long had he been learning?” Two months, almost. “What grammar did he learn?” Wilkin’s. “How much did he read a day?” Sometimes forty pages. “Did he understand what he read in the Sanscrit?” Yes. “He must be an angel, then; not a man. Read us now from the book.” Dyce sat and read the book. They listened with eager attention till the night was far advanced.

The Ordination of Anund, yesterday morning, was most affecting, as he is the first Brahmin who has been ordained in our Church. He is a fine, noble creature, spiritually-minded, well read in Scripture, full of simplicity and love to Christ, and bold as a lion. He has as little of the native faults of conceit and mysticism as I ever saw. Mr. F—— of Meerut was his father in the Gospel, and baptized him and his infant child some years since. During his examination this last week, I have been delighted and edified with his “understanding and answers.” As I had the Thirty-nine Articles translated to him, and asked him closely on each, he laid his hand upon his heart, and said Jesus had taught him these things. A large congregation was assembled. It was the first Ordination in the upper provinces. It is the first time, indeed, that a Bishop has been able to come so far. Dear Bishop Heber did not go up higher than Delhi.

Sumalka, Nov. 15, 1836.

The country here is notorious for thieves. A whole class, or tribe, of Gookurs, are dedicated from father to son to this roguery. They do not generally murder. Thus they differ from the Thugs, but thieving is their profession and birthright. There are about 2000 of them round Paniput, whom England is labouring to civilize and raise into men. It is, and must be, a very slow work, instruments are so much wanting: fitting instruments, I mean; men of piety, sense, talents, experience, influence. In the mean time things are going on. The abolition of transit duties, the equalisation of sugar duties, the freedom of the press, and steam, are all working together with education, catechetical instruction, and Missionary labours, to raise prostrate India. The British are getting forward as a government. Every encouragement is afforded to the native gentry to improve their lands. Every practicable improvement is being made in the administration of justice, agriculture, and medicine. The revenue is prospering, which always disposes a Government to tenderness and kindness.

Suniput, Nov. 16, 1836.

We spent an hour and a half in visiting the vast ruins of Paniput on Monday evening. It is classic ground. Twice was the fate of India decided on its plains, and on each occasion armies of incredible numbers were engaged. Britain is the first conqueror which has blessed the whole of Hindoostan with peace, and which has established so firm a sovereignty, and so righteous a one, that the length and breadth of the land is open to Christian labours. I

was struck to the heart, as I climbed over the ruined palaces and serais of Paniput, with reflecting how soon England might be laid low, and all her glory overwhelmed with silence, if she fulfilled not the high duties of her Protestant light and power, and of her position in the heart of Asia.

Delhi, Nov. 18, 1836.

Thank God we have arrived! We again set up our Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto God hath helped us." I am the guest of a noble old Mahratta soldier, Colonel Skinner, who, having been thirty-three years in the British service, and having built at his own cost a beautiful church, has a claim to all my attention. It will be solemnly consecrated on Monday.

We visited on Saturday the Jumma Musjid, which is the most simple and sublime Mahometan mosque in India. It rises abruptly to the view from all parts of the city; flights of noble steps on the four sides conduct you to the platform on which the mosque itself is erected. On gaining the top of the steps you are struck with the massive brass portals, with the elegance and lightness of the cloistered quadrangle, with the superb musjid and its three domes before you, flanked with two fine minarets. The stone is a red granite, which contrasts exceedingly well with the white ingrained marble. Next to this building in beauty, and superior to it in elegance, is our new St. James's Church. Anund told me, after the consecration yesterday, "Delhi has to-day been baptized;" and truly astonishing is it that a Mahratta soldier, on entering the city with Lord Lake, in 1803, should have

made a kind of vow, that if he ever had the means, he would build a Christian church in gratitude to God for His mercies. Bishop Heber notes, in 1824, that he had devoted 20,000 rupees to the pious design. He has lived to complete it, and was himself confirmed this morning, with two of his sons, in his own church. Its elevation is particularly appropriate for this imperial city, not receding unnecessarily from the taste for domes which prevails, and yet marking the Christian edifice by the superb gilded cross which surmounts the whole. It is visible as you approach the city from the cantonments, and forms a sacred commanding object.

The trade of Delhi is in cotton, jewellery, and sugar; but the more elegant artificers have removed to Lucknow, where there is a native court in its own power. The gentry of Delhi have sunk with the court. The venerable old king, whom we visited this morning, is the same as Bishop Heber saw in 1824. Twelve years have carried him on from seventy to eighty-two, and have dissipated all intellectual efforts. He is now almost childish, and said not a word to me at the durbar; and when he lost a favourite son some weeks since, cried himself to sleep at the news, and awoke to his usual gaiety the next morning. The palace is a scene of idleness, debauchery, and crime; an asylum for very desperate characters. His children and great-grandchildren stood around him this morning, and princes of the royal blood to the most remote degrees. I visited him at Colonel Skinner's instance, having ascertained that nothing degrading or partaking of Mahometanism would be required. I succeeded in not taking

off my shoes nor putting on the turban. I received a splendid dress and shawl, and chain of jewels for my neck; all of which, together with a horse, the Hon. Company seized, in order to sell against the 1500 rs. in money (for so much did the greedy courtiers make by our visit) which the said Hon. Company had the goodness to pay for me. It was affecting to see the descendant of Baber and Ackbar and Aurungzebe, in extreme age, setting forth, as it were, in his own person, the feebleness of an exhausted empire.

Cuttah, Nov. 28, 1836.

I was very much struck on Friday with witnessing, for the first time, the forms of the Mahometan worship. We went up into a verandah of one of the gates of the Jumma Musjid. The mosque itself was crowded as closely as possible, and ten or twelve lines of persons, who could not gain admission, were ranged outside the whole length of the side of the square. A sort of pulpit was placed in the centre, which the principal Mohuwee ascended. The notice was no sooner given of the hour of prayer by the loud cry of the Uzzah, than the most awful silence prevailed; every creature stood in the most exact order, like a battalion on parade: not a breath stirred. At the instant the name of God was pronounced, the whole multitude of four or five thousand bowed their heads almost to the earth. At another part of the office they all as one man prostrated themselves on the ground, covering their faces with their hands. They rose at a signal given with the same reverence. Nothing could be so fine as the waving heads of such a multitude, and nothing so great

a reproach to our carelessness in the solemn worship of Almighty God ! When the prayers had concluded, another kind of scene presented itself. The retiring crowds filled the whole area of the cloistered square, and their varied dresses, their different ages, the beautiful rose and purple robes, which many wore over their snow-white body-clothes, were so new, so perfectly oriental, so picturesque, that we were filled with admiration. The square could hold, I should think, 40,000 persons ; but oh, the wretched imposture which all this outward show conceals ! I admonished, however, my audience yesterday of this reverence of the Mussulmans. We had a glorious day, the whole interior crowded, and seventy at the Holy Communion, and the church again crowded in the evening.

I am now sitting in the centre of a large dome, the tomb of Udan Kihan, a Patan vizier. It is a prodigious circular room, and the tomb, a sarcophagus of white marble, like all those of the Mahometans, has been rudely removed to a side of the room, to allow the English to occupy the centre. We came here in one of the carriages of the royal family. The place is near the small town of Cuttah, and is chiefly remarkable for the Kootub Minar ; a lofty pillar, infinitely superior to the monument in London in beauty, and workmanship, and elegant proportions. I suppose it may be the finest column in the world, not excepting those at Rome : the whole is in excellent preservation. It seems to have been built only yesterday, though it is in reality 600 years old. It is the pillar of an universal fame, because its taste is simple and elegant, and without any peculiarity beyond the verses from the

Koran, cut in massive stone, which surround the pillars of each gallery.

Camp, Nov. 29, 1836.

After writing the above at Cuttah, I started in my palky for Tuglickabad, where we passed two hours in scrambling over the gigantic ruins of that once prodigious fortress, or rather line of fortresses, erected by the Patan Emperor, Tuglick Shah, on the crest of a circular range of rocky elevations. Five hundred years have not destroyed the remains of walls and bastions, and palaces and tanks, and wells and subterraneous apartments, and causeways. Delhi was in view from the citadel, though twenty miles distant. The contrast between the perfect preservation of the Cuttah and the utter ruin of Tuglick's fortresses; the elegance of the one and the enormous strength of the other; the exquisite proportions of the pillar and the rude masses of the ancient towers; the repairs which completed lately the civil, and the neglect which still reigns in the military edifice, were very instructive. We have now taken leave of Delhi.

Furzah, Dec. 7, 1836.

The general impression on my mind of the state of the country, as compared with what it was twelve years since, when Bishop Heber passed through the same place, is decidedly that an improvement has been and is taking place. Agriculture, commerce, medicine, education, are advancing, and rather rapidly. The abolition of transit duties, the use of vernacular languages in courts, the rising piety of the civil and military services, are evi-

dently at work. Already the new sugar duties are inviting the skill and enterprise of the natives. The Indus will ere long be opened. The revenue is improving yearly, and will lead to an alleviation of the burden upon the people. We want only to have Christianity unfettered, in order to impregnate with life the mass of secular aids and appliances. If I could but see double the number of Chaplains, all would be most encouraging for the future. In the meantime, the profound peace throughout India, the security of person and property, and the high character of the British Government, are preparing for glorious days. The external pomp lessens—so much the better. The glare of Bishop Heber's reception is gone by—so much the better. But the solid foundations of knowledge, industry, talent, education, the inter-community of civilized society, are being laid, and are assuredly superseding the ignorance, idleness, folly, selfishness of the native idolatries and superstitions. Hindooism and Islamism cannot endure the light; but Christianity courts it; she stands on higher ground, and can only be effectually propagated by grace.

Agra, Dec. 8, 1836.

Muttra is one of the most sacred of Hindoo towns, the fabled birthplace of Krishna. It stands on the Jumna, and the view of the town from the opposite bank is particularly striking. Masses of buildings, ghauts, the old ruined fort, the Jumma Musjid, and the private houses, form a most picturesque scene. On riding through its narrow winding streets, I saw for the first time the crowds of Brahmin bulls which are turned loose by

devotees as sacred objects. They wander at liberty, and feed themselves as they list in the bazaars. The Mundul, of which Bishop Heber speaks, is now completed. An idol enriched with jewels is seated in the interior recess; 200 persons are maintained as priests, 10 as singers, besides punkah-pullers, kitmutgars, bearers, and khaunsamahs innumerable. The whole temple is supposed to have cost 50,000*l*. It is one of the latest erections in India, and the best maintained. We saw the ghaut where Krishna is said to have first bathed. Thousands crowd hither from Calcutta, as they do to Gyah, and Juggernaut, and Allahabad, and Benares. Oh, for 4000 holy Missionaries to preach a crucified Saviour to these victims of Satan's oppression, of whom there are 40,000 in this place. You will observe that the darkness here is so profound that the idol is fed, bathed, and waited upon by punkah-bearers, as if endowed with life. He had not on many of his jewels on Tuesday, on account of the cold weather! Two fine milch cows, allotted for his food, were in the adjoining compound. It is stupidity beneath man, fallen as he is.

Agra, Dec. 10, 1836.

The approach to this ancient city of Ackbar on Thursday was very striking; seven miles of perpetual ruins—a mausoleum; a mosque, or the remains of one, there; a fine archway in another direction; then an old serai, the walls massive, the interposed granite-work fresh as if it had been finished to-day. The whole scene surpassed anything we saw in the environs of Delhi. But the object of greatest admiration was the tomb of the great Ackbar himself, in

the midst of an immense garden. The first portal is superb, with a lofty dome between the external and interior gates. After entering the garden, the paved approach to the mausoleum itself, which rises to view amidst the distant trees, is most imposing. On entering the tomb, you ascend to a square or platform of about 360 feet, in the centre of which the mausoleum, with its three stories, its minarets, and pavilions, and cloisters, is erected. The upper story is of white marble of the finest kind, the very stairs, the floor, the cloisters, being of the same material, resembling in this respect the Cathedral of Milan. Pavilions, still of the same rich material, crown each corner. The sarcophagus supposed to contain the body of the Emperor himself is simple, like all those of Mussulmans. The inscription is "Glory to God." It is much to the honour of the E. I. Company that they have lately repaired this wonderful monument of the greatest of the Moguls.

Dec. 17, 1836.

On Tuesday I visited Abdool Messeeh's house, and the Church Missionary premises connected with it. Alas! nine years have sufficed to dissipate the spiritual good begun by that celebrated convert of the dear Bishop Corrie, then chaplain here. The grounds are ample, and the chapel and schools adequate for every purpose. I addressed the few aged native Christians who still live in the Mission-huts, and the children of the Mission-school. The situation is most advantageous, in the very heart of the city of Agra. I have driven through the narrow, crowded streets, with the lofty houses on either side, and I have fancied I

could see the very balconies from which the people used to hear Abdool read the Gospel.

A short time will obliterate the glories of Agra and Delhi. Such are the works of man ! All public edifices, except those which Government keeps in repair, are yearly falling into decay.

CHAPTER VIII.

Leave Agra—Bareilly—Futtyghur—Consecration of New Church—Lucknow—King of Oude—Magnificent Reception—Cawnpore—Laying First Stone of New Church—Allahabad—Pilgrim Tax—Death of Bishop Corrie—Buxar—Benares—Conversation with Pundits—Monghir—Missionary Schools—Character of Missionaries—Reflections—Return to Calcutta—Lectures in Passion-week—Funeral Sermon for Bishop Corrie—Clerical Meeting—Government Grant for New Churches—Ordination—Visit to Orphan Refuge—Visitation resumed—Death of King of Oude—Nuddea—Worship of Kalee—Kulna—Missionary Schools—Burdwan—Indigo Plant—Visit of Rajah—Benares—Meeting of Clergy—Illness—Visit to the Church Missions.

Bareilly, Dec. 31, 1836.

WE are now at our extreme north spot, as we descend rapidly to the south-east in going to Cawnpore. Thank God for preservation to the close of another year! Let us praise Him with redoubled humility and gratitude. We had a most interesting and affecting scene at Alyghur on Tuesday. The scattered flock came in from the country round, and a little church was also set on foot.

New-year's Day, 1837.

Being my fifth in India, and my fifty-ninth in this world of sin and darkness. Oh, what thoughts crowd into

my mind this New-year's Day! The All-seeing Eye, what does it discern in the depths of the heart? Mercy, mercy, is all I can rely upon; mercy to the chief of sinners, mercy through the Great Propitiation, mercy through the Prince of Peace! My dear children, believe your father's testimony on entering the year 1837: he has no hope but in Christ; his sins appear to him more numerous and aggravated than ever, heightened as they are by superior obligations, advanced age, and long profession of the Gospel. May mercy assist for the future by internal grace, as it pardons the past through imputation and transfer! Oh, to spend a better year, more simple, humble, devoted, spiritual, broken in heart! Especially may I have a will sweetly resigned and composed in God! no will, no object, no end, but the service of my Divine Master!

Futtyghur, Jan. 10, 1837.

We are now just leaving this sweet, retired station, with its 300 Christians. We arrived on Friday, consecrated the church on Saturday, held two services on Sunday, confirmed on Monday, and consecrated two churchyards. The country, all the way from Bareilly to Futtyghur, is threatened with famine: no rain has fallen since September. Grain is at an enormous price. Wells are opened in every field for raising water. We are now on the fabled Ganges: the fort stands on its bank. At some parts of its course the reaches are, like those of the Rhine, of the width of five or six miles, and tranquil like a lake, not a ripple disturbing the glassy surface. Cultivation flourishes here. The twenty years' settlement is now first coming into play,

and encourages zemindars to commence improvements. The system of rotation of crops is well understood here. There are sometimes seven crops in a year. Fallows are never needful. The agricultural implements are considered to be well adapted to the nature of the soil. But all improvements are paralyzed by the state of society, which is corrupt to the very core. Oppression, art, finesse, cruelty, selfishness, penetrate to the lowest grades. All waits for Christianity to relay the foundations of society in truth, righteousness, and the fear of God and man.

Lucknow, Jan. 20, 1837.

We arrived here this morning, and have just been received by the King of Oude, and have taken a public breakfast with him, his court, and all the European society. Nothing so superb has been seen by us during our visitation, as to outward display. Riches flow as the waters of the Ganges in this kingdom. Like as in the reign of Solomon, silver is nothing thought of. The native Mahometan king is in great disfavour with the Government for his bad administration of his dominions, which are about the size of Ireland, and possessing every kind of capability.

The Resident consulted the Government how far it might be expedient for me to visit my Christian flock and Chaplain here. However, as a Bishop who is not a member of Government, it was considered improper to interfere with me, and therefore here I am! This sort of hesitation induced his Oude Majesty to put forth his most splendid appearance, that his subjects might be impressed with the

friendly position he was in with the Government; and I am told nothing so magnificent has been witnessed for many years. We were received in the King's country palace, about three miles from the city, called Dil Khoosha—"Pleasant to the Heart." Here the Resident, Col. Lowe, met us, and at about half-past nine we ascended our elephants to meet the King, who proceeded about a mile out of the city for that purpose. On coming within a few paces of the royal elephant I took off my hat, and inquired after the King's health. The cortège then advanced three abreast, the Resident and myself being each on our elephant on either side of the King's. An infinity of elephants, camels, horsemen, infantry, gentlemen's carriages, foot-passengers of all classes, presented the most picturesque and imposing sight I ever beheld. We thus proceeded to the palace, where the public breakfast was prepared in an immense room, with tables from end to end, where, perhaps, sixty ladies and gentlemen sat down to the superb breakfast, with its enormously rich plateau, which distinguishes Lucknow. I should have said that the King's state palanquin and ton-jon were carried by numerous bearers before him during the procession. I was placed, during breakfast, on the King's left hand, the right being occupied with the Resident, who in all things takes the same rank as the sovereign. The conversation was not vivacious, but I assure you I obtained considerable credit by my Hindoostanee. I told the King that I had been at Jyepore, Agra, and Delhi, but had seen nothing so splendid as his majesty's court. I added, I hoped the internal happiness of his government equalled the external magnificence. This I

meant for a home-thrust. Of course it would have no permanent effect on a profligate tyrant, but it was my duty. After breakfast I was offered a hookah, a prodigious compliment, for no one but the Resident smokes in his presence. As, however, I had never put a hookah into my mouth, I thought it prudent to decline it. Presents of silver-tinsel garments followed, with otto; and then the King, after conducting the Resident and myself to the top of the stairs, retired. We once more mounted our elephants, and came to the Residency. The view from my chamber-verandah over the city is enchanting: the rich verdure of the trees and gardens contrasts so beautifully with the magnificent roofs of the public buildings. The river Goomty winds in the midst, and appears here and there with great splendour. Still the heart sinks, amidst all this glitter, to think of the misery of the people, the corruptions of the palace, the misgovernment of the minister, the disorder of the finances. Absolute power is not adapted for man, any more than absolute democracy; and, alas! what have mere riches done for Oude, or Spain, or Delhi, or any other country? Man wants freedom, good laws, security of person and property, encouragement given to arts, science, commerce, medicine, and entire religious toleration, to say nothing of Christianity itself. Without these, treasures, rupees, jewels, palaces, shows, are of no avail.

Cawnpore, Jan 24, 1837.

The change of scene here is indescribable: a Christian population of 3000, a cantonment of seven miles in extent, four burial-grounds, four hospitals, five schools, a Christian Mission, an Orphan Asylum, a Relief Society. Large dinner-

parties and incessant calls had left us not a moment. Here a Christian society of only 80 or 100 leaves us a sweet retirement. Thus God tempers things for us. Blessed be His holy Name, we have made a hopeful beginning during our first five days' work at Cawnpore. Two churches are to be built, or, rather, a church and chapel.

Cawnpore, Feb. 5, 1837.

I have been closing my message. A crowded church—above 100 at the sacrament—and a second confirmation. It was past three before we reached home, for there was a collection for the new churches, which took some time. The amount was 1000 rs., which, with our preceding subscriptions, will make 26,000 rs. May God be praised!

Feb. 6, 1837.

I wish you could have seen the ceremony yesterday of laying the first stone of our two new Gothic churches, or, rather, a church and chapel—the immense throng of people, all the soldiers drawn out, all the officers, all the gentry, thousands of natives! A numerous Masonic Lodge assisted. The Senior Civil Servant laid the stone at the church, and the Brigadier at the chapel. I was much overdone with the exertion of addressing perhaps 3000 people in the open air, whom I contrived to make hear. To God only be glory, in Christ Jesus!

Allahabad, Feb. 12, 1837.

I have been meditating this calm, sweet morning, on the ways of the Lord towards me, on the position in which I now am, on my prospects, dangers, duties, fears. I hope

on this day four weeks to be in Calcutta, after an absence of one year and five months. Two passages of Scripture are on my mind ; 2 Cor. vi. and Ps. xlv. : “ By honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report : as deceivers, and yet true ; as unknown, and yet well known ; as dying, and, behold, we live ; as chastened, and not killed ; as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing ; as poor, yet making many rich ; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.” Such is the Minister’s lot, always remembering the immense interval between Apostolic inspiration and power, and our ordinary duties and qualifications. But can we expect any great spiritual blessings without compensating trials of one sort or another ? Lord, Thy will, and not mine, be done ! Enable me to sacrifice my will in all things to Thee, and to take up daily my allotted cross and follow Thee !

Allahabad, Feb. 14, 1837.

The cold weather has returned, to our amazing relief. But you must not wonder that we feel such transitions. We are now in the famous city where the Ganges and the Jumna unite. It was founded by the great Ackbar. The fort, where we are received by the pious, amiable Chaplain, was taken as early as 1765. It is conjectured to be the ancient Palibothra. The grand annual fair, or mela, is just over, when thousands came on pilgrimage from all parts of India to shave themselves, to bathe, and many of them to die, at the confluence of the sacred rivers. Each one carries back with him a small vessel of the water to his own country, however distant. O that the waters of life, which flow from the throne of God and of the Lamb, were

equally prized and sought after! Alas! alas! Satan here reigns supreme.

Allahabad, Feb. 16, 1837.

I have been to the fearful scene: I have spent nearly two hours at the confluence: I have examined with curious eyes the proceedings. I have watched the Brahmin, the pilgrim, the faqueer. I have entered the Christian Government's Tax-office, with the contrivances for collecting from the crowd the destined offering. I have in my possession a copy of the printed certificate given to the pilgrim by the Christian collector, to ensure his being admitted to the stream with its untold beatitudes. Never was I so affected, except when, this very month two years, I was at Juggernaut. What a tremendous responsibility has our Indian Government, accumulating every hour that we continue our connexion with such a system!

Allahabad, Feb. 18, 1837.

I have seen more than once the celebrated Allahabad Pillar, the inscription on which Dr. Mill so successfully developed in 1834. It is, probably, the commemoration of a Hindoo prince about 300 years before Christ. The pillar is of a hard kind of red sandstone. It has, apparently, been once in an erect position; but it now lies neglected at the fort gate, and is an object of worship to the poor pilgrims, who walk around it a certain number of times, and make offerings of flowers with small pieces of money. Dr. Mill's profound learning comes in admirably on such curious occasions.

Steamer, Feb. 20, 1837.

At length we are on board for our river trip. We quitted our pilot-boat at Bombay, December 13, 1835. Since that time we have travelled by land about 2500 miles in the fourteen months. May God be ever praised for His innumerable blessings! May we be prepared for the new duties and trials of Calcutta! Yesterday I preached twice to the whole assembled station, of whom fifty received the Sacrament. On Saturday, sixteen were confirmed.

Mirzapore, Feb. 28, 1837.

Oh, my children, how can I describe my desolation of heart at the present events!* But—but—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," (my text at Chunar on Thursday, and here yesterday, being a funeral sermon for dearest Corrie), is ENOUGH. I am now to go down into the valley of humiliation, indeed. I am now to know the rod and Who hath appointed it. I am now to be nothing, that Christ may be all in all. I am to descend to Calcutta in weakness, and fear, and much trembling, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of man. Oh! for grace to believe, to wait, to hope, to involve myself, and hide myself in God; to be still and know His glorious power, love, right over us and in us, His mysterious ways, unsearchable wisdom, infinite designs in redemption and grace!

Buxar, March 1, 1837.

I must endeavour to pluck up heart and tell you what we have been doing. Chunar we left on Friday morning.

* Death of Bishop Corrie.—*Editor.*

Bishop Heber's description of it is perfect and most lively, as well as his succeeding one of Benares. He was then new to such scenes. They met him early. His whole imagination was filled. We come to them after a year and four months' journey, with minds and bodies exhausted with sights. Still, the bold promontory of Chunar, crowned with its ancient fortifications, and the beautifully soft view of the houses and gardens in the civil station, were not lost upon us. The black stone of unknown reverence had lost its charm. A storm had destroyed its peepul-tree. The rude and impious English had removed it into a verandah. No access without a pass has since been granted, and it has happily fallen into neglect. This is one incidental blessing of our rule. I could not walk through the rooms of Warren Hastings' mansion in the fort without a sensible emotion, they are now converted into a state prison. The Coorg Rajah is at present, however, not at Chunar, but at Benares. He is but lately arrived, after a march of eleven months. You may remember his fierce and barbarous cruelties, his impudent proclamations, his surrender, the ample prize-money distributed. This was about the last act of the late Government.

We were most exceedingly delighted with Benares. The river view, as it burst upon us when we entered the reach, on the mountain-banks of which it stretches for a length of four miles, fills the eye with an indescribable assemblage of oriental buildings. I had forgotten this position of the holy city, and was perfectly astonished, first, at the silvery sweep of the Ganges with its widening banks, then at the infinite variety of splendid edifices which crowned

the lofty shores of the convex side. A succession of ghauts or river stairs, filled with pilgrims, in all their varied costumes, next attracted my notice. Then the sumptuousness and endless number of the sacred buildings. Lastly, the elegant and lofty minarets of the Musjid, which Aurungzebe founded on the site of a Hindoo temple. When I ascended one of these and beheld the city, my Saviour's tears over Jerusalem might have been mine. I had witnessed some of the chief scenes of idolatrous worship—a thousand temples, 8000 houses occupied by Brahmins, 200,000 souls held in midnight darkness, 200,000 more daily entering the sacred enclosure, either as pilgrims or merchants. My eye wandered over the scene stretching before me. I was involuntarily seized with sadness at a mass of 400,000 immortal beings, in whose misery the god of this world seems to revel, guided as they are by a Demetrius-like body of heathen priests, who again are themselves headed by the learned pundits. Twelve or fifteen of these last, waited on me at the Chaplain's house, as the heat would not allow of my going to the College. I asked each in succession the nature of his studies, the books he read, his views of a Supreme Being, his ideas of the difference between moral good and evil, his doctrine of salvation, and of a future state of rewards and punishments. One told me he studied the life of Krishna, a second was an astronomer, a third a logician, a fourth a librarian. They were all Sanscrit scholars, deeply versed in the Veda. After patiently hearing each of them, I briefly opened the glorious scheme of the Gospel of Christ, and assured them that when the historical evidences of Christianity could

be appreciated aright, they would at once see the irrefragable proofs of its divine and exclusive authority, and that in the meantime, if any of them would simply read the Gospel, and pray to God for illumination, he would see its internal evidences, as meeting and supplying the state and wants of man, just as the sun in the heavens meets his natural senses. My heart mourns and weeps at human darkness and sorrow.

Monghir, March 3, 1837.

Amongst my bright spots is the Church Missionary Station, which I have just passed. The Missionaries are holy and devoted, and superior men. The praise of Mr. B—— is in all the churches. Twenty years of disinterested labour at Chunar, and the blessed success which has attended and is attending his labours, stamp him as a most valuable missionary. We spent three days there. The Mission-house, built by dearest Corrie, is, like that at Baddegamme in Ceylon, an honour to India. It was under that holy Bishop, then a chaplain at Chunar, that Mr. B—— was first called out into the field of labour. I preached to his native flock last Wednesday. It consists of more than 200, of whom 120 are the wives and families of drummers and other professed Christians, understanding only the Hindoostanee, and 80 are his own converts from heathen idolatry. It was an affecting sight. I afterwards examined his numerous schools, in which are several hundred heathen children, training in the heavenly doctrine. I had the happiness of confirming between 70 and 80 of the baptized converts, and of baptizing also, with my own hand, four. One of the latter had been a Pundit,

deeply versed in his Sanscrit abstractions. He seemed about thirty. Mr. B—— had met him in one of his excursions, for this good man makes four or five circuits to large melas (a kind of fair), within fifty or sixty miles of Chunar, and there talks and preaches, and distributes Gospels and tracts, to all who will listen to him. His knowledge of the language is that of a native; his talents penetrating; his faculty of arguing with the Sophist, Pundit, or Mahometan, is very superior. He seemed to me one of those quiet, silent, sagacious, acute, devoted men, who fill a most important niche in the general circle of missionary labourers. But to pursue my tale. This learned Pundit encountered Mr. B——, at first, with the utmost craft and pertinacity; he listened towards the close, however, of the conference, “the Lord opening his heart,” as we trust. He followed B—— to his boats, renouncing his idolatry and pantheism, and casting in his lot with him. He had been a steady catechumen for many months, and was baptized by myself, as I have stated, last Wednesday. He will be sent out, after a due period, as a reader in the neighbouring villages. About fifteen or twenty converts are thus each year added to the Lord; and when they are established they are planted out in any stations where Christian native families are required. Mr. B—— is attempting the establishment of a native village, for the regular employment in agriculture of the Christian settlers; but he is sadly cramped by the narrow supplies which the general purposes of the Calcutta Committee are compelled to impose. This is the case also at Benares. Scenes of usefulness are widening, but means are wanting

for occupying them. I made a collection on Sunday morning, after the sermon, and we collected 400 or 500 rupees. Benares is a most interesting and hopeful station. Mr. K——'s cast of talent seems chiefly to qualify him for conference and preaching in the bazaars and small local chapels, two of which latter I visited; two more are instantly to be added. Here, each evening, this pious man holds conversations, delivers instruction, and preaches to the crowded audience who fill the place. His gentle spirit has won much esteem. He is known over all the city; he has silenced the objecting Brahmin; he has gradually produced the conviction that the Christian religion is from God, and preferable on all accounts to the Brahminical. Thus all is preparing for an outburst of light and truth, whenever the Divine Saviour shall be pleased to command the blessing. Nor is Mr. L—— less successful in his own department, which is that of schools. I examined 400 or 500 children in his several little establishments on Monday, and I also heard him instruct them in his usual way. It was admirable. He has a gift for communicating knowledge to the youthful mind, and for attaching them to him by love, which is very remarkable. In these several departments K—— and L—— perhaps surpass B——, allowing for difference in experience and facility in the use of Hindoostanee. Thus God tempers the different members of His mystical body. Mr. S—— seems not vigorous in health, but mild, thoughtful, able, and devoted. The compound where they all reside has a fine female school of sixty children, under Mrs. S——. Under her husband the beautiful native chapel in canton-

ments is placed, where he performs divine service two or three times a-week. This was dear Corrie's work also. Mr. S—— takes a part, both in the labours of the school generally and the bazaars. Scarcely any converts have as yet been made. In this respect Mr. B——, who has during his twenty years' labour been the means of converting several hundreds, has the advantage greatly; but preparation-work is rapidly and hopefully going on. The rest is with God.

Boglipoor, March 9, 1837.

I never pass over this season, my dearest children, without some remembrance of God's especial mercies in March, 1796. I can now look back on all the way which the Lord my God hath led me these forty-one years, to humble me and to prove me, and to know all that was in my heart. How humiliating, how very humiliating, is the reflection! Lord, be merciful to me a sinner, and grant me more grace to feel, and act, and live in all respects as becometh my high and holy calling in Christ Jesus. Soon must the last anniversary of these spiritual blessings come. Oh for preparation, anticipation, readiness, foretaste! I have been much impressed lately in reading Venn; Cecil's "Remains;" Cowper's "Letters and Life," by Southey; and Thomas à Kempis. Venn and Cecil rise upon the mind more and more, like all profoundly deep and solid works. Cowper's playfulness, capital sense, fine remarks, exquisite facility, charm me. Kempis is precious, indeed. Take the last sentence I have read as a specimen:—"Beware of much talking. Abide in secret, and enjoy thy God; for thou hast Him whom the whole

world cannot take away from thee. I am He to whom thou shouldst give thyself entirely; so that thou mayst live no longer in thyself, but in Me, without any anxious care."

Calcutta, March 13, 1837.

Safely arrived, through God's great goodness. Dr. Mill and the Archdeacon came to meet us yesterday, in excellent spirits. I have begun my lectures for Passion-week at the Cathedral. I confine myself to a quarter of an hour of devotional remark on some part of our Lord's Passion. God refreshes both body and mind. He sends rain upon His inheritance naturally, and man revives; He sends rain spiritually, and the heart is renewed. After a most oppressive fortnight, we had copious rain on Saturday and Sunday nights. The thunder was indeed tremendous. I really thought that one crash must have shivered some of the pillars of the verandah. The atmosphere in the morning, for the rain fell during the night, was cool and refreshing. This was Sunday. The storm fell again the following night.

I am actually in the sixth volume of "Southey." The new letters are very numerous, and inimitable. I read two or three a-day. I see that Homer is to form a part, which I rejoice at: it will vindicate the merit of that extraordinary translation against the natural preference for Pope's most un-Homeric, but elegant and poetical, version in rhyme. But the Bible, the Bible, the Bible is the wonderful book I fall back upon: a taste for the divine sublimity and simplicity of the Scriptures is the true proof of spiritual health and appetite.

Shalimar, April 14, 1837.

Here is my retreat, my children, this summer. I have taken this sweet spot for six months. There never was so exquisitely beautiful a place. Here I shall retire one or two days a-week, as I did at Tittyghur, and I shall thus be near the College—half a mile—and render any little aid to this institution.

Calcutta, April 23, 1837.

I have delivered my funeral discourse for Bishop Corrie. It was at the Old Church, and the Governor-General and his family were present. Subject:—the animating motive to be wise and earnest in turning many to righteousness, from the glorious recompense which awaits us. I took all the pains I could with it during the very few days for preparation and the lack of materials. My notion of his character was, an ardent mind subdued by heavenly wisdom, and intently fixed on turning souls to God. May we, my dearest ones, imitate the excellent parts of his eminent character. He was an exalted Christian indeed—his prayers exquisite—his biblical tone of theology sound—his care in preparing his sermons admirable—his steadiness in his pursuit unwearied—his disinterestedness transparent—his consistency beautiful—his end blessed—all his work seemed accomplished.

Calcutta, May 2, 1837.

Last evening two delightful events occurred. The one was a most glorious shower to refresh our burning soil. The harvest will be saved in many parts of the country. The frequent conflagrations are stopped, for hundreds of houses are burnt almost every night, from the extreme dryness of

the thatched materials. Man and beast are revived and consoled. Never did I feel the Psalmist's language more appropriate, "Thou sentest a gracious rain upon thine inheritance, and refreshedst it when it was weary." The other event was, a pleasing and edifying clerical meeting: eight were absent from the storm, but we were fifteen, and did not separate till nearly eleven, meeting at a quarter-past seven to dinner, and going into our discussion room at half-past eight. Our subject—Thanksgiving. All was love, frankness, spiritual warmth. Just the old Eclectic* feelings, after an interval of a year and a half. At our concluding prayer, which is always in the palace chapel, we most especially supplicated for the great religious meetings—for the Church Missionary sermon, then being delivered—for the Anniversary Meeting this day—for the Bible Society to-morrow—the Prayer-book, Tract, and Jews, on the succeeding days. These meetings once a-month are great blessings to us: they harmonise, elevate, unite, bless.

I have received from the Governor-General an answer to an application for aid to build churches in Landour, Bareilly, Lucknow, Hazeerabagh, and Chittagong. He has granted me 21,000 rupees. We shall now have almost all the churches we want. In addition to these we are building two at Cawnpore, and one at Simlah, Loodianah, Mussooree, Allyghur, Allahabad, Singapore, Saugor, and are adding towers to those of Agra and Kurnaul; fourteen churches, and two steeples or towers. Delhi should also be

* The name given to a clerical meeting in London.—*Editor.*

added, and Benares, and Buxar, and Juanpore, and Chunar, and Barrackpore, which have been erected by private munificence. Surely this is a source of gratitude to our Saviour and Lord, twenty-two in all. Perhaps it is unfair to include Benares, Buxar, and Chunar, as they were built so many years since by dearest Corrie. Still, they were erected by private bounty. Say, however, nineteen in four years, and in India, and at such fearful distances, and with such a fluctuating population. And a Malacca Church is at all events to be added, to make twenty, which the Dutch have given me, and for which I ordained Mr. H—— last Sunday.

Shalimar, June 16, 1837.

Last night I preached a sermon at the Cathedral, preparatory to the Confirmation. We had 529 present. Text, Acts xi. 26: "The disciples were called Christians first at Antioch." After church we came over here, in one of the most splendid moonlight evenings you ever saw. The full brilliancy of the glassy, unruffled waves, reflecting the moon's rays, was bewitching; a fine breeze from the sea cooled our heated frames. The turns in Garden Reach, the houses, the scattered lights, flitted before us as our ten *dandies*, rowers, were tugging against the adverse tide. After landing we strolled along our beautiful grounds till we retired to rest.

Calcutta, June 18, 1837.

I enter to day on the sixth year since I left my abode, and parish, and country, for the voyage to India, where I arrived the 31st of October, "not knowing the things," I may truly say, "which should befall me there." But,

“having obtained help of God,” I “continue unto this day,” and enter the sixth year of my Indian course. Oh, that I may finish that course well! That is the great thing, to finish well; for soon must my “bishopric another take.” Blessed Jesus! shine Thou upon Thy servant; magnify in him Thy power, cause him to know and do Thy only will, and accept Thou his thanksgivings for five years of preservation, guidance, comfort, deliverance, light.

Calcutta, June 25, 1837.

Our sixteenth Ordination took place yesterday, at Bishop's College. It was an affecting scene; there were twenty-one clergy there altogether: the largest number ever seen within its walls. Only five absent within thirty miles, and two of those by ill-health. Congregation seventy. The whole service deeply solemn. The fine organ played the alternate lines of the “Veni, Creator,” the clergy joining. My text was from Acts ix. 16. The service lasted three hours and a-half. I gave a breakfast immediately after, in the dining-hall, to the clergy.

Calcutta, July 2, 1837.

Another anniversary of my birth brings me, my dearest children, to the commencement of my sixtieth year. Wonderful indeed is it to me, that this should be the sixth July 2nd that I have passed since I quitted my native shores. But so it is. God's ways are past finding out. Oh! what gratitude do I owe to my Lord and Saviour for 513 sermons permitted to be delivered, 16 ordinations held, 1218 young persons confirmed in Calcutta, 20 churches

building, three charges to my reverend brethren pronounced, a volume of visitation discourses published, journeys and voyages amounting to 13,500 miles accomplished, and health preserved throughout the whole time. To Thee, O my God, be all the praise ascribed for the past. To Thee would I commit the unknown future. Only vouchsafe me grace, fidelity, faith, zeal, love, humiliation of soul, patience! Only enable Thy servant to end well. Only "strengthen in him the things that remain that are ready to die." Only revive in his heart the "first love" to Thee. Only "work in him" all Thy will, use him for Thine honour, and prepare him for Thy cross and crown!

July 10, 1837.

As I returned from Barrackpore on Monday, I breakfasted with Mrs. Wilson, at her new Refuge, ten miles from Calcutta. It was like a fairy scene. In a few months a village of 10,000 heathen planted with the Gospel! A beautiful house and chambers are erected—a small ghaut—a compound—servants' houses, and about 100 orphan children "sitting clothed, and in their right mind"—children saved from death and famine—children with no families to obstruct their reception of the Christian faith, and wholly trained in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." There the pious woman, now twenty years in India, and "widow indeed," is carrying on the greatest undertaking India has yet witnessed, which, having already succeeded in a marvellous degree, she is endeavouring to render permanent.

The thirteenth anniversary of the system has taken

place. Stability is thus given it. Immortality will be added by the Lord of all. Oh, if you could have seen, as I did on Monday, some of the destined human sacrifices of the Goonsur country safely seated in this Refuge, decently clad, with their Bengalee New Testaments before them, and made now, or about to be made, "living sacrifices, holy, acceptable to God in Christ Jesus," how would you have sprung forth with delight to rescue other human victims from the knife of the priest-assassin, and transfer them to the arms of a mother in Christ, and the tender love of Jesus, the orphan's friend! You should have heard us ask one of these rescued victims, "What is your name?" Answer: "Lucy Wilson"—for such was the baptized child's new appellation, after my dear daughter. I looked, and looked again, at the dark visage, the benevolent eye, the happy countenance of the girl: she smiled at me in her innocence, as much as to say, "Thank good English Christians that I was not made an actual sacrifice to the Earth in my native town, with my veins opened to die the most lingering possible death, but was raised as from the dead to live to learn the name and grace and pity of Jesus, the Eternal Son of God and Saviour of the lost."

Steamer, July 21, 1837.

We resumed our Visitation yesterday. We go to Krishnagur, Burdwan, Bancoora, and Chinsurah, by an intermediate trip of three weeks; and then, after returning to Calcutta for four Sundays, proceed to Benares; and thence visit, in descending the river, the places omitted last spring as far as Dacca—if the Lord will.

There has been a disturbance at Lucknow, the Oude capital. The King fell a martyr to debauchery on July 6th. It was night. The Resident, Colonel Lowe, hastened to the palace with the legitimate successor, long recognised by the British Government, in opposition to two supposititious sons of the late King. He had scarcely seated him on the Musnud when one of the queens approached, with an armed mob of 1500 men from a neighbouring palace, to place a favourite son on the throne. Colonel Lowe was without troops, the cantonment being four or five miles distant. The outer gates of the palace being forced, the insurgents rushed in, enthroned the usurper in the Baradary, and saluted him as their new monarch. In a few days Lucknow would have been deluged with blood: already the city was in a tumult. The Colonel made his way, as by a miracle, out of the mob within the palace, and found that the troops had arrived. He sent in instantly a summons to the Queen and her *protégé* to desist from their mad attempt. A quarter of an hour was given them. Then the great guns opened with a tremendous power—every soul fled, the riot was suppressed, the Queen and usurper were arrested, tranquillity was restored. Such is the magnanimity and firmness of Britain. It was no interest of hers, but the good of India, the happiness of millions of people, were motive enough. Gratitude from the new King, who is a personage advanced in life, will naturally lead him to repose in the British advice, and one of the finest kingdoms in India may be rescued gradually from its present disorganised state, and made like Behar or Bundelcund. The proverbial confusion and wars of

succession in oriental nations, both Mussulman and Hindoo, would have been enacted here, but for British honour, prudence, courage, promptitude. Nor will the instant murder of the usurper and all his supporters now follow.

Nuddea, July 22, 1837.

We anchored last night off this famous seat of Brahminical learning, now much fallen to decay. There was one horrible idol, Kalee, fitly called "the Destroyer," who was seated in the recess of an open temple. It was a huge figure of black shining materials; some common wood, perhaps, lacquered over; her four hands were extended, the one with a cup of poison, the others stained with blood. Oh, consider in what a state the thousands and ten thousands of immortal souls at Nuddea must be, when they worship this personification of cruelty and lust! Baskets of flowers were placed before her; and sacrifices, formerly human ones, at times, are continually offered. A vast crowd gathered round us; but my Bengalee was far too slight to enable me to converse, and their Hindoostanee was equally feeble, and we had no interpreter. We made our way, however, to the Church Mission School, and I had all the classes drawn up, and heard them read their Bengalee Testament. Here is a beginning, at least. The Missionaries come over from Krishnagur once a-month or so. May the gracious, tender-hearted Saviour, soon displace Kalee!

Kulna, July 25, 1837.

After labouring incessantly for three days, in all sorts of respects, at Krishnagur, we embarked last evening for

Kulna, which is a large trading village between Calcutta and the indigo estates. Here a most pious and excellent catechist of the Church Missionary Society has raised a school of three hundred children. I never was more delighted than in the two hours I spent in examining them, especially one of eighty girls. Mr. A—— is a most energetic, devoted creature ; and the scriptural knowledge he communicates is astonishing. You must remember that all these schools at Nuddea, Krishnagur, and Kulna, are of heathens, remaining such if they please, and coming for the secular advantages of Western learning ; but they make no objection to reading the Bible and learning catechisms ; and the more advanced are put into English classes, the rest being in Bengalee. No doubt the greater part are caught again at the time of marriage by the Brahmins, and never embrace Christianity ; but conscience is awakened, prejudices lessened, inquiry excited, knowledge diffused, and in many cases permanent good done. Then the books they carry home are a perpetual spring of light and truth.

Burdwan, Aug. 3, 1837.

We were travelling seventeen hours dâk on Tuesday night, the roads were so difficult from the rains ; but blessed to India are these showers—famine was threatening the teeming population—for six or eight months not a drop of rain—lands untilled. But now, God hath filled men's hearts with food and gladness. The fields are literally pools of water ; the small mud-banks mark off the enclosures, and form a kind of footpath for the agriculturists to tread. They are now "sowing beside all

waters." The paddy, or bread-corn, is "cast" loose on the surface of the wide-spread inundation, and "comes up after many days." The slow oxen tread out the moistened soil, and open it with the narrow plough. The farmer waters one land after another "with his foot," which easily divides the mud embankment. The very deluge, which in our colder climate of England would kill everything, here revives and blesses. Two crops, indeed, of the ordinary year have already been lost; but the third promises to repair that loss: so good is our God to man. Nowhere doth He "leave Himself without witness." So the indigo factor is "made also glad by His works." This astonishing plant is now cultivated more widely than ever. It is a small shrub with a very ordinary look. It requires the richest soils—large culture—copious rains—gleaming suns. The whole plant is plucked—leaves, stalks, and all, when ripe, and washed in immense reservoirs. The precious dye is gradually expressed, dried, cut into cakes, and sent home to make the beautiful deep colour of your broad-cloths, and to enter into the composition of every other colour except white. The lakh dye is another of our oriental products which I saw at Burdwan, where Dr. Cheek has twenty-five factories of indigo and lakh dye, and employs three or four thousand men. As colonisation proceeds, and the climate becomes the only impediment, all these, and a thousand other productions of the East, will more and more be exported to Europe, in return for your Western blessings, natural, commercial, judicial, literary, educational, moral, religious. Thus the inter-community of the family of man will be cemented; and if Christ our

Lord crown all this knowledge with His heavenly light, the earth will be filled with His glory.

Burdwan, Aug. 6, 1837.

May we have a blessed Sabbath in India and England, and in all parts of Christ's Catholic Church! On our arrival here on Wednesday we attended the Bengalee service at Mr. W——'s Mission premises; a fine estate, bought through dear Bishop Corrie for the Church Missionary Society. I was called on at the moment to address about sixty children and forty adults. They sang the Bengalee hymns beautifully, and Mr. W—— readily interpreted for me. On Thursday I preached the ordinary evening lecture. The station consists of about forty persons, and having Mr. W——, and also a Rev. Mr. G——, who is tutor to the Rajah, it is particularly well ordered. There is a little church, also built through Bishop Corrie, very neat and appropriate. On Friday I had a visit from the Rajah, who is a lad of about sixteen, with an immense income of perhaps forty lacs (40,000*l.*)—a Hindoo, stupid, indolent, weak, surrounded by Brahmins. I said what I could to encourage him to diligence in learning. His tutor is not admitted to give him lessons above once in ten days or so. On Saturday we spent four or five hours at the Mission-house, which is about a mile from the town, and I examined about 150 native scholars from the villages around.

Chinsurah, Aug. 12, 1837.

We arrived here yesterday morning, after twelve hours' dâk, from Burdwan. We remain a week. To-day we

examine the Hooghly College of 1100 boys. To-morrow we have two full services. Tuesday, confirmation. Thursday, divine service. Intervals filled with visiting regimental schools, English hospital, native schools, infant school, and paying visits to the gentry. The Bishop's office is employed in one of its purest and most advantageous exercises in these visitations. His full influence comes into play. The raising his clergy in their proper tone and feeling, and preaching and labouring, are amongst the most important of his duties. But oh, what grace is necessary to all this! How easy to sink one's self instead of raising others! I was much affected lately with a remark of M. Henry, in his comment on Judges ix. 9-13, on the parable of the trees choosing a king: "Those who are preferred to places of public trust and power must resolve to forego all their private interests and advantages, and sacrifice them to the good of the community. The fig-tree must lose its sweetness, sweet retirement, sweet repose, and sweet conversation and contemplation, if it go to be promoted over the trees. It is implied, also, that those advanced are in great danger of losing their fatness and fruitfulness. Preferment is apt to make men proud and slothful, and that spoils their usefulness, with which, in a lower sphere, they honoured God and man; for which reason, those who desire to do good are afraid of being too great."

Bandee, Sept. 5, 1837.

Nothing can be well more beautiful than the country through which we have been passing; but the dear and honoured Heber, whose course I am now in, has so finely touched off all these shores, that nothing can be added.

The alternate narrow streamlets which are now navigable, with the broad ocean-bed of the Ganges, present perpetual contrasts. The reaches place us sometimes, as it were, in the Rhine. The hills at Rajmahal for two days offered a new object to our Bengal eyes—something like the Malvern range: the villages, factories, pasture-grounds, indigo plantations, are exquisite. Some of the scenery is of mixed mountains and plains, with fine houses crowning some of the summits; and with the old native species of habitations, half in ruins, scattered at their feet, or along the winding shore. But “man is vile;” the lowest state of squalid poverty, misery, and vice—the meet progeny of the devil’s household—degrades him below human nature. When will the language of Isaiah, in describing Messiah’s reign by the blooming garden, the tall and ornamental cedar, and the wilderness blossoming with the rose, be applicable to India!

Benares, Sept. 26, 1837.

We started last afternoon at half-past five P.M., and were just about twelve hours in arriving at the celebrated seat of Brahminical learning and power, which we left, you will remember, last February. Seven months of mercies have been now granted to me! Oh, how soon will life’s short course be finished! Here I am, entertained by the old General Brown, of whom I spoke. On Thursday I go to Sultanpore, thirteen miles, to meet all the Chunar Christians. Friday, I hold an Ordination. Saturday, I devote to the Church Mission. Sunday, two services, and English Confirmation. Monday, Hindoostanee Confirmation. Monday night we go dâk to Juanpore. You would

have been delighted to see my five clerical brethren come in after breakfast. We wept almost for joy. Had all been assembled that were expected, there would have been four more, making with myself, ten Christian clergy in the very place where Satan's seat is, and where 500,000 Brahmins have been ruling for 3000 years the darkness of this world. Mr. R——, catechist of Meerut, was detained on his road by fever; Mr. S—— was on a tour for his health; Mr. W—— could not arrive in time from Gorruckpore. Such is the imperfection of our best human plans. We were six, however, and after arranging the order of the Visitation duties, I retired with them into my chamber, and we poured out our hearts, as the primitive bishops and clergy were wont to do, for the inspiration of the Holy Ghost on the divinely appointed ministry of the Church; that our meeting might be indeed accompanied with the present tokens of the Divine Presence, in the manifestation of Christ Jesus more and more to our souls, and through us to our flocks. These are the touching, elevating seasons which cheer my heart. I forget committees and difficulties, and repose myself upon God. The love of my clergy is deeply seated.

On Thursday I had about fifty at divine service at Sultanpore, and was much fatigued with nearly thirty miles' drive in the heat. Yesterday I had to examine Mr. M——, the candidate for Priest's orders, and to preach as well as ordain. At night my cough was so much worse that I was forbidden to go out, so that I must leave the Mission visit on which I had set my heart. Thus warnings are given me. I have had visits from the Rajah, Collie Shunker Ghosal, and the fierce Rajah of Coorg,

whom Lord W. Bentinck subdued about three years since. This latter is a heavy-looking person, of thirty-five or forty years ; stout, without any remarkable expression. He was splendidly attired in a rich silk dress, with a profusion of jewels. He appeared to suspect that I wished him to change his religion, and seemed fully armed against it ; he acknowledged that the Christian religion was the best : he called himself a Lungiot, a sect of Hindoos who take no animal food whatever, and have many other peculiarities. But man is man everywhere, and in his fallen state clings to any darkness and folly rather than follow truth. Collie Shunker Ghosal is another sort of person, about sixty years of age. A rich Benares Rajah, whose father, in return for some medicines given him by an English merchant in 1818, presented to the Church Missionary Society a noble building for a school, at a cost of 48,000 rs., and an annual benefaction of 24,000 rs. for its maintenance, to which Government adds a like sum. The present Rajah disbelieves all idols, acknowledges One only living and true God ; admits, as they all do, the excellency of the Christian religion, but does not profess Christianity : first, because he wishes to keep his idols in his house for his family, and thus to maintain his respectability ; secondly, because he is a deliberate and confirmed drunkard. Thus all the upper classes of natives are withheld by their wives and the Brahmins from taking a decisive part for Christianity, and therefore, generally, the poor are more accessible to the Gospel.

Oct. 6, 1837.

“ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me
bless His holy name ! ” Such, my dearest children, is the

desire of your restored father's lips of praise to the Most High. Here I would raise my stone of memorial and say, "Ebenezer! hitherto hath the Lord helped me." My illness* is now the topic which presses most closely on my mind; the Divine purposes in the time, manner, mode, alleviation of it. It is the first serious warning I have had in India. I needed it, or the Lord would not have sent it. Oh, to know the special designs of the visitation! The general ends are obvious:—My remaining evil heart, my worldly affections, my disordered will, the state of my secret prayers, the internal position of my soul towards Christ and spiritual things; all these open to me the abundant grounds of the merciful chastisement. One single day presents miseries, and sins, and follies, and infidelities, enough to call down the mighty hand of God upon me. Here is the grand lesson, then, without going further. It is a wonder that I have been spared these afflictions so long. The special ends I can only meditate on in my own breast in most particulars, and I may be mistaken in them altogether. I think one is, to tear me away more from creature dependencies in my spiritual office, and cast me as a shipwrecked soul on Christ. The brittle, "earthen," futile vessel, in which the treasure is deposited, is exposed in its true nothingness, that "the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of man." Again, I trust another design may be to promote sympathy and intercessory prayer on my behalf. Common sorrows tend to a softening of the heart, whilst the inevitable effect of any station of authority, however administered, is discontent, complaint, envy. A

* The Bishop had been suffering from severe indisposition.—*Editor.*

third end must doubtless be to keep me low for the time to come, to remind me how short my remaining time is, and to teach me to walk softly and gently before God. A fourth is, that Christ alone can govern and bless His Church, ride at the helm and guide the vessel, and order all things according to the counsel of His own will. Lastly, I may learn to stand with my "loins girded and my lamp burning," ready to give an account of my "pounds," my "talents," my diocese, my stewardship, to the great Master and Lord of all.

Benares, Oct. 12, 1837.

I am much delighted with these Missionaries of Benares. They are an ornament to the Gospel, indeed. The elder, Mr. S——, is absent at Delhi for his health. The two others, K—— and L——, were my fellow-passengers in 1832 from England. They have invited me to take up my lodgings in Mr. S——'s cottage, where I now am; and a great joy it is to me. The compound contains Mr. K——'s house, and also Mr. L——'s, besides schools, a chapel, and outhouses. The Missionaries live here in all simplicity. The houses are comfortable, as they ought to be, or the Missionaries would perish by the climate; but there is nothing more. Their hearts are simplicity and piety itself. I look on Mr. S—— at Calcutta, Mr. W—— at Burdwan, and the brethren here, as perfect specimens of what Missionaries should be.

I accompanied Mr. K——, on Friday and Saturday, to his little Missionary chapels in the town, and witnessed his manner of conferring with the people. He has three of these neat buildings in the midst of the most crowded

population, whither he resorts morning and evening. On Friday we found his native reader already on the ground, reading a Christian tract. We seated ourselves in chairs behind him : the people soon began to pause as they passed, and listen. After fifty or so had been collected in the verandah, Mr. K—— rose up and began himself the conference, for it was not a sermon, but questions were proposed and answered. The Hindoos were silent, but the Mussulmen loquacious. It lasted about half-an-hour; but sometimes the Missionary remains till noon, and several hundreds are assembled, till the chapel itself, as well as the verandah, is filled.

My residence here with these holy men has been most delightful to me—the most refreshing time since I have been in India. I have learned an infinity of things from them concerning the actual state of the heathens and Mahometans. Rom. i. and Eph. ii. is their exact description. By the bye the old Rajah, whom I spoke of as so enlightened, when I called upon him took me to see his paternal temple of gods; for he has an entire set of deities in a fine stone temple, vastly superior to his own dwelling. Here he maintains sixty priests, all residing on the spot. Such is Hindoo respectability!

Benares, Oct. 19, 1837.

We leave this sweet retreat to-morrow morning at daylight, in order to reach Ghazeepore by Sunday. I have a pinnace sent me from Dinapore, with seventeen oars, which will carry me down the current seventy-five miles in two days, and at Patnah the Governor-General gives me a steamer to proceed to Dacca and Calcutta.

CHAPTER IX.

Leave Benares — The Vedantists — Walter Scott's "Life" — Ghazeepore — Consecration of New Church — Buxar — Want of Chaplains — Dinapore — Confirmation — Patnah — Dacca — Week-day Lecture — Fool's Bridge — Capture of Elephants — Richard Hooker — Return to Calcutta — Jangera Mission — Baptism of Natives — Hindoo Pagoda given up for a Church — Reflections on New Year — Baripoor — First Stone of Refuge — Mission-house laid — Swinging Festival — Waterspout — Reflections on Birthday — Commencement of Second Visitation — Henry Martyn's Journals — Andaman Islands — Penang — Malacca — Completion of Church — Storms at Sea — Justin Martyr — Return to Penang.

On Ganges, Friday, Oct. 20, 1837.

I HAVE brought Mr. K—— with me, to assist me at Ghazeepore. I am now for the first time in a pinnace. Our rate is three miles an hour; half my men row, and half are in a boat a-head towing. We were on board this morning at four, as we are in some fear of not arriving to-morrow night at Ghazeepore. I have availed myself of my days of restored health to visit the Missionary Schools and Institutions. The Orphan Boys' School in the compound is a most hopeful branch of the work, as the children are baptized and separated from their families. Mr. L—— has prayers with them in his chapel twice a-day. I attended the Sunday service morning and evening. About twenty

heathen increase the congregation to sixty or seventy. The Girls' Day-school has ninety children; heathens of course, and under the influence of their parents when at home, which is a sad obstruction. The girls read well, and answered my questions very sharply. I gave them sixty rupees to furnish each a garment for the head, called a saree, and which gives them a neat uniform appearance at school. The Rajah's school-house is a noble building. There are 200 children, all heathen except one class, capitally taught the Gospel; sharp, lively, curious for truth. Mr. L—— spends five hours daily amongst them. The Bazaar schools I could not manage to visit, but three conferences I contrived to be present at. The one at the Sanscrit College was very interesting. Mr. K—— was with me. The Vedantists opened their artillery upon us. "All is illusion—all is appearance merely. 'Maya' is the Sanscrit word. There is nothing existent but God. At death we awake from the dreams and phantoms of this life." This, you see, is something like Bishop Berkeley's theory. But Pantheism is their next position. "Every soul is a part of God. I am a part of God. God speaks in me." Then follows the indifference of all actions performed by the man swallowed up in the contemplation of God. Morals are thus overthrown. Mr. K——'s answer to all was,— "Prove your theory. Is pain, is pleasure, is food, is money non-existent? Is the mind, which thinks and reasons, the same as a table or stone? Are all the sins of men done in them by God?" Confusion upon confusion arose from their metaphysical replies. Next I took them upon the rule of life: "Is it sinful to steal, to tell lies, to commit

adultery?"—"Yes." "Are the contrary actions virtuous?"—"That depends upon a man's caste. Some castes are to do some things; others, others." All afloat again. I tried them upon the vile conduct of their gods, as Brahma and Krishna. They replied, "They were so great that the acts which would be sins in us were not so in them." This again overturns everything. I concluded by an affectionate appeal to their consciences, and assured them that the only truth was in Christ Jesus, which would at length fill the whole world. This missionary work delights me.

Oct. 25, 1837.

I have been very poorly for these four days, but it is the Lord. My persuasion of my Saviour's wisdom, power, and love, is so firm, that I lie composed in His hands. He is the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. My diocese, my clergy, my flocks, are purchased by His blood, and governed and sanctified by His Spirit; and what am I, or what even Paul, and Apollos, and Cephas, and Heber, and Corrie? The inspired Word answers the question: "So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase." I wish to turn as much as I can to the care of my own heart, to the importance of a healthy, spiritual, humble, unearthly, simple state of faith and love. We are what our hearts are. God looks to the heart: there are the issues of life. To walk near to God, and with God, and in God, and to God, in the covenant of grace in Christ Jesus, and by the power of the Holy Ghost; and to maintain a sweet, gentle, forgiving, and yet energetic course of duty, governed by

good sense and a consideration of our health, age, and relative obligations as to all specific plans—this is a high and eminent attainment indeed !

Lockhart's second and third volumes of Walter Scott's "Life" are perfectly bewitching. Such a fine development of such a first-rate mind ! Such a romantic history of difficulties, first created by an over-sanguine temperament, and something of unfairness, and then struggled against with an ardour seldom equalled ; and producing such a flood of intellectual creations in verse and prose as, I suppose, the literary world had never witnessed. The excellence, as well as the profusion of these productions, is the point of wonder. Then, such a modest, kind-hearted, generous, unaffected person, always the first to be surprised at the success of his own labours. A good husband, father, master, landlord, neighbour, member of society ; that is, in the common estimate of those terms, and as compared with other geniuses, for he wants real Christianity : he can scorn at piety, he can be profane in his language, he can be excessive at the table ; and his writings, as Mrs. More once told me, are non-moral. Again, what an exquisitely natural, and engaging, and tender-hearted, and gay letter-writer ! Lastly, what a variety of topics in all forms of literature did he touch, and never touched without succeeding ! Historical romances, history, poetry, biography, reviews, annual registers, magazines, even sermons ; in which last, however, he of course failed. And in most of these divisions of literature he created and exhausted a new species of undiscovered and most attractive composition. No wonder he was the idol of his age.

Ghazeepore, Oct. 30, 1837.

I am going off to-day to Buxar, thirty miles, in my pinnace. I consecrated this fine church on Saturday before a large congregation: text, Rom. i. 16, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." I have succeeded in arranging a plan for an enclosure and tower, to complete the church. The whole will then be beautiful. I am delighted to hear that the small society at Mirzapore have spontaneously collected 2500 rs. for building a small church with a spire. This, like Allyghur, is without any movement on my part. Surely these are tokens for good. Christianity is openly honoured in the sight of the heathen. This will make twenty-two churches and towers going on in India.

Oct. 31, 1837.

Remember, O my children, "all the way" which the Lord our God has led me for five Indian years. Oct. 31st, 1832, the pilot came on board at Calcutta. Oct. 31st, 1833, I spent at Calcutta; the next at Penang and the Straits. The fourth in the vessel sailing to Quilon and Madras. Oct. 31st, 1836, at Loodianah; and now the sixth in a pinnace, approaching the pretty station of Buxar. What a stranger and pilgrim upon earth! and yet preserved, and restored lately from a double sickness; warned also by the affecting loss of my dear Sir B. M——; and lastly, thrown wholly on my God by the destitution of my circumstances. Oh, for a state of heart to rise up to my present calls of duty. Oh, for that power of faith and prayer, of sweet resignation and holy courage, of real, habitual spirituality of love, without which we are counted dead

before God! I want to administer my diocese, this sixth year, something more like the primitive bishops than ever.

Buxar, Nov. 1, 1837.

We spent yesterday at this scene of our early triumphs in India. The field in which the battle of Buxar was fought in 1764, against the Newabs of Bengal and Oude, and by which our frontier was extended to Benares, was pointed out to me. Now, our power is so extended that Buxar has sunk into insignificance, and our frontier is on the Sutledge, 800 miles to the north-east. Never was anything so rapid and wonderful as the British conquests in India. The other day, a miserable factory or two, almost dependent on the Mogul for existence; in eighty years, the dominant power over the centre of all Asia, with a dominion extending from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya, and from the Indus to Arracan. Buxar has lost in the interval between Bishop Heber's visit, in 1824, and my own, its troops, its fort, its military glory and display; and also, sad to say, its mission and schools founded by Bishop Corrie, and so beautifully described by Heber. The Church Missionary Society removed Mr. M——, their ordained Missionary, last spring, and all is fallen. For the relapses in our converts are fearful, if once the Pastor be removed from them; the feebleness of the native character is so great. Witness Agra; witness the Propagation Missions in the south; witness Buxar. I found, however, a neat little church erected at dear Corrie's suggestion, and which cost the gentry about 2000 rs. Here I assembled the congregation, now reduced to about fifty altogether, and

preached and administered the Holy Communion, at which about eighteen attended. It was desolating to me to be informed that divine service had not once been administered since I had been there in March, eight long months; Ghazeepore, under whose chaplain it is placed, being itself without an efficient chaplain. I have now placed the Rev. Mr. E—— at Ghazeepore, who will go over once in six weeks, and keep together both the invalid soldiers and also the remains of the native flock.

Dinapore, Nov. 8, 1837.

I am making my way in this great station. The church is precisely the same as that of Ghazeepore, and admits of the same remedy, *i. e.* a neat turret: the whole effect will then be beautiful. I am obliged to be surveyor and architect, as well as orator, advocate, and ecclesiastical lawyer. We had a noble congregation on Sunday, perhaps about 1000 persons, and about eighty at the Holy Communion. I preached from Gal. vi. 14, "God forbid that I should glory." On Monday I held a Confirmation; eighty-five candidates; most solemn and impressive. Yesterday I visited the school and hospital.

Patnah, Nov. 13, 1837.

I have just finished the 4th volume of Lockhart's "Life of Scott." I am weak enough to say it has an indescribable charm to me; perhaps this arises from my previous total ignorance of W. Scott's habits and cast of mind, and the celebrity of his name. His letters are nature itself—those to his son most paternal—the alter-

nations of his own history romantic—the anecdotes exquisitely told. Still, still the main thing is wanting—no religion—no dread of occasional profane language—no religious or moral advice mixed up with his charming letters to his son—no piety of feeling, even when raised in 1819 from the margin of the grave—his own imprudence and extravagant schemes involving him in deeper and deeper embarrassment—his booksellers deceiving him for years—the bubble almost bursting in 1820, when this volume closes. It is a study for me. But Lockhart has done the work capitally, I think. It is a first-rate biography of a first-rate genius.

Dacca, Nov. 30, 1837.

This is a most charming place. One never has a notion of anything till one has actually seen it. I had no idea of the extent and beauty of this ancient capital. The magnificence of the harbour or roads, if so they may be termed, only yield to Benares, if even to that. Its four miles of modern mansions and palm-trees, and ghauts sweeping along the river's bank, present an imposing spectacle. The solemn gloom of the church, with its lofty tower; the antique and mournful aspect of the churchyard, with its Mussulman gateway; the noble native bazaars; the prodigious mass of ruins of the former Mogul palace of the Newab; the interspersed Greek, and Armenian, and Portuguese churches, with the mosques and pagodas (one has a lofty spire surmounting a spiral or fluted tower, and commanding the whole city), all constitute a perfectly enchanting place, even to me, who have now seen almost all India.

Dacca, Dec. 3, 1837.

I have been preaching my Advent Sermon in the beautiful Gothic church of this station: perhaps there may have been fifty or sixty persons present. I repeated my last Sunday's sermon at Bauleah, on the forbearance of God: 2 Pet. iii. 9. The congregation was attentive in an extraordinary degree. The gentry had requested me to deliver a lecture on Friday evening, which I cheerfully did. This is the first example of a station coming forward and begging a week-day sermon. I was quite surprised and delighted. In fact, hitherto, so far as I can judge, I have seen no station more athirst for the river of life and truth in Christ's holy Gospel than Dacca. May many drink and live!

Dacca, Dec. 7, 1837.

Bishop Heber was too much depressed by the illness and death of his chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Stowe, when at Dacca, in June 1824, to see much of the beauties of the neighbourhood. His remarks give no kind of impression of what Dacca is. I only wish you could have been with us in our visit to the "Fool's Bridge," the "Pugla Pool," for instance. It lies about five miles from the city, on a nullah which branches off from the Ganges, and I went down in the steamer to see it. It was erected under the Mogul Emperors. Its massive brick-work piers and a part of the bridge and flanking towers still remain. The picturesque view of the broken piles is exquisite. One arch only is tolerably entire, so as to allow of boats to pass under it; the other two are lying in huge fragments, crowned with the sinking towers. Time has spread a

beautiful vegetation over the masses. It is not known when the crash took place. In 1787 it was in ruins as it is now, and probably the earthquake and inundation, which carried off 60,000 souls, in 1763, may have broken up even this prodigious erection. The union of strength and weakness, of giant arches and towers in utter desolation, mingled with the sweet calm stream purling in the midst, the fresh vegetation contrasted with the mouldering walls, the brick-built towers and the surrounding ruins, was most imposing. I said, as we stood looking, "There is an emblem of human nature—a fine ruin only." The old traveller Tavernier describes Dacca in his day, 1640, as a mere village with bamboo huts, and a governor's house built of wood; the Dutch, English, and French factories being the only substantial erections. It rose, however, after 1760, when the English obtained the government of Bengal, to prodigious opulence, chiefly by the muslin manufacture, which had the highest reputation for matchless delicacy of fabric. It had then noble churches, houses, factories, many of which remain. The English church is very beautiful, and was built by the subscriptions of the inhabitants. The country abounds with elephants and tigers, from the richness of the soil, the neighbourhood of the mountains, and the deep jungle. Tigers perpetually prowl within the cantonment. There is one now behind an officer's bungalow, whom the officers are going to track out. They commonly remain in a spot till they have carried off nine or ten bullocks. The elephants are caught here by an officer appointed for the purpose. He is just now going off into the jungle.

Last season he caught ninety of all ages, from a few hours old, when they resemble a small pig, to the finest full-grown animals. A very choice one sells for 2000 rs., ordinary ones for 800 or 900 rs. The ninety cost about 150 rs. each. All India is supplied from such jungles as Dacca. The number kept here in the studs is generally about 300. The luxuriance of the soil is such that rice is cheap beyond imagination. The commanding beauty of the situation of Dacca is, however, almost unparalleled. It differs from Benares, whose lofty shores of fifty feet, with its fine line of ghauts down to the river's edge, and its minarets and palaces, I have formerly described; but it surpasses it in soft scenery, in the larger intermixture of gardens amongst the houses, and in the gently ascending banks. It is more like an English view of some portions of the Thames. As you row along the opposite side of the spacious river, the sweep of the whole reach, four miles, on which Dacca stands, is enchanting.

Steamer, Dec. 16, 1837.

Now my heart sinks within me. On God I desire to cast myself more unreservedly than ever. "Most gladly would I desire to glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." And how much have I to be thankful for! Who has received good from the hand of the Lord so many years as I have? And shall I not, then, be ready to receive evil? I was last evening reading a little of Hooker, book i. 11:—" *Appetitus inhiantis fit amor fruentis.*"—AUG. "As the will doth now work upon that good (the fruition of God), which is a motion

towards the end as yet unobtained ; so, likewise, upon the same hereafter received, it shall work by love. We shall then love the thing that is good, only or principally for the goodness of beauty in itself. The soul being in this sort, as it is active, perfected by love of that Infinite Being, shall, as it is receptive, be also perfected with those supernatural passions of joy, peace, and delight. All this, endless and everlasting. Lord, what is man that Thou shouldst exalt him above the work of Thy hands so far as to make Thyself the inheritance of his rest and the substance of his felicity !” So writes this immortal father of our Protestant Church. Here let us take up, then, our resting-place, my children, even in God in Christ Jesus ! Let the waves and storms of life heave us upon this rock. Here may our feet be upheld by the mighty Spirit of God. I read over three times, also, the concluding sublime paragraph of the book, c. 18. It is too familiar to you for me to transcribe it. I wish you would read Hooker again and again. Nothing can more enrich, and steady, and exalt the mind under God. Bishop Butler also, and Pearson on the Creed, and pray add Bingham’s “*Antiquities*,” which let you into the chambers of imagery, of early superstition and will-worship, as well as furnish valuable information on primitive church history. Charnock, which you have just been reading, I admire, also, greatly, though I have never had an opportunity of regularly going through it, and I doubt whether I have it with me. But the Bible is, after all, the book for study, meditation, divine nourishment, unmixed truth, the eternal will of the eternal God, stooping down to us in Christ Jesus.

Calcutta, Dec. 17, 1837.

Blessed be the Lord for restoring me once again to my cathedral pulpit! I arrived at 5 P.M. yesterday, and have been preaching, after fifteen Sundays' absence, from 2 Pet. i. 13, the word of prophecy a light shining in a dark place.

Dec. 20, 1837.

I have great cause for thankfulness to the gracious, tender-hearted Redeemer, as respects my health. Yes; and I will praise Him, trust Him, and endeavour to love and obey Him, more and more. I will leave the morrow to Him, both as to my family and the Church. I will lie passive in His moulding hands. But oh, the mass of evil in my heart, tempers, devotions! I think I have felt more of barrenness and coldness these three last months than ever, with more distraction upon my mind. Afflictions are sent to burn out this noxious, weedy crop, and I feel my present desolation deeply. Do not mistake me when you read what I have said of my health. Age is galloping on me like an armed man; and a thousand sicknesses stand at the door. I speak only as a dying Indo-European pilgrim to praise the Lord for present help. I may never finish this very letter. Mrs. Hawkes' "Memoirs" delight, instruct, humble, and edify me.

Dec. 31, 1837.

And thus years begin and close. Thus the last Sunday creeps on after the first of the year has once entered on the race. Time passes faster than the eagle in its flight. God requireth that which is past; the retrospect is full of

pain and humiliation ; as to myself, such shame and confusion that no words can express it. I was saying to the Archdeacon, while we were at Jangera yesterday, and witnessing the buddings of grace in the native churches, "These simple, uneducated novices, put us to reproach under our immensely superior advantages." We were eleven hours yesterday in our little visit. After arriving at Tallygunge at 8, we embarked in the Mission canoes, and in about two hours and a-half landed at Jangera. During the passage I took down most carefully all the information I could extract from the meek and pious Missionary who accompanied me. He has now between 800 and 900 converts, of whom about 500 are adults and 180 baptized under Christian instruction, separated from idols and idolaters, attending regularly the means of grace, learning the principles of Christianity, and training in Christian morals and habits. They reside in twenty villages, each of which is visited once a-month by the Missionary and Catechist. After two years or more of instruction they are admitted to baptism. I examined twenty-five adults, making eighty-five this year. I made use of all my Bengalee, of which I had been learning a good lesson in the canoe as we came along, and managed tolerably with the large assistance of the Missionary. No answers could be more satisfactory. They repeated the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments perfectly ; they understood the fallen state of man, the guilt of idolatry, the being and perfections of the one true God, the redemption of Christ, the sanctification of the Holy Spirit, the rule of Christian duty, the future judgment,

the benefits of baptism, the renouncing of the world, the flesh, and the devil; entire abstinence from all idolatry; the duties of chastity, kindness to their wives and children, diligence, truth, honesty. Of course all these topics were imperfectly and feebly held, but they were held, and they had been living for two years conformably to them. I say, therefore, with the Apostle, "Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" We baptized them then, in the name of the Lord Jesus. I then delivered an address to them and the congregation, whom I called on as their witnesses and helpers to watch over them and aid them in the Lord. I enjoined on them daily secret prayer, daily reading or hearing the Holy Scripture, preparing for the Lord's Supper; obedience to their spiritual pastors; the shunning idols and idolaters; the watching against easily besetting sins, as uncleanness, deceit, lies; the keeping holy the Sabbath; the continual return to God from infirmities and falls; a constant reliance on the grace of God in Christ Jesus. Thus, I left them to their Missionary and to their God. No doubt many, many miscarriages may and will occur. All is as yet experiment. But I do and will rejoice in these Gentiles thus far "turning to God from idols, to serve the living and the true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven." Christian habits are gradually prevailing amongst them. They are now numerous enough to go to the markets, and they buy and sell without hindrance. In some villages the head-men are converts. In others the Christians bear a proportion of half, one-third, or two-thirds to the

heathen. In Dinapore, out of its one hundred families, only five remain heathen. As we were returning to Tallygunge we disembarked at Raggapore, where we have been building churches. At Sujhnaberia the head-man, on his conversion, gave up a Hindoo pagoda to be made a Christian church. It is the first I have seen—a voluntary surrender of an idol temple for the worship of the true God. I entered it with joy. I walked along the neat, pretty building, which is merely whitewashed, and one wall removed to make room for a bamboo verandah. The alterations cost 18% or 19%. It is about thirty-five feet by twenty. The Archdeacon promised them his old mission pulpit. There are sixty converts in this village. This is surely a new triumph of the Cross. H. Martyn's occupation of a forsaken pagoda as a study at Adeen was a different matter. Here the building and worship and worshippers are actually turned from the abominations of idolatry to the salvation, and grace, and holiness of the Gospel. We were extremely fatigued when we reached the palace at seven in the evening, after five hours of passage in canoes, and six of talking, conferring, teaching, exhorting.

Calcutta, Jan. 1, 1838.

A happy new year to my dear children—a new life, new peace, new measures of holiness, new joy, new and brighter hopes. “A new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name.” How time flies! India—*my* India, I mean—now stretches over seven years. Oh, for a new life, wisdom, power, meekness, consistency, spirituality in my bishopric! Oh, to end well! I am about to preach

to myself as well as to others this morning, from “Lord, let it alone this year also.” This will be my 576th sermon in India, and 3285th since September 1801. Lord, dig about me also, that I may bear wholesome, ripe, and abundant fruit in my ministry, my family, my body, my soul, this year.

Baripoor, Jan. 10, 1838.

We came on here last evening—the Archdeacon, Mr. Withers, and myself—to examine this Mission, as we had done the Jangerá one. Oh, how I long for you to rejoice with me in these firstfruits among the Gentiles! I have brought Mr. J—— also with me to assist. A wonderful work is in progress. People from forty or fifty villages compose the flock, which is subdivided into four large portions—Baripoor, Sulkea, Anamania, and Muggra, at each of which there is a little church.

Calcutta, March 20, 1838.

Last evening I drove with the Archdeacon to Mrs. Wilson’s Refuge, which I am next Sunday to advocate. The children, 114 in number, were drawn up around the foundations of the intended Mission-house, of which I was to lay the first brick. They sang a hymn sweetly, a crowd of natives from the village watching anxiously around. I then pronounced several texts of Scripture suitable to the occasion, which good Mr. S—— translated into Bengalee. As: “Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it.”—“Other foundation can no man lay.” I next addressed a prayer to our Almighty and Divine Saviour. I then spread the mortar and adjusted the brick. Afterwards Mr. S—— translated

a brief exhortation which I made to the natives. A doxology was then sung, and after giving the Benediction in Bengalee we returned home. Mrs. Wilson is as strong in health and as simple-minded in point of faith as ever. This is her third building on this estate: the schools and her own dwelling-house being the two first; and her fourth, a church, will be begun in the fall of the year, please God. The range of these fine buildings, on the margin of the Ganges, will be, like Bishop's College, a monument of England's piety in the sight of the heathen who navigate in crowds, and at all seasons, this fabled river. She has obtained this additional land for the Mission church and house from a Brahmin, for a quarter of the sum any one else could have done. There is a current impression upon the people's minds that she is a holy person—a saint.

Calcutta, April 10, 1838.

Most refreshing rain has now fallen for two or three hours. The horrors of the Churruck Poojah (swinging festival) are now begun. The whole population poured towards the Kalee Ghaut. Every species of gay equipage was displayed—thousands of the poorer classes marching in procession in their best attire. The victims prepare themselves by inserting the iron spikes into their flesh to-day, for the swinging of to-morrow. Then the priests, the offerings, the opium, the intoxication, the madness after their idols, follow, with all the turpitude and abominations which close the scene. The wretches who are swung are said not to suffer much: they take such precautions in benumbing the parts of their backs where

the spikes are thrust in; and their own state of inebriety from opium is so complete. But the system, the idolatrous worship, the barbarity, the moral pollution, remain the same. Oh, what a contrast to the meek and gentle religion of Jesus!

Mr. and Mrs. K—— of Benares, with whom I was so much delighted last October, have both been called to their heavenly home, the one on the 29th ult., the other the 3d inst. by fever, in the prime of life and usefulness, to the inexpressible grief of the station, and of all the friends of missions in India.

Calcutta, April 14, 1838.

I have just returned from cathedral prayers, where we had a congregation of forty-five. I finished my Lent lectures last evening, from Heb. xii. 1, 2: "Run with patience the race set before you, looking unto Jesus." There has been a deep attention throughout, and Dr. Webb tells me persons of all characters and from all quarters have dropped in.

At the Churruck Poojah last week, a most insulting exhibition took place in Calcutta—a dramatic scene and stage, on which a Christian Missionary and his native converts were paraded, whilst the impious leader of the troop was loading with blasphemies the sacred Name. I should like to ask, what would have been said if a body of Christians had ventured thus to represent the Mahometan or Hindoo religions? There has been a most fearful waterspout, or whirlwind, about five miles from Calcutta. Some of the hailstones weighed a pound; several hundred lives were lost, and the heads of some

poor creatures were driven into their bodies almost by the violence of the concussion. It was the Sunday I was at Barrackpore, and my servants brought me in hailstones of the size of a large grape. It is very curious that at these times fish appear to be rained down. The natives constantly go out to the large fields to collect them. They must have been lifted out of the rivers, I suppose, by the storm. Another phenomenon is more easily accounted for. Mr. T. Holroyd found in Tirbout large fish in the muddy earth, at a considerable distance from the surface, and entirely buried.

Bishop's College, May 6, 1838.

A refreshing shower last evening has reduced our thermometer by 8° , and rendered our Sabbath cool and delightful. Oh, for the spiritual refreshments from the presence of the Lord! Nothing can make up for the interior supply of grace to the heart: all may be clear in doctrine, devout in duty, eager in religious pursuits, practised in business, regular in means of grace, firm in purpose; and yet all may be cold, feeble, unhappy, heartless, if God be not with us in Christ Jesus by the tokens of His presence. "If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious," is the Apostle's expression. "If thy presence go not with us," saith Moses. It is the loss of this presence, this grace, this refreshing sense of the Divine love, which renders everything dull and inoperative. And in advanced life, and with forty years of study and familiarity with the terms of religion and the distinctions of controversy, nothing is more common, and nothing more dangerous, than opinions and habits being substituted for love.

Controversy does not nourish the life of God. The fainting "hart" desires in vain the "water-brooks." The clearer we are in argument, the heavier move the affections towards Christ. May the Lord at length lend us "the wings of a dove, that we may flee away and be at rest!"

Calcutta, June 17, 1838.

May a blessed Sabbath be granted us! This is the anniversary of my farewell sermon at Islington, on 17th of June, 1832. Oh, how I look back with wonder, gratitude, fear! To the Lord, indeed, belong mercies and forgivenesses! And how solicitous should I be to finish my brief remaining course with holy consistency and joy!

Calcutta, July 1, 1838.

I close to-day the sixtieth, and enter, please God, to-morrow, on the sixty-first year of my age. I am about to go up with Jacob, in my sermon at the Cathedral, from Gen. xxxv. 1-3, and build an altar to the God that appeared to me in the day of my distress, and kept me in the way which I went. I shall now have to cease reckoning myself between fifty and sixty years of age, and must class myself with those between sixty and seventy. Oh, my beloved children, assist your poor father with your affectionate prayers, that he may hold on and hold out unto the end, and finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he hath received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God! How true are the denunciations of Scripture against the world, worldliness, secularity; the name to live when we are dead; the leaving our

first love ; our works not being found perfect before God ; the remaining lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, under the highest professions of exalted knowledge and faith. These are the dangers I feel, because they creep in insensibly on the unconscious heart ; and because a public life, now for forty years, has been wearing away the gloss and bloom of internal piety, and rendering the revival of them more difficult. Simplicity once gone, how hard to restore ! In this view I look on the trials sent me as memorials of mercy—warnings—voices—compensating dispensations—needful medicines for the soul—the chastisement of a heavenly Father. And, of course, the more bitter the sorrow, the more unjust the attack, the more disturbing the quarrel, in that proportion is the affliction more salutary, it touches the heart more, it weans from the creature more. When St. Paul speaks of trials as especially turning to his salvation through the means of the Philippians' prayer, and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, he refers to the poignant grief of men disputing his just authority, preaching Christ of envy and strife, and aiming at adding affliction to his bonds—men dividing into parties his infant Church, and weakening and opposing his inspired doctrine. Now, what are my petty troubles compared to these ? May I, therefore, kiss the chastening hand of my Father, and close the sixtieth year of life with praise, joy, repose of faith, humiliation for past sins, unfeigned gratitude for the Divine long-suffering, and meek silence and trust as to the unknown future. Bengel's "Life" begins to interest me. He was a most spiritually-minded divine, and a wise as well as learned man. He died about eighty years since.

Hattrass Pilot Brig, July 11, 1838.

I am actually embarked, my dearest children, on my second visitation. The same Captain Clarke commands the vessel as in October, 1835, when we went to Bombay. I have two Mussulman kitmutgars and one hurkura, together with a young writer, who has been with me these six months, from the Free School. The hurry, pushed to confusion, in which I have been for the last few weeks, with the preparation of my Charge, you may easily imagine. Now, the calm of the soul is what I want—a return to my Saviour and my God—a peace in the Holy Ghost. For the imperceptible evils which invade the heart when in the trammels of business, hurry, conflict of opinions, secular debate, are unutterable.

Off Saugor, July 13, 1838.

We are at anchor off Saugor, the steamer having left us this morning; we are not able to get out to sea, the wind is so contrary and the swell so heavy. This is the third day of nearly total incapacity from what sounds so ridiculous afterwards, but what is so oppressive at the moment—sea-sickness. I have attempted to read a little in Henry Martyn's "Life and Journals;" but at present I have no head: and how the mind sympathises with these bodies of ours! I have been incapable of thinking or praying, and have been lying down for seven hours this blessed day; till the captain having returned and anchored, I am beginning to regain my intellects.

July 15, 1838.

We are now out at sea, and hope for settled weather for our two services; but this is uncertain. I

have been reading Henry Martyn's "Journal," and comparing it with the corresponding passages of his life. There is an unavoidable sameness in reading an experimental narrative—the workings of his mind from day to day. But it is consoling to a poor sinner like myself, who has been placed in the full bustle of public business, to see how the soul, even of a saint like H. Martyn, faints and is discouraged, laments over defects of love, and finds an evil nature still struggling against the law of his mind. I remember there are similar confessions in J. Milner. It is this which explains the 7th of Romans. Henry Martyn has now been in heaven twenty-six years, having died in his thirty-second year. Dearest Corrie was born, like myself, in 1778, and died in 1837, aged fifty-nine, and after having been thirty-one years in India. He has been at Home now a year and five months. When, where, how, I may be called hence I know not. The Lord make me a follower of them who, through faith and patience, have inherited the promises. In H. Martyn's journals the spirit of prayer, the time he devoted to the duty, and his fervour in it, are the first things which strike me. In the next place, his delight in Holy Scripture—his meditations in it—the large portions he committed to memory—the nourishment he thence derived to his soul, are full of instruction. Then, his unfeigned humility is quite undoubted—unfeigned, profound, sincere. There seems, however, to have been a touch of natural melancholy and depression, which was increased by one of his greatest mistakes—the leaving England with his affections tied to Lydia Grenfell, whom he ought either not to have loved or

else to have married, and taken her with him. Such an ecstatic, warm creature as Henry Martyn, could do nothing by halves. Separation was martyrdom to such a tender heart. But, oh! to imitate his excellencies, his elevation of piety, his diligence, his spirituality, his superiority to the world, his love for souls, his anxiety to improve all occasions to do them good, his delight in the mystery of Christ, his heavenly temper! These, these, are the secrets of the wonderful impression he made in India, joined as they were with first-rate talents, fine scholarship, habit of acquiring languages, quickness and promptitude of perception, and loftiness of imaginative powers.

July 20, 1838.

We are now within the Andaman Islands, off Narcondam, a cone 2500 feet high, 700 miles from Calcutta and 900 from Penang. Hitherto we have had most disagreeable weather, constant rain and rolling sea; but now, under the shelter of the islands, we are entering on a smoother scene, and I hope for power to read and think with calmness, and take advantage of the retirement of the vessel for communing with my own heart.

July 26, 1838.

My progress in H. Martyn humbles and edifies me. Making all allowance for the habits of a recluse, and the feelings of a man of a morbid, dejected temperature, it is one of the most charming books I ever read. His letters to his Lydia are elegant and tender beyond description, and his penitential exercises of soul are most affecting. I look back on my residence in India with shame, and on all I have done, and especially on the spirit with which I have

been actuated. I was not aware how far I had been drifted down the current. But his immovable and permanent spirituality shows me my distance. May this fortnight of silence and leisure be a means of quickening my earthly heart. O for restoring grace! Lord, help!

Penang, Aug. 2, 1838.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, once and again. The imprisonment of twenty-one days has ended in a liberation most refreshing. Penang bursts upon me with new surprise after four years. I had forgotten, but not lost the traces altogether, of the beautiful foliage, the rich hedges, the roads embowered in lofty avenues of the most exquisitely green verdure I ever saw. We breakfasted with the Governor. After breakfast I married a couple at the church, and then drove off to Mr. J——'s, where I have two nice rooms, with that lovely kind of verandah which prevails here, run up of wood, with venetians, overlooking the compound. Things are much the same, I fear, as to spiritual matters, as four years since. We shall do what we can to raise, warm, enlarge, illuminate, as means; for God only can give a new heart, and touch the soul with life. We leave on Monday for Malacca, and hope to be here again in six weeks, on our way to Moulmein. Penang is rapidly increasing; 47,000 inhabitants, and as many more across the river in Queda Land, of whom about 300 are Christians of various Protestant names, and 700 degraded and idolatrous Portuguese Roman Catholics. The spice cultivation is just coming into play, and the whole of the campaign ground is being now cleared: thousands of

acres are covered with nutmeg gardens. I miss our dear M—— most sadly. The people here speak of Sir Benjamin with rapture. At the close of my sermon yesterday I attempted to read the extract from my Charge, in which I allude to his character; but I was compelled to call the Archdeacon up into the pulpit to read it for me. The congregation was deeply affected. Our congregations both morning and evening were surprising. Dr. D—— gave them one of his most striking and impressive sermons in the evening. We continue here over this week, in hope of having a steamer to tow us to Singapore.

Singapore, Sept. 12, 1838.

You cannot tell how my heart yearns for news of you, my dearest children; our latest date being four months back. The chief feeling of my heart is a desire to draw in my sails and prepare for death and heaven. I have been too eager, too public, too hurried, too sanguine, too impetuous. The time of novelty is over. I must retire into God. I must make ready for the Bridegroom. I have much to do with my heart, with my prayers, with my interior communion with Christ, with the state of my love to the Church and souls. I have much to do to watch that my influence in my diocese may be more benign, more spiritual, more salutary. It ought to be increasingly so; it would be if I were more like Swartz, and Venn, and Scott, and Henry Martyn. Never had I a harder task than here at Singapore.

Malacca, Sept. 19, 1838.

A trip of a day and a-half brought us here yesterday

afternoon at four. We find all alive for completing their now consecrated church. We are to have two services to-day, for we must sail this evening.

Hattrass, Sept. 20, 1838.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name!” Malacca received us with open arms—60 at church in the morning and 130 at night. The church already in order; pulpit removed to its place; reading-desk put up; new communion-table and enclosure done, and new vestry—quite a surprise to us. But besides this, they are about to re-pew the church, and accommodate 200 instead of 150. A porch and belfry will finish the improvements.

Sept. 29, 1838.

Last night we had one of those fearful storms which are so common along the shore of Sumatra. The heavens and earth seemed mixed together, and the vivid flashes of lightning had, at one time, such a sulphureous smell, that the captain feared for the safety of the ship. The Lord, however, helped us. We had a better vessel and better captain than off Tricomalee in the “Enterprise,” and God blessed the means employed, as well as mitigated the storm in such mercy, that we rode through all, and offered this morning our sacrifice of praise.

I have read through the Bishop of Lincoln’s “Justin Martyr,” and am reading his “Clement” also. These Fathers stand very low in my opinion as to the interpretation of Scripture, as to the simple exposition of St. Paul’s doctrine of justification, as to the simplicity, in fact, and power of the Gospel. Their apologies are poor

things ; their arguments against heathenism are as weak as those for the defence of the Gospel. Evidences they have no idea of ; logic not much ; criticism they are absolutely void of altogether. But there is plenty of superstition, plenty of commixtures of heathenism and Christianity, plenty of a lowered external religion, plenty of fanciful and absurd arguments on all subjects, plenty of dangerous admissions, plenty of allegorical applications of the Old Testament. And yet, these are the men who are to have a share in forming, with the Inspired Books, the rule of faith ! I allow them all, and more than all, their real merit as witnesses to the grand facts and broad doctrines of Christianity : here they are contemporary testimonies ; here we gather our canon of Scripture ; here we collect the Nicene Council to glorify our Incarnate Saviour with the united voice of 1800 prelates, representatives of their dioceses, that is, of the universal Church, with the very few Arian exceptions, though only about 300 could travel to the council in person. But I deny wholly any place in the rule of faith to the Fathers, both individually and collectively. Even Cyprian, and Augustine, and Ambrose are weak as reasoners, commentators, and interpreters. Their writings abound with superstitions, or germs of superstitions ; there is not one after Clemens Romanus that is not utterly feeble compared with St. Paul. And I stand upon the ground of the Reformers—not tradition, but Christ ; not the Church, but the Gospel ; not the Fathers, but the inspired Apostles ; not the folly of man, but the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Here I plant my foot. Really it is mere child's prattle to talk to us, after the bitter ex-

perience of twelve centuries, again of the tradition of the Fathers as a joint rule of faith. This is the very marrow of Popery. This is the mud and quagmire on which, if we set one of our feet, it is in vain to pretend to plant the other on "the foundation laid in Zion;" the sinking foot will soon drag in the other, and down we rush into the miry gulf. The Lord preserve us!

Sept. 22, 1838.

We still hope to reach Penang before church-time to-morrow; but we have had calms since noon. We have been interceding this Saturday, as usual, for the universal Church and the whole race of mankind. Prayer is, indeed, the breath of the spiritual life. May the Great Comforter inspire us with more of this heavenly temper! If we reach Penang to-morrow, we shall merely land for church and return to our vessel.

9 o'Clock.

An almost total calm has left us five miles from Penang, and made it impossible for us to preach to the poor desolate flock in this island. We have been anxious, mournful, and almost fretful the whole day, for any hour of fine wind would have taken us in. But we have had our two public services in the cuddy. The Archdeacon preached admirably from Ps. lxxiii. 23, 24. I reserved myself for the evening on shore, and had been meditating on that fine text, Gal. vi. 14, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross," &c. But, alas! I could not reach land, though the Archdeacon and I entreated to go in a boat; but the tide was against us, and we were seven or eight

miles distant. The captain, however, has sent the boat for our letters, and to announce our arrival. Conceive only how the blessing of steam communication rises upon our minds, after losing four Sundays in ten weeks ! All my plans are deranged. But hush, my soul ! God is in all events, however small. And now, my beloved ones, farewell once more. Be of good comfort, quit you like men, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you. The future let us leave with the Lord omniscient, all-wise, omnipotent, our Redeemer, Saviour, and Sanctifier ! Only let us stand with our loins girded and our lamps burning, mortifying the old man, waiting for the coming of our Lord, rejoicing in tribulation, instant in prayer. May Christ be our life, and Christ our death. May we know, and love, and believe, and rejoice in Him, and follow His blessed example. And may Christ be with us in our last hours, and not suffer us for any pains of death to fall from Him.

CHAPTER X.

Leave Penang—Contrary Winds—Moulmein—Cordial Reception—Dr. Judson—Baptist Mission—Chittagong—Human Sacrifices to Indra—Late Sir W. Jones's House—Return to Calcutta—New Cathedral projected—Wilberforce's Life—Palmer on the Church—Lord Chatham's Correspondence—Boys destined for Sacrifice—Unborn Children dedicated to Shiva—Native Converts to be received in Masses—Infant School Examination—Converts at Baripoor—Good Tidings from Krishnaghur—Houra—Hindoo College Examination—Funeral Rites of Runjeet Singh—Life of Whitefield—Buxton on Slavery—Fort of Ghazee stormed—Consecration of first Church built for Natives—First Stone of New Cathedral laid.

Penang, Sept. 24, 1838.

WE arrived here, my dear, dear children, for you become dearer to me, if possible, every day of my "lengthened chain," to allude to Goldsmith, at ten this morning, after four days and a-half, from Malacca. We immediately circulated a notice for divine service at seven o'clock this evening. We re-embark after church, in order to be ready for the first breath of the morning.

Oct. 5, 1838.

We have had a sad, dull time, patience put to the stretch. Light winds or contrary ones for many days. We have, indeed, been totally thrown out in our visitation

by these delays. When we shall reach Moulmein, which we ought to have done the middle of September, it is impossible to say. We must omit visiting Mergue, Tavoy, Akbyah, Khaickshoo, and even, perhaps, Chittagong. Nor can we expect to see Calcutta, after all, before the middle of November; and in a stormy sea, perhaps. Well, we comfort ourselves with the reflection that we have not lost a moment of time unnecessarily. and that winds and waves are in the hands of our blessed Saviour. Mark iv. 35-41, and vi. 45-52, have come in the course of our family reading, and have taught us that Jesus is near when we are tossed with the waves; that He sees us; that He is praying for us; that He comes to us at the fixed time; that He awakes at the cry of prayer; that He says, "It is I, be not afraid;" that He who "constrained" His disciples to undertake the voyage, does not desert us when in the path of duty; and that at His command the wind ceases, and wafts us with favourable gales to our destined port. Let me, therefore, trust my gracious Master, and confide in His never-failing Providence.

Moulmein, Oct. 18, 1838.

I am exhausted with the peculiar closeness of the river after our sea breezes. The Archdeacon went off with Mr. Hamilton last evening at ten, and the Resident's splendid cutter, with twelve oars, is now alongside waiting to take Mrs. D—— and myself up the moment the tide turns. We actually landed on the twenty-third day from our embarkation at Penang. I preached last evening, fatigued as I was, to a congregation of 500, in the beautiful

wooden church. We have unfortunately arrived in the hot season. The place has increased in four years from 17,000 to 25,000. Trade would vastly increase, and extend even to China, if encouraged. A vein of coal has been discovered equal to the very finest in England. Iron mines also abound. Coffee, sugar, nutmegs, cotton, everything grows.

Oct. 19, 1838.

I have seen the justly celebrated Dr. Judson, of the American Mission. He is a most lovely person, countenance mild, intelligent, penetrating, fine forehead, nose aquiline, address refined and gentlemanly, complexion approaching to dark, manner of speaking slow, voice musical. We talked for an hour. He is full of spirituality, humbleness, retiredness of mind. He has been twenty-five years in India, of which thirteen were spent at Ava, and other parts of the Burman Empire. He re-married four years since. He is the first Burmese scholar living: the language is monosyllabic, like the Chinese. He is very adverse to the Romanizing system; has had the blessedness of translating the whole Bible into Burmese, of which the third edition is now published by the American Missionary Society. He has 120 converts of established piety here, at Moulmein: additions of about twelve a-year are made. I had a long conversation with this superior man about training a native ministry. He thinks the Societies, both in England and America, are far too eager upon a subject on which they must be, and are, profoundly ignorant. He doubts whether a native ministry can be formed through the medium of the English language—pride is so soon generated. He trains Burmese students

in Burmese only. He thinks the first desideratum is a higher class of European and American Missionaries; of far deeper devotedness, and more superior to party-spirit. He never interferes out of his missionary line of duties, and discourages such interference, as I find all really learned and pious men do.

Oct. 20, 1838.

We are proceeding more pleasingly and hopefully. The Archdeacon goes about everywhere to see schools and hospitals, and this saves me much fatigue. There are here two European regiments and two native, about 3000 men. Our time is fully occupied. To-day I was out three hours. I examined the schools and hospital. We then went to see the American Mission. The house most primitive; the chapel adjoins behind, which is Mr. Judson's study. He is printing an edition of the Burmese Bible, in 4to.—10,000 copies at the expense of the Baptist Board, and a third edition of the "Sermon on the Mount," 40,000 copies. There are forty or fifty workmen, and six presses. The Bible Society has no share in the undertaking, because of the Baptist scruples.

Oct. 25, 1838.

Never was I anywhere more cordially received than here. Oh, may the effect be powerful and permanent, through the grace of the primary Teacher, the Lord and Giver of life! I have been charmed (to turn to quite another topic) with the review of Mr. Wilberforce's Life in the "Edinburgh" for April.* It is splendidly done. Nothing could more tend to aid the widest currency of

* By the late Sir James Stephen.—*Editor*.

the publication, because it will awaken curiosity in the worldly, the political, the scientific, the literary circles. I have read the article twice. Really Mr. W——'s character rises upon me,—the extent of his influence, the powers of his conversation, the fascination of his gentle, lively character, the position he held in the House of Commons! I had no idea, I confess, of the weight attached to his opinion; nor was I aware of the number of occasions on which he had opposed Mr. Pitt. The summary of his cast of mind is admirably touched off. The reviewer errs somewhat in the directly religious part of his history; but, on the whole, the article is deeply interesting, so as to be sure to contribute to the circulation of the work in the non-religious world: a matter of the last moment, for in the religious world itself it will make its own way. I am so truly delighted also that the book is well done, carefully, modestly, wisely. I do bless God, indeed. Being dead, this noble creature will yet speak to his country, with perhaps more effect than during his long and honourable life. Learn for me, my dear son, who is the writer. I long to see the book itself, though this brilliant sketch of the life will abate my pleasure in reading the original.

Moulmein, Oct. 28, 1838.

We are now about to finish our testimony. God be praised for what He has done! I confirmed 165 on Friday—a most solemn and affecting scene. The preceding days I examined the various schools, and visited the hospitals. Yesterday I consecrated an additional burial-ground at half-past six, A.M. At eleven I examined the

Sunday schools, and gave an exhortation ; at half-past three, baptized and confirmed a widow lady ; at four, dined with Col. Read ; and at six, the Archdeacon met a large number of soldiers at Mr. Hamilton's, and addressed them for an hour.

Hattrass Ship, Oct. 29, 1838.

Last night we went and slept on board our own ship, in the hope of reaching Chittagong by Sunday, and Calcutta the Sunday week. Our detention on Sundays is heart-breaking ; however, we do all we can. Not an hour do we lose. How wonderfully did God bless us at Moulmein ! We had about 150 at the Holy Communion, and collected 500 or 600 rupees for the Propagation Society.

Responsibility is a fearful thought. I now record the goodness of God in bringing me to the close of my sixth year of residence. Oct. 31st, 1832, must never be forgotten. Oh, that I may enter my seventh year with a sevenfold blessing ! Oh, may the Lord pardon the sins of the years that are past ! The great mercy of 1838 is the arrival of my two suffragans in their dioceses ; Dr. Carr in February, Dr. Spencer in October, as I hope. "Bless the Lord, O my soul !" I take you, my children, to witness, that if I should be called home this year I die in the faith of Jesus. I die in the doctrine I have preached for thirty-eight years. I die holding the same views of the glorious Gospel as I did when a Curate at Chobham, a Tutor at Oxford, a Minister at St. John's, and a Vicar at Islington. I die in the Communion of the Apostolical Anglican Church, in which I was brought up from my fourteenth year, and indeed from my infancy,

though more strictly from the time I have stated; and from which I have never swerved, and which I believe to be the purest of all the branches of Christ's Holy Catholic Church now in the world. I die, finally, a lost, unworthy sinner, disclaiming all merit in myself, and reposing my whole trust in the imputed righteousness of the co-equal and consubstantial Son of God, received by faith; and humbly hoping that I am born of His Spirit, and made capable of enjoying and delighting in the service and obedience of angels by His sanctifying grace; of which the proof, I trust, may be an ardent and inextinguishable desire to grow and advance in grace, and love, and holiness, every day of my remaining probation upon earth. Lord Jesus, receive Thou my spirit in the last hour; and suffer me not for any pains of death to fall from Thee.

At Sea, Nov. 2, 1838.

We have hitherto had pleasant weather, though the winds have been light. The moon has been glorious evening after evening. I have finished the Burmah Baptist Mission history of Mrs. Judson. She was an Israelite indeed. There are strains of piety as elevated as in Venn or Swartz. Her sufferings at Ava were those of a martyr, and sustained with the fortitude of one. She has left an impress on her age. The 650 converts, the 7 stations, the 30 missionaries, the 26 native assistants, the 300 scholars, and the thousands of pounds raised for the Mission, are all the fruit of her energy and love to Christ. Even her husband's eminent services are to be traced back to the wife. That man is also a Missionary indeed. His

mild, dignified, poetical, intellectual countenance, is now in my eye. I see he has not only renounced almost half his stipend, but has given all his property, and the presents made him by the English Government, to the Mission—about 10,000 rupees.

Chittagong, Nov. 15, 1838.

We arrived here on Tuesday, and have been most exceedingly charmed with the novel character of the Arracan coast. The beauty of the river sweeping at the foot of the series of knolls, on which the gentlemen's houses are built; the lovely, fruitful valleys and dells interposed; all heightened by the previous imprisonment of sixteen days, and by the extreme joy of the Christian population to welcome us: they seemed as though they would pluck out their own eyes and give them us. And yet, at present, all is dead towards God. No church; no divine service; no charitable society. About sixty nominal Christians, but without God in the world. Mr. S——, of Dacca, had arrived the Saturday before us. Our measures were planned at once. As the first step, a public meeting took place yesterday, and unanimously determined to build a church; a committee was formed to fix a site; and subscriptions raised of 1600 rupees. I am obliged to be architect as well as everything else. To-day, the confirmation; to-morrow, laying first stone of church; Saturday, examination of schools; Sunday, two services, and Holy Communion. Then we must sleep on board, in hope of reaching Calcutta by Sunday the 25th. Last evening we dined at the Judge's, and I proposed a charitable society, including a dispensary. The plan is to be arranged to-

morrow. In conversation I received the horrifying intelligence that four human victims had just been sacrificed to Indra, on the hills behind the Settlement, and in the British territories! Hear it, ye languid, dreaming friends of Missions, who think little of your own Christian privileges in England, and are tame in your charity to India! I started at the tidings. I said to the Commissioner, "Explain to me the facts." He replied, "It was undoubted. Four travellers had been seized as they were crossing the hills, and offered as victims by the priests of Indra, on their blood-stained altars." He added, it was his duty to examine and bring to punishment the murderers; and the investigation was just begun. I turned to the magistrates present, and they confirmed the awful narrative. They said, that fifteen other victims had perished beyond the British boundaries; and that further back, on the limits of Burmah, the aborigines were little raised above the brute creation. No marriage, no clothing, no abodes, no arts of life. I instantly raised my voice, and addressed the whole company, eighteen gentlemen, on the infinite benefits of Christianity, even viewed as a benevolent scheme, to remedy the murderous cruelties and practices which desolated the heathen world; and much more, as founded on the Redemption of the Son of God.

Nov. 16, 1838.

On Wednesday we formed a party to drive out to a house built by the late eminent Sir William Jones, Lord Teignmouth's friend, about five miles from Chittagong. There is a melancholy pleasure in tracing the favourite spots of the poet and the philosopher, especially where, as

in this case, Christianity added its finish to the character. The ruins—for forty years have made it a ruin—are still considerable. There is no roof, but the walls stand. The house was perched on the extreme top of a mountain, which you ascend with difficulty from the thick jungle, but which opens to the astonished eye one of the most extensive and lovely prospects in the world, combining the finest sea-view on one side, with mountain scenery on the other. The depths of the dells, with the faces of the opposite mountains (or hills, for the height is moderate), are sublime. A causeway formerly led up to the place. There are nine rooms, one of which, on the southwest, commanding the range of hills, we conceive to have been the study of this remarkable person. A lawn of small extent, with a chabuttre, or sitting-place, formed of cemented stone, add to the complete fascination of the whole. But now Jaffierabad (such is its name) is only a memorial of human frailty in all her works.

Nov. 17, 1838.

On Thursday evening we held divine service and a confirmation, at which there were only four candidates; but the whole station, with many Roman Catholics, were present. It was in a tent, where, perhaps, sixty were present altogether. The Archdeacon preached from Acts viii. 5. The name of the village where the victims were seized is Ranmanugger, sixty miles from Chittagong. The hill on which the four men (travellers who came to purchase cotton) were offered, is about eighty miles further inward, in the Mhug or Arracan population. The occasion was a vile lie, got up by the priests, that the treasures of seven

rajahs (native princes) were concealed under a huge stone, on a hill summit, and that the offering of fourteen human sacrifices to Indra would infallibly lead to the discovery of the treasure. Such is heathenism.

Hattrass, Monday, Nov. 19, 1838.

We are now embarked on the last division of our voyage, and we hope we may arrive at Calcutta by next Sunday. We slept on board last night, after evening service, the Archdeacon having preached admirably to a congregation still more numerous than the morning, many more Roman Catholics being present, nearly one hundred altogether. He had eighteen at the Holy Communion. Never was there a station which more needed a visitation than Chittagong, and never one where we were received more cordially, and succeeded more completely in all the great ends in view. One trait of the necessity of our visit will suffice. The Chaplain of Dacca receives 200 rupees monthly, for residing three months each year at Chittagong; but three Sundays only has he actually been present during the last two years; and he had told the gentry, before I arrived, that he could only remain till I had re-embarked! I insisted, of course, on his continuing his full three months.

Calcutta, Nov. 23, 1838.

Thank God, we arrived safely at four o'clock! Gratitude for the Divine mercy should swell in my heart when I consider four and a-half months of absence, without any one calamity; at a time, too, when seven shipwrecks in India have occurred this very winter. I am delighted

with "Wilberforce,"* which I found on my arrival here. His example puts me to shame. What vigilance! what conscientiousness! what self-government! what fervour of prayer! what self-suspicion! His religion was as sound as it was elevated. The sons have managed their materials admirably. I think I never read a more edifying book for one hurried as I am, placed in the front of the battle, and in a most difficult and responsible station. Oh, what watchfulness! what examination! what care of his heart! what ample space for prayer and communion with God! what retirings of soul! what fear of spiritual declines! what anxiety to preserve the love and savour of religion in vigour, and a delight in heavenly things! What study of the Bible appears united in this eminent saint, with his conscientiousness, activity, boldness, sympathy with human sorrow, and zeal for propagating truth! This holy person will do infinite good by the example which his life exhibits.

But, would you imagine it? I am going to build a Cathedral! Twenty years since, Colonel Hutchinson was desired by Lord Hastings to prepare plans for rendering our present cathedral something more like a building bearing that name. The plans were superseded by a design for erecting a new Gothic cathedral; and this last design failed ultimately. Now I propose effecting the pious project. May God prosper it! And now the great, and good, and blessed Lord and Saviour, preserve, keep, and sanctify us! I must live nearer to heaven. I must

* Life of Wilberforce by his Sons.—*Editor.*

draw closer to the Fountain of Light and Bliss. I must breathe more the atmosphere of humility, peace and love. I must be waiting for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come.

Calcutta, Christmas-day, 1838.

A happy festival of our Lord's Nativity to my beloved children, to my grandchildren, to my family, and to all my friends and brethren in Christ Jesus. I have been delivering my seventh Christmas-day discourse in India, from Heb. i. 1-3.

I am forcibly reminded at this season of the first links in that chain which has bound me to India. It was on Dec. 16th, 1831, that Dr. D—— first mentioned my name to Lord Glenelg, as willing to go out, if no one else at all suitable could be found; and from that date till my actual appointment, March 27th, 1834, the exercises of my soul were most humiliating, and at times painful. How rapidly have seven years slipped by! and how soon will my stewardship be closed, and I shall be no longer steward! Lord Jesus, grant Thy servant grace to finish his course with joy. O raise up Thy power, and come and help me. O fill me with Thy Spirit, and bless my clergy and their flocks!

Dec. 29, 1838.

How tasteless are other books compared with "Wilberforce!" His constant efforts after nearer and nearer communion with God, this is one point in his character. His actually high attainments in real spirituality is a second. Then, his self-government and self-examination are most

observable. Next, the special times he set apart for humiliation, fasting, and prayer. But nothing strikes me more than his study of his speeches, his reading for his public duties, his repetitions of Horace, his adding to his general stock of knowledge. In this he resembled Swartz, who was a student and learner to the day of his death. I especially rejoice that his distinct religious principles are laid down as the foundation of his character: spiritual religion is portrayed indeed, and in the most attractive form. I can settle to nothing since I have finished him. I have begun to look into "Palmer on the Church." He seems of the Keble stamp, and it is curious that the "Record" of Sept. 24th, seizes the very same point as the nucleus of the whole system, in a letter from a correspondent, which I have dwelt on in my charge—Authority. So that I almost hope that, in dissecting Keble's dangerous principle of Tradition as a joint rule of faith, I have, in fact, cut deep into the main imposthume of the entire corrupt and cancerous mass. Conder's new work on all religions I have opened. I wish he had sound principles, for he is clever, has a good style, and great skill in collecting materials. The correspondence of the great Earl of Chatham, who died the year in which I was born, only moderately interests me, because the best letters, those to the late Lord Camelford, were published by Lord Granville many years since. Still it is pleasing to look into the interior history of so great a statesman and orator. George II. seems to have had much more real influence on the men and measures of his administration than our kings have had of late. In fact, the popular branch of the

constitution has so prodigiously advanced since 1793 as to overweigh the other two, and endanger the safety of the country. His love to his wife and children is, like our Pitt's amiableness and pleasantry of temper, as brought out in Wilberforce's *Life*, very engaging. Lister's "*Life of Clarendon*" is on my table, but untouched.

Dec. 30, 1838.

Two most fearful instances of Hindoo idolatry have come under my notice since my Chittagong case. Mr. R—— informed me, that a boy destined for sacrifice had been heard of, but could nowhere be discovered—200 rs. were offered as a reward. The Brahmin murderer restored the child for the reward, and substituted one of his own sons as the victim. Mr. R——, when he calls on you, will tell you all details. The other is a horrid practice in Malwa, on the banks of the Nerbudda, in the celebrated sacred island, Mundatta, where Shiva, the Destroyer, (what a title for an idol god! how appropriate!) is supposed to be peculiarly present. In this island, about 100 yards broad, and covered with jungle and ravines, is the Rock of Sacrifice, Bheercallah; from whence devotees throw themselves during the feast of Cartie Jattrā. But the dreadful practice of mothers devoting their children, when yet unborn, to this sacrifice, is something surpassing anything I ever heard of before. A child so dedicated, even before his birth, is compelled to sacrifice himself when grown up, to the demon. From the moment of his entrance into life a mark is set upon him; every one regards him with dread; he feels he has nothing in common with others; a downcast expression in his countenance speaks

the mysterious horror which has taken possession of him ; the mother rejoices in the meritorious act she has performed. At length the wretched youth is forced to the sacrifice ! And yet this is the idolatry which Britons too much tolerate, and which Missionaries are so tardy to come out in order to assist in abolishing !

Bishop's College, Dec. 31, 1838.

It is remarkable how the Church of England is slowly making its way in India, as to its broad principles. Mr. B——, the chief Independent minister here, called on me the other day ; and amongst other things told me he was more and more convinced that we must try to get the Hindoos to embrace Christianity in masses at first, and with little beyond nominal acquaintance with it, in order to set on foot a better order of things for the next age, in the way of education especially. I replied, This is just what was done in the primitive ages. They took the people *en masse*, upon the conversion of the leading persons, and then worked them up into good and spiritual Christians afterwards. Were our Druidical ancestors all really converted in the second century, or again in the sixth ? No such thing. But idolatry was renounced ; Christianity received ; baptism administered ; truth freely preached, and education instituted ; and then the grace of Christ gradually wrought amongst them : habits were improved, Christian society formed. Mr. B—— warmly assented. But this is the very principle of parochial order in our Church, instead of a minute selection of a few angelical individuals for a spotless Church communion, as amongst our Dissenters. Pray

turn your minds to this subject. Still there must be limits. Heathenish Christianity is worse than heathenism itself. Baptism must repose on faith in adults. But the question is, how far you may take in, under the wing of the parent converted, the magistrate, or zemindar, or rajah converted, all who willingly follow his authority, and renounce at his advice idolatry, and profess the Christian faith. This, indeed, seems very much the way that Mr. W—— proceeds in the South Seas and the Pacific. It involves important questions.

Calcutta, Jan. 15, 1839.

Mrs. Wilson called on Saturday at Bishop's College, before we had risen from breakfast, and sat two hours. It was time spent but not wasted. She told us, that in October she settled her accounts, with only three rupees in hand. She began then to devise plans for raising funds, and wrote applications to different friends; when lo! on a sudden, 1200 rupees came in from Mrs. P—— of Kurnaul. Her whole conversation was most animating. She is against a native, and in favour of European agency. She deems it impossible to trust natives for years to come. Nor did I ever mean to trust them.

Dum Dum, Jan. 20, 1839.

I have come out here, accompanied by Mr. Pratt, who arrived at five o'clock yesterday afternoon in complete health, after a fine passage of little more than four months. Thank God for support during the long privation. I may truly say, "Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day."

Jan. 29, 1839.

We have had our Infant-school Anniversary this morning—a greater crowd than ever. Four or five hundred came to witness one of the most perfect exhibitions we ever made of about 100 children. The impression upon the audience was enthusiastic. Mr. Pratt says the children pronounce English better, and reply more intelligently, than a like school in England would. We have made a great step in the establishment of the Hooghly Infant School, in connexion with the College there.

Yesterday I laid the foundation of Mrs. Wilson's Boys' School-room at Agripara. The Mission-house is complete—10,000 rs. the cost. It is admirable. She and the Archdeacon are very anxious for a Missionary.

I believe I have not mentioned, that on January 25th I confirmed 201 at the Cathedral, with a very peculiar unction upon all hearts. The Church, indeed, was filled with glory.

Feb. 17, 1839.

The Archdeacon and Krishna* are at Krishnaghur, where the Almighty seems doing a great work. I sent down D—— to see how the brethren did, and to comfort them concerning their faith. Fifty-two villages are inquiring after truth with different degrees of earnestness, with a population of 3000, including women and children. Mr. W—— from Burdwan, and our Mr. S——, met Dr. D——. I shall hear more particulars when he returns. O how gracious is our God and Saviour! O the wonders of His wisdom and love, His truth and power! His dispensations how deep, and past finding out!

* A native convert.—*Editor.*

Baripoor, Feb. 20, 1839.

We came down last evening, the Archdeacon, Mr. Pratt, and myself, to visit this most interesting mission. This year all is yet more promising than before. I have confirmed this morning about sixty ; and this afternoon, at two, we have 135 to baptize, partly believers themselves, who are to be inserted openly into the Church, and partly the infants of the faithful, like those in Lydia or the jailor's household. The devout and intelligent answers, and earnest responses, of these neophytes, are delightful. Christian habits, manners, domestic purity, diligence, truth, forethought, are beginning to appear. All is, however, weak and unstable. The converts are chiefly from the poorest classes. Their minds, and education, and habits of thought, are like those of our Saxon ancestors in the sixth century ; the number of solid, spiritual, abiding disciples is but small. But the commencements of salvation among idolaters are blessed still. There were about 400 present this morning. The villages are forty-four. The inquirers, 600. The baptized, 260. But these joyful tidings are surpassed by those brought by the Archdeacon from Krishnaghur on Monday. The truth surpasses all that we had supposed. The earnestness, the deep feeling of sin, the knowledge of the Gospel, the love of these dear young flocks, quite overcame the Archdeacon's heart. The work has been going on for four years. The villages lie forty miles or more from Krishnaghur. The converts were chiefly a sect of Hindoos and Mussulmans, little acquainted with their own faith, but still not idolaters. The Archdeacon has done all he can to provide native cate-

chists for the spiritual instruction of these inquirers. We hope to have a dozen going round weekly, and appointed duly by the committee. Oh, if this budding should ripen, what effects may not be expected to follow!

March 11, 1839.

We have had a very warm and exposed morning, but a delightful one as to the progress of the great work. We have breakfasted with Mr. S—— at Mirzapore. I gave an address to his assembled flock of between 200 and 300. Next we examined a class in the heathen schools, of 120. After that, in the two Christian schools, of 60 and 70. We went over all the new rooms preparing for the seminary, and walked through the Christian village of about thirty houses and 120 souls. We went on, also, and visited Mrs. Wilson's central Female Day-school, of 300 children, and the General Assembly's schools, of 800. This last fine institution of Dr. Duff is now held in a magnificent building erected by public subscription. We looked in, lastly, on Krishna's new church and school-rooms, which the Archdeacon is building from his evangelical fund. Five hours in the sun are fatiguing to the body, though most refreshing to the spirit. But it is a twelve-month since I had been to see them.

Calcutta, March 12, 1839.

My mind is filled with the joy of these tidings from Krishnaghur. Mr. S——, with whom I spent four or five hours yesterday, entirely concurs in the judgment of all our other brethren, of the hopeful state of the 3000

inquirers. He conceives the whole population may be 10,000 or 12,000; and that if the work can be followed up, they will all embrace the blessed doctrine. At Tangha, also, three miles off Mirzapore, he has himself received an invitation to come and open the new doctrine; whilst at Balasette, sixteen miles on the Dum Dum quarter, his catechist is making his way rapidly. What astonishing news are these! I had scarcely again reached home when Mr. D——, of the Propagation Mission of Baripoor, called upon me to say he had received a message from a new village near his own circuit, “to come over and help them;” a village of 100 families or more, *i.e.* 600 souls. What is all this? What is God about to do for us in India? This will raise his missionary catechumens to 1200. Mr. J——, at Jangera, has about 900. Here, then, are about 2000 souls making their way up from the shadow of death into the fair light of Christ, or rather, as we hope, about to be “translated,” thoroughly “translated,” from the kingdom of darkness into the “kingdom of God’s dear Son.”

March 13, 1839.

The steam question, like its boilers, is getting up so rapidly that we talk commonly now of the Comprehensive-scheme vessels accomplishing the passage, complete, from Calcutta to London in one calendar month. What a joy! what a facility! what a step to civilization and evangelization!

Bishop’s College, March 17, 1839.

Mr. Pratt has gone over this morning to help the Archdeacon, Mr. B—— being in the new fields of labour

at Krishnaghur, whither also Brijonoth Ghose, from this college, went last Monday ; and Mr. S——'s catechist, and two more are invited from distant spots : so that I am left in the calmness and solitude of this sweet place to meditation and prayer, and study of Holy Scripture. I have been preaching from Eph. vi. 24, " Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

Calcutta, March 24, 1839.

I have begun my seventh Passion Week in India by delivering the first of a course of expositions upon our Lord's Passion. My subject was, our Saviour's last Passover, and His sufferings in the Garden of Gethsemane. O to enter more deeply into the doctrine of the cross ! O for more of that sense of the evil of sin, the infinite evil of sin, of our own sins, of our nature, that we may rejoice more in the love of Christ in dying for us, and may die more unto sin, and be ready to suffer with Christ and for Christ ! Lord Jesus, shine Thou into my heart, shed abroad Thy love there, diffuse a sweet humility, like, in some measure, to Thine own ! For, my dearest children, this interior life is everything ; and if God will allow me to build a house to His great name in Calcutta, I must expect compensating trials. Who am I that I should erect a temple to the Lord, a temple to the mighty God of Jacob ? I am unworthy of the least of all His mercy and truth towards me ! It is an honour to be a minister at all ; more so to be sent out to India ; still more to be entrusted with the superintendence of churches, pastors, colleges, missions : but, most of all, to have been sent out

at such a time as this, when such a movement is apparent at Krishnaghur, Baripoor, Jangera; when churches are erecting at home and here by a simultaneous impulse, and when a noble edifice may, perhaps, be reared in this City of Palaces to testify to the heathen that "the Lord He is the God, the Lord He is the God!"

April 9, 1839.

The Archdeacon, Mr. Pratt, and I have been paying our annual visit to Howra, which is much improved since last year. The number of converts, about 60; children in the schools, 350; Christian and English schools, about 30. The answers of the heathen lads, taught the Gospel by heathens, were very striking; perfectly convinced of the folly of Hindooism, convinced of the one living and true God, and promising to profess Christianity when they grow up, if God puts it into their minds. This is a singular state of things in India. Light and truth breaking in, and yet the fear of man preventing an open reception of it; or rather, a defect in feeling the evil and guilt of sin allowing other motives to outweigh the paramount duty of confessing Christ before men.

April 16, 1839.

On Saturday and yesterday I witnessed two promising displays of talent in the boys of our Hindoo schools. The Saturday's display was not so interesting as that of yesterday, though the boys were more numerous, being those of the Hindoo College; but yesterday we had 338 of the "Oriental Seminary," entirely a private establishment, the boys all paying for their education, and the masters living by it. I assure you the first two classes read Milton

and Shakspeare in a most striking manner, with perfect enunciation, and thorough understanding of their author. They answered, also, in English history, political economy, Paley's "Moral Philosophy," and in mechanics, in an astonishing manner. The references to Christianity were frequent, and the boys seemed to have no shyness on the subject. It is impossible but that all this education, though secular, must loosen Hindooism and Mahometanism to the very foundations. It cannot be otherwise; and when all this is combined with the concurrent labours of our Missionaries and the openings just presented at Krishnaghur, Baripoor, and Jangera, there is nothing we may not hope for, if God give us grace to be united, each Christian community, amongst ourselves.

July 2, 1839.

I enter to-day the sixty-second year of my age. So that "I not only pass for an old man in the days of Saul," like Jesse, but I may say with Isaac, "Behold now, I am old; I know not the day of my death." May God enable me to bless and praise Him for sixty-one years of mercy, long-suffering, grace; to endeavour to devote my few remaining days to His glory more entirely, and to trust Him for all the unknown future, the last hour, and the transition into an eternal state. I am, indeed, called to "set my house in order."

July 17, 1839.

Who can foresee the vast ultimate effects of such a communication as steam will produce on the Christianization of India? What is one of our greatest obstacles?—distance, uncertainty, fear of encountering unknown

hazards. Place England and India within forty-five days' dâk, and holy men will crowd to the scene of Christian glory. At present we are weighed down for want of help. Mr. A——, our excellent catechist, came to me yesterday to enter on his three months' residence, either in the Palace or at Bishop's College, preparatory to holy orders. I inquired as to the state of things at Krishnaghur, where he has now been for two or three months, having been removed from Culna for that purpose. I was delighted with his account. It is now seven months since Mr. D—— sent up his catechist, and five since I got the good Archdeacon to visit these fields of hope. Mr. A—— resides at Solo, twenty miles north of Krishnaghur, and on the east bank of the river. He has twenty villages within a circuit of about six miles, which he regularly visits. The population is about 200 in each, or 4000 altogether. Out of these about 500 have been baptized after one, two, three years' instruction, and some of them twelve or fifteen, of incipient ideas of Christianity, acquired at Calcutta or elsewhere. There are also about 200 more inquirers, and applications from three or four more villages had just been made, with thirty or forty persons anxious for instruction. Mr. A—— considers these as the beginnings of the probable conversion of all the neighbourhood, with its numerous villages. Little chapels are being built by the Church Missionary Committee, in the centres of four circles of hamlets, and a larger chapel is being erected by Mr. W—— at Solo, where 100 converts already assemble for public worship on the Sundays. A bungalow is also being built at Solo for Mr. A—— and family. I inquired par-

ticularly as to the real state of religious character in the converts. Mr. A—— says he cannot doubt that a great and good work of grace is begun. They have a fixed conviction of the truth of Christianity—some sense of the sinfulness of sin—they offer prayers to Christ—they have a general view of His salvation—they consider the death of Christ their only hope—they have given up all idolatry, all caste, all association with idolaters. They endure persecution with meekness, though refused all employment, and scarcely allowed to take water from the village well. They speak truth, are honest, and maintain themselves by their labour. “On the whole,” said Mr. A——, “shame filled my mind, because I never expected to see such things in India.” An old man told me, as I was leaving Solo, “We have heard a little from you, and now you are going away. Our hearts are very hard; but if you smite them with your words as you do, we must become better.” Such is the simple state of things in one division only of the station of Krishnaghur, of which I wrote so fully to Lord Chichester in February.

Calcutta, July 23, 1839.

All Christendom will be horrified at the murder of eleven victims in the sight of all India, at the funeral rites of that Buonaparte of the East, Runjeet Singh—a fierce and unprincipled warrior, whose entire life has been the robbery and spoiling of the Punjaub, and who has hastened his end by drunkenness and profligacy. The scandal is the greater because, being now the close ally of the British Government in India, and Lord Auckland having just

exchanged presents with him, it should seem that a strong remonstrance on the part of our ambassador might have prevented the sacrifice. And all this is in the face of Lord W. Bentinck's humane abolition of the Suttee a few years back! Hear it, Christians in England, who are so tardy in sending out your Missionaries; hear it, youth of Great Britain, who are taught to love and honour your parents; whilst you are dreaming and delaying at home, India is the victim of the most cruel, and polluting, and degrading idolatry! Hear it, British sceptics and unbelievers, who would palliate Hindoo ignorance and vice! See the "god of this world" revelling in blood. Behold him on the very borders of the British dominions, and on the most public of all occasions, offering the sons and daughters of the human race to devils! See him stirring up to madness the four wives of the late Rajah! Follow them in their jewelled attire, casting money amongst the surrounding Brahmins! View the poor unnoticed slave-girls—seven immortal souls, be it remembered—placed around the body of the Rajah, stretched on a bier of sandal-wood! Mark the elder wife (the holy name is misapplied to the polygamy of a wretch said to have had 500 females in his palace, of one class or another) seated at the head of the dead warrior, and placing it on her lap! But who approaches the pile? It is the new Rajah, who hastens to apply the torch to the eleven living females! Oh, Earth, cover thou not their blood! Oh, tender-hearted Saviour, have pity on a benighted world of heathen! And let British Christians contrast with this death the last moments of our late King William, and the solemn, pious

offices of our fine Burial Service, and the acts of mercy and benevolence that mark the last religious duties performed by the chief ministers of religion and the surviving royal house. I mention William IV. as an instance of the latest death of a Christian monarch. But take the innumerable funeral obsequies of Christian kings, statesmen, warriors, poets, divines, and learn what Christianity has done for man. I say nothing of the religious and moral training of the two systems of Hindooism and Christianity—of the disciples they severally form—of the state of the soul, as respects God and eternity, in each case—of the measure in life and death, judgment, and a future state—of happiness and holiness produced by each. I hold up the last public religious rites of both. Heathenism with her funeral murders, and her four wives and seven slave-girls, burnt on the pile of a deceased ruler; and Christianity interring the dead, though a monarch, with prayer, humiliation, acts of penitence and grief, in hope of a glorious resurrection to everlasting life through faith in Him who died and rose again for us! This is enough. The two systems of darkness and light, of truth and lies, of mercy and blood, of God and Satan, are stamped and exhibited in the last scenes which embody the whole tendency of each.

August 22, 1839.

I have read through Philips's "Life of Whitefield." I was determined to do it. I thought the freshness and vigour of his piety would do me good, and it has done me good. But what a mixture, what a large mixture of natural impulse, human zeal, and pure enthusiasm! Much

of this, my impression of him, arises from the way in which the book is got up. The author does not bring out Whitefield's character. It seems like a book of notices and references and animadversions, which suppose the reader to know all the facts before, and to be even acquainted with the piety, talents, and cast of mind of Whitefield. Still, you catch glimpses now and then, and touches of character appear in letters, and some descriptions are quoted and anecdotes given, which let you into the real merits of this extraordinary person—18,000 sermons in thirty-four years (my number is 3,450 in thirty-eight)—almost innumerable bodies of people, all through the towns of England, Scotland, and America, awakened and aroused—thousands and tens of thousands of souls really converted from ignorance and vice to God—an impression produced on high and low, noble and plebeian, infidel and pharisee, unparalleled in modern times—during his discourses, scarcely a sermon in which he was not himself dissolved in tears—the most sudden transitions of sympathy produced in audiences of 20,000 people—the whole sustained by a consistent, holy life. Yet, when one compares him with Augustine, or Luther, or Calvin, or Cranmer, he shrinks into nothing: he wanted learning, judgment, steadiness, capacity of governing. He was no divine, no writer, no ecclesiastical student: he began, a boy untaught, and lived and died an orator—a distinguished one, indeed—a Christian one—but a mere fine declaimer on evangelical truths. Blessed, however, he was in life and death, because he was a sincere, straightforward servant of Christ, fulfilling his particular circle of duties, and shining

brightly in that circle, and without any interested motives whatever.

August 30, 1839.

Mr. Buxton's* book on slavery harrows up my whole soul. It was quite new to me. My mind had been turned, since the abolition in 1807, to the Emancipation question. But, behold! a double slave-trade in point of numbers, and a treble one in point of cruelty, is detected and placed before the sun—120,000 victims yearly landed; and to obtain these, 350,000 murdered—and the profit 180% per cent—and all Africa barred out from Christianity. There never was such an atrocity. The God of mercy will assuredly be avenged of the guilty nations. Buxton delights me by his calmness, moderation, capital sense. He reposes all his facts on parliamentary papers; and his remedy is practicable, obvious, and easy—the opening, a lawful commerce for Africa.

Sept. 2, 1839.

On the 28th came down the splendid news of the storming of the strong fort of Ghazee, that ancient glory of the Ghiznivide dynasty. Sir J. Keane says he found it a very strong place, with a high rampart, a citadel with wet ditch, screen-walls built before the gates: the whole had been gradually strengthened for the last thirty years, and had then a garrison of 3500, and abundance of stores. It was considered impregnable throughout not only Affghanistan, but all Asia. In two hours we carried it by blowing up the Cabool gate; and the whole garrison, with the governor, was captured. Sir J. Keane says that it was

* The late Sir Fowell Buxton, M.P.—*Editor.*

one of the most brilliant acts he had ever witnessed during a service of forty-five years in the four quarters of the world. How wonderful are the ways of Providence! Another world opened to British enterprise, benevolence, and piety; Christianity crossing the Indus, and preparing her way to the Caspian, to Palestine, and to Asia Minor. A quiet siege, or half-a-dozen battles would not have struck the natives with such terror as this instant explosion of their only remaining stronghold, and the capture, as by magic, of 3500 men, with their arms and baggage, and the whole town, bazaars, citadel, treasures, stores, and with a loss of only 17 killed and 180 wounded. The whole world of Calcutta are talking and reading of nothing else. The interesting thing is, that British power should have struck a blow at Ghazee, a city classically associated with the history of the East, and the very fort from which the Moslems poured their torrents of warriors on that India which is now British; the renown of the capture of which will spread with the rapidity of lightning throughout all Asia and the civilised world. The effect ultimately on the conversion of India none can even conjecture.

Sept. 29, 1839.

How I wish you could have witnessed the sight of the consecration of the first Christian church ever built in Bengal for natives only. It was erected by Archdeacon Dealtry's evangelical fund at the old church. The ground the church, and adjoining schools, with missionary apartments over them, have cost 30,000 or 40,000 rupees. What a fine design! Krishna Mohun Banerjea is the

Missionary, whose health is much recovered. The church is pure Gothic, holding 400 or 500 ;—a nave and side-aisles, no chancel, a very chaste Gothic tower and pinnacles. You should have seen the crowds of natives who could not gain admittance. I suppose there must have been 300 present, all understanding English more or less. There were also fifteen clergy present, including the Archdeacon and myself. The mute astonishment as our fine service proceeded ; the admirable sermon of the dear Archdeacon from Exod. xx. 24, “In all places where I record my name I will come unto Thee, and I will bless Thee ;” the solemnity of the Holy Communion, which closed a service of three hours, and at which all the clergy and all the students of Bishop’s College, and most of the English congregation, assisted—all this was overwhelming ; and when I looked on Mrs. Wilson’s Central School on the opposite side of the square, and the General Assembly’s extensive school-house in the same quarter, I could scarcely conceal my feelings. Think only, my beloved ones, of the progress of things. Think of Krishnaghur, Baripoor, and Jangera. Then, remember the opposition which Brown, Buchanan, H. Martyn, and even Corrie, as well as Dr. Carey, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson, met with—scarcely allowed to act, banished almost, and this not thirty years since ! Then, remember what God is now doing. Three Bishops in their several dioceses, all of one heart and one soul. Surely we may exclaim, “What hath God wrought !” Four Missionary churches are, at this moment, begun, or about to be begun, near Calcutta alone. And, to crown all, seven clergymen are expected, or have

arrived, from England and the Cape. Blessed be the Lord! What are troubles when such mercies are vouchsafed!

Oct. 3, 1839.

Last evening angels rejoiced, I trust, in the prospect of the many sinners who will repent. The ground of my new Mission Cathedral was staked off by Colonel M'Leod and Major Forbes, with Mr. Pratt and myself. The line might then be seen in the hands of Zerubbabel. Blessed be God! The first stone is to be deposited on Tuesday next. It will be November 15 before the ground is dry enough for the work, the rains have been so copious; and six weeks more before the building will have fairly begun, and three years before divine service is celebrated in it. God is the Judge, and Helper, and Worker, and Great Architect, and shall bear the glory. Krishna Mohun's new church was crowded last Sunday. He preached to 600 Hindoos, he supposes, who, after filling the building, hung in at all the windows. His text, "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." The dear fellow was quite overwhelmed. It was his first Bengalee sermon addressed wholly to natives. Are not these things marvellous in our eyes? Our Asiatic Society meeting at half-past eight last night was very interesting. Mr. B—— presented the skin of a boa constrictor, twenty-one feet long, in the inside of which was found a fallow deer. It was shot by his nephew at Gorruckpore.

Oct. 11, 1839.

On Tuesday, at 5 P.M., our first stone of St. Paul's was laid. I will send you a copy of the prayers used, which

I altered from the Consecration Service used by Bishop Middleton at laying the first stone of Bishop's College, December 15, 1820. I will also send you the address. I wish I could send you, but I cannot, an impression of the scene, the crowd, the number of gentry, the clergy, the natives, the whole field covered with the people and their carriages.

Oct. 12, 1839.

Imagine us now in the agony of preparation, a thousand things to arrange. We go up to Krishnaghur in the "Experiment" steamer, and not by dâk, the roads being still impassable. And now, into Thine hands I commend my spirit, my body, my soul, my diocese, my flocks with their pastors, my all, O Thou blessed Jesus! Keep, I pray Thee, me and mine. Preserve, and sanctify, and enlarge Thy Church in India. Prosper the great design of building a principal church to Thy Name in this metropolis of British India. Make this visitation a source of spiritual blessings indeed, through the assistance of the Holy Ghost. Guide the dear Archdeacon during his arduous duties in Calcutta in my absence. Bless all the clergy, civil and military servants, East India community, merchants, and others, I pray Thee. Pardon, also, O my God, the unnumbered sins and transgressions committed during the awful period of my superintendency of this portion of Thy Church. Pardon especially sins of omission!

CHAPTER XI.

Arrival at Krishnaghur — Large Number of Converts — Hopeful State — Solo — Hurrah — Baptism of Converts — The Gooroos — Want of Churches and Schools — Interesting Conversation with Converts — Ruttenpoor — Anunda Bass — Hough's History of India — Alexander the Great — Patnah — Unfinished Church — Juanpore — Allahabad — Cawnpore — Consecration of Church — Lucknow — Meerut — Three Thousand Inquirers — Mrs. Hawkes' Memoir — Almorah — First Stone laid of New Church — The Himalayas — Precipitous Track — Rajahs of Gurwal and Nahum — Arrival at Simlah.

Krishnaghur, Oct. 19, 1839.

BLESSED be the Lord ! the first news I heard was, that 3000 more had renounced idolatry, making 6000 or 7000 in the whole. But it cannot be; I distrust the information. Seventeen new villages declared—seventy-two altogether. Two Gooroos, or spiritual guides, with 2000 disciples, taking some, but not decisive, steps; the determined inquirers in the seventy-two villages about 4000. The fire spreading all around, as a spark carried by the wind over a dried heath. Mr. and Mrs. S—— tell us nothing has been exaggerated, but has rather been understated by the Arch-deacon. Thus God blesses the faith and love which venture all for Him, pardoning the effects of mere judgment; whilst He sends the rich, and self-dependent, and prudent, empty away. There is a something in such men as Swartz

and Martyn, Corrie and Brainard, beyond and above others, which the All-seeing Eye marks and blesses. My office, however, here, is "to supply the things that are wanting," to reconcile differences, to distinguish the true from the false catechist, to "ordain elders in every city," to guard the noble deposit. O for heavenly wisdom! for, though God works by zeal and love in awakening souls, yet He blesses age and experience in keeping them from the snares of Satan, the delusions of false teachers, the fickleness and weakness of the first converts. The first information I obtained yesterday was from Mr. R——, assistant-magistrate, who sees a good deal of these new Christians. He tells me they are evidently superior in conduct, diligence, forethought, to the heathen around; they are another sort of people. They have much to suffer. The heathen zemindars oppress them. For example, the zemindar sends a body of his servants and drives away 150 cows from a Christian farmer, shuts the herd up, takes the milk, and beats the owner if he complains. The case is brought before the magistrates; the difficulty of detecting perjured witnesses is extreme; but such a person as Mr. R—— goes through with it, compels the depredator to restore the cows, and fines him 200 or 300 rs. This is the old invasion of Job's neighbours, mere open violence; it is like our private wars amongst the English barons. At one o'clock it was announced that the Mission School-room was filled with Christians from the villages around Krishnaghur, which means the city of Krishna, a corruption of the blessed name of Christ. I was informed there were many candidates for confirmation, and that divine service was

looked for. I had not opened my Bengalee manuscript since January, and I had scarcely time to read it over with one of the catechists when I was hurried off, at one in the day, in a tonjon, or chair. I found a fine school-room crowded with natives, and the verandahs filled with women and children, perhaps between 200 and 300. Mr. Pratt soon got matters a little arranged. I produced my Bengalee knowledge, and for two hours, without a punkah, and in a loud voice, was examining, and confirming, and exhorting these neophytes. It was a blessed sight. Most of the men had been Kurta Bhoojahites of the Mahometan class. Many were advanced in life, with fine Mussulman features, black flowing beards, eyes brightening as questions were proposed. I looked at them again and again with indescribable affection, just as I had done on the fishermen at Jangera and Baripoor, with Mr. J——, Professor W——, Mr. D——, and my dear J——. The answers given to my questions were very much of the same simplicity, with an occasional point and force which made me start from my seat. I confirmed about forty. Surely this is the Lord's doing, and is marvellous in our eyes. Compare all this with Sir W. Jones's time, when, in 1789–91, he resorted here during the long vacation with his pundits, to prepare a translation of the “Institutes of Menu.” The house occupied by that distinguished Christian scholar is now in ruins, like everything of any standing in India. Then conversion was never attempted. Carey and Marshman were banished to the Dutch settlement of Serampore. This was in 1794. Ten years later Buchanan was forbidden to publish a volume of sermons on Prophecy.

Dr. and Mrs. Judson, in 1814, were not allowed to land at Calcutta, and nothing material was seen in any of our Missions till the movements at Jangera and Baripoor four or five years since; and now this surprising one at Krishnaghur. I cannot help thinking that Lord W. Bentinck and Lord Glenelg helped the cause much with their totally new measures, in elevating and bringing out the native character, in protecting them from wrong, in honouring Missionaries, in raising the tone of moral and religious feeling.

Solo, Oct. 23, 1839.

With what emotions I entered this desert place, where Mr. A—— has just built a bungalow, it is impossible for me to describe. We feared that we should not be able to come on here. The steamboat could not venture so high up the Jellinghey, upon which Solo stands, and the roads were described as flooded and impassable. And yet 300 or 400 Christians had been appointed to meet here for confirmation and examination this morning. At last we ventured in palkees, but my entire set of clothes was drenched in passing through the waters. We started yesterday at three o'clock, and reached Hurrah, sixteen miles, at seven, and there slept, finishing the journey this morning. I feel exceedingly fatigued, but not ill. As I entered this new scene of Messiah's triumph, as I humbly trust, and glorious reign, my heart leaped within me. Mr. A—— met us, and brought us into the new and damp and unfinished abode. One chopper roof stretches over the whole building, and walls ten or eleven feet high separate the rooms, leaving the whole expanse above, of ten feet, open to the

roof. It is mere mud and bamboos, with doors sent up from Calcutta. It was only on Friday I ordained him deacon, and now I am in the first Church Missionary bungalow, reared under his eye, and for his convenience. May the Lord bless!

Hurrah, Oct. 23, 1839.

We returned here after the duties of the day at Solo, in order to be six miles on our road to Krishnaghur. We are received by an indigo planter, Mr. De C——. At eleven this morning 150 native and baptized Christians assembled, from six or seven miles round. Mr. A—— read Bengalee prayers. I then preached from Acts xiv. 22, "Confirming the souls of the disciples," with Mr. A——'s interpretation. When the sermon was ended, I examined the candidates for confirmation before the whole congregation. It was perfectly delightful to hear the simple and appropriate answers they made. There is every appearance of their sincerity, and of some dawns of grace breaking upon their hearts. After the confirmation, the Holy Sacrament was administered to the Missionaries, but Mr. A—— thought it better not to admit any of the converts till they were more acquainted with its nature. The service lasted more than two hours and a half. The whole visit was most encouraging. The wives and children could not attend, from the waters being out, so that we had the heads of families chiefly from eight miles round.

Krishnaghur, Oct. 25, 1839.

Last evening all the gentry dined here. I addressed them at family prayers; told them of the joy I felt at

visiting Solo ; cautioned them as to the chief dangers in a new scene of duty, especially as to native catechists, who, if insincere, would be artful, dishonest, and disgraceful. I assured them that as to necessary support for the Missions, supposing things to go on well, I entertained no doubt ; that I intended to write to Lord Chichester immediately, and would represent the whole case. The five Missionaries must have small bungalows, schools, and chapels, or their lives would fall a sacrifice, and their work could not be carried on, even if health remained. Nor would England hesitate a moment in doing this, when once a plan was digested. This morning, before six, we were on the ground designed as the site for the Krishnaghur buildings, and where a capital school-room was erected by the Church Missionary Society, about two years since. The house where Sir William Jones used to reside adjoins. It stands on the river, and though now a complete ruin, shows the splendid outline of former grandeur. It very much resembles that at Jellalabad. The two Gooroos, with 3500 disciples, live in the northern villages, near Jellinghey. They were Kurta Bhoojahites ; worshipped one God, but knew nothing of Christianity, except that a Saviour in human flesh was to appear. So the Hindoo narrations are vestiges of the same truth. They made disciples from Hindoos and Mussulmans, and confided to each some mysterious word, of no meaning in itself, but a kind of charm, which, if remembered, would insure their salvation. Human nature is darkness, we see, everywhere, if left to its own resources, as the Scriptures speak. These Gooroos kept up also disputes with Hin-

doos and Mahometans, and seem to have been inquirers after truth, in a certain sense. The Kurta Bhoojahites seem to have sprung, about fifty or sixty years since, from the labours of Christian Missionaries at Chinsurah and Hooghly; and the germs of knowledge appear to have been handed down from the fathers to the present age, and to have been called into life under Mr. D——'s faithful preaching of Christ Jesus. He thinks all these 3500 may be gradually brought to receive instruction in Christian doctrine. The native Rajah at Benares, who gave the school-house to the Church Missions, was of this sect. There are mingled amongst them, however, some descendants from the Persian Durbeshes. The conduct of the baptized Christians is, on the whole, as good as Mr. D—— could expect. Honesty, meekness, forgiveness of injuries, and diligence in their calling, are apparent. I can truly say I never saw more attentive hearers in my life. They seemed to eat every word. One venerable old Christian, with a grey beard, and who had heard the Gospel twenty years since in Calcutta, struck me particularly, as he came up to be confirmed, for he had now just been led to confess Christ by baptism. Another new convert was between eighty and ninety years of age. Mr. D—— gave me a fine trait of the honesty of the Christians. A whole village had borrowed money for their seed-corn, 800 rupees. The receipts had been lost by the catechists. Mr. D—— begged them each to say how much he owed. They did; and the aggregate exceeded the 800 rupees in Mr. D——'s books by 40 or 50! This relates to a whole village of perhaps 80 or 100 families. There are

from 50 families to 500 in each of the 72 villages; *i. e.* from 250 souls to 2500. Out of these, 8 or 10 families, or more, in each, are inquirers:—4000 souls, altogether, who are professing Christianity, and under instruction, of whom nearly 700 are baptized. The Kurta Bhoojahites are about 100,000, and stretch from Krishnaghur to Benares, 400 miles. Those descended from the Durbeshes are few. They came in with the Mahometan conquests. The leaders amongst them are pretty well informed, can read and write, and understand the tenets of the sect. They believe all idolatry to be sinful; that salvation is to be obtained by seeing God; that, in order to see God, their eyes must be purified; that then they will see God with their bodily eyes, for that the Deity is to appear in the form of man. Our blessed incarnate Jesus soon meets inquirers on this point. The difficulty is the doctrine of Atonement, of which the Mussulman Kurta Bhoojahs have no notion, and the Hindoos very little. Christ is the grand topic in Mr. D——’s preaching, as it was in St. Paul’s. One answer at Solo, in reply to the question, “What do you mean by an atonement for sin?” was, “Christ’s suffering in our stead. Our sins deserved God’s wrath and punishment. Christ bore them instead of us!” Mr. Pratt examined three converts, separately, at Solo, and their account of their faith was capital. He is delighted. His previous expectations are far surpassed.

Krishnaghur, Oct. 28, 1839.

We start for Anunda Bass at four to-morrow morning, and return here on Thursday, to lay the first stone of the

Schools, and then proceed to Moorshedabad. We gave two English services here yesterday; and in the evening we had two hours' conversation with Mr. D——. The impression of what is going on is delightful, and yet mixed with awe and fear. I exclaim, "How dreadful—awful—is this place! This is none other than the house of God; and this is the gate of heaven!" I could not sleep hardly, after hearing the account, from agitation, joy, anxiety to direct everything aright. A third Gooroo came to Mr. D—— on Saturday, a brother of the other two, from a distance of sixty miles, or, as they term it, two days' journey. He has 200 houses under his spiritual guidance; *i. e.* he has made 200 families—1000 persons—full Hindoos, by giving them the muntra, or secret word of salvation; and he receives from these houses four anas, eight, twelve, a rupee, or two rupees, annually. He came with the same inquiry, "What is the right way? I am a Kurta Bhoojah, of the Mussulman class. I have given up and renounced the Koran. I believe salvation is to be obtained by seeing God, who will appear in human flesh." To this question Mr. D—— answers by beginning at the same place, and preaching unto him Jesus; that "he that sees Him by faith sees the Father;" that "He is God manifest in the flesh;" that "all that the Kurta Bhoojahites are seeking for is in the Gospel." The man cries out, "This is the true way! We have found what we have been seeking for so long." You will observe, my children, that the 4500 followers of these three Goroos are not yet themselves inquirers, nor in the least moved; but there is every reason to hope that many of them will

be gradually brought to hear the joyful sound. Indeed Mr. D—— says the whole district, from Hooghly to Jellinghey, about eighty miles, is apparently ready for Christianity; nothing else is talked about. Every week fresh applications are made for instruction; which, alas! cannot as yet be afforded. The three things wanted now are, a good sound body of catechists; needful missionary bungalows; advice and help as to the gross oppression of the native zemindars; and the right conduct to be held by the Christians. A fourth want, that of Missionaries, I consider supplied in the three German brethren so very opportunely come out.

Ruttenpoor, Oct. 29, 1839.

We arrived here dâk at one this morning, after eight and a-half hours' bad road, inundated fields, paths ploughed up. Mr. D—— and Mr. B—— accompanied us; and our kind host, Mr. S——, sent on servants, and all things needful, beforehand, to an indigo factory of Mr. M——'s, about two miles from Anunda Bass. May God prepare me for these two days of most difficult and important duty! I feel as if I was only beginning to be an overseer. The task is so arduous, and my unworthiness and unfitness so great. "What is highly esteemed before men is," we are told, often "abomination in the sight of the Lord;" and I am persuaded that God too often sees in us causes of abhorrence, when all is fair and useful so far as man is concerned. What corrupt motives! what invasions of evil thoughts! what vagrancy of the fancy! what recollections of former scenes of evil! what unwatchfulness in prayer! O Lord, behold I am vile! Enter

not into judgment with Thy servant. Let the Sacrifice interpose between me and my guilt; and subdue, cleanse, and illuminate the defiled chamber of my heart by Thy Holy Ghost, that Christ may deign to enter and dwell there, and shed abroad His peace and joy.

Anunda Bass, Oct. 29, 1839.

I have had three most delightful and exquisite hours of divine service with these neophytes, when about 500 were present, and about 150 or 160 baptized; and upwards of 100 of those whom the dear Archdeacon baptized in February were confirmed; the rest were children and inquirers. It was the same kind of scene as we witnessed at Baripoor and Jangera. You may remember that many of our friends would not then believe the accounts; but lo! six years have been confirming the truth of that blessed work; and now, a like one has burst out like spring in this district. Never did I feel the beauty of our Baptismal and Confirmation Services so much as this morning. The prayers and thanksgivings of the first, and the laying on of hands and supplications in the second, were equally striking. It was the sign and seal, and first day, in the eye of others, of the new birth by water and the Spirit; it was the descent of the sanctifying grace of the Holy Ghost. We began with examining the candidates for baptism: "Are you sinners?"—"Yes, we are all sinners," was resounded from one end of the chapel (a mud edifice, with straw roof and verandah) to the other. "How do you hope to obtain forgiveness?"—"By the sacrifice of Christ." "What was that sacrifice?"

—“We were sinners, and Christ died in the stead of us.” “How is your heart to be changed?”—“By the Holy Ghost.” “Will you renounce all idolatry, feasts, poojahs, and caste?”—“Yes; we renounce them all.” “Will you renounce the devil, the world, and the flesh?”—“Yes.” “Will you suffer for Christ’s sake? Forgive injuries?”—“Yes.” In a word, I went over all the branches of Christianity with these candidates, and finding from Mr. D—— that they had for a year or more been under instruction, and had been living consistently with it, I begged Mr. D—— to read the Baptismal Service. When we came to the questions in the service, I paused to tell them of the seriousness of the engagement, and I asked the congregation of the baptized if they would be witnesses and God-parents to them. They shouted that they would. The sight now was most touching,—150 or 160 about to enter the Christian Church, and the whole of the village standing sponsors. Mr. Pratt and Mr. A—— then went round the lines of catechumens and administered baptism. I then stood in the midst, and received them in a body into the church, waiting for Mr. P—— and Mr. A—— to go round and sign them with the sign of the cross separately. The words of reception were then repeated by me, and interpreted. You cannot imagine the intelligent, anxious eyes of the crowded assembly, as all this was going on.

Koolbared, Nov. 2, 1839.

Now for another wonderful topic. Cabul is moving. Herat is opening her Mahometan gates to Christ. The

Bishop of Bombay sends me the letter of Mr. P——, Chaplain to the Forces, who has found a body of Armenian Christians at Cabul, with a church, and they are willing to enter the pale of the Church of England, and receive our doctrines. They were once 1200 in number, but are now reduced. They have had no priest for twelve years. What an opening!

Steamer, Nov. 12, 1839.

The steamer arrived yesterday at 4 P.M. We embarked at six, and at a quarter-past five this morning were under way. About seven days of total quiet, repose, freedom from the ordinary round of duties, messages, dâks, are now before us—most beneficial and salutary. It is very curious that Hough, in his “History of Christianity in India,” which I am reading, begins with Alexander the Great, of whom he had spoken in a preceding part of his letter, as having opened the East, to Western energy and commerce, and broken up the sleep of ages, and prepared for the Roman armies and the peace of the world at the Nativity of the blessed Saviour. The talents of that wonderful man, his magnanimity, his foresight, his promptitude, his presence of mind in danger, his skill in selecting his generals, his generosity to his followers, his sagacity in choosing the site of Alexandria and other cities for purposes of universal commerce, his tact in the management of his vast empire, are all of the highest order. His faults were those of a heathen in a barbarous, magnificent age, with the art of war in its infancy—excess in his feasts, intemperate anger, reckless exposure of his

person to danger, indiscriminate pillage of captured cities, superstition to the gods of every nation in every form, boundless ambition, and insatiate love of glory. The whole history of his exploits, with Hough's comment, impresses me deeply with the state of things in which we now are : the passage of the same Indus, the possession of the same Cabul, the establishment of similar lines of commerce, which seem ever to be the preludes to evangelization, the breaking up again the inert mass of Oriental heathenism and Mahometanism. The difference is, that we are working from the eastward ; Alexander from the west. We are a Christian people ; he, a Pagan prince. We, in the year 1839 of our Lord ; he, 325 before the Christian era. We, with steam and railways almost ready for our commerce, arts, and religion ; he, in the rudest period of navigation. We, with all the humanity to captives, and care to save human life, and anxiety to act only on the defensive and shun the lust of conquest, which our religion enjoins ; he, with every one of these particulars as contrary as possible. Oh, that Britain may rise up to the dignity of her position ! Oh, that British Christians would be more earnest in prayer for the effusion of the Holy Spirit ! Oh, that England may return to her allegiance to the King of Kings at home, and not unite with Infidels and Papists to disown her relation to her God ! Oh, that the Priests, the Ministers of the Lord, may keep firm, united, simple-minded, sound in faith, in charity, in patience ! and oh, that the Bishop of Calcutta may know and do his duty to Christ !

Patnah, Dec. 1, 1839.

I must pause to bless God for being preserved to my eighth Advent Sunday in India. I have been preaching my 778th Indian sermon. The church, or rather building that is to be the church, was crowded in every part almost. I think there were 600 persons, and several Roman Catholics standing outside. Rom. i. 16, my Advent text: the deepest attention. This is the sixth service I have performed in this station, and the confirmation this afternoon will be the seventh. You never saw such a place as I preached in, this morning, and Wednesday. No floor, no roof, no windows, no doors, no pews, a tub of an old pulpit, no communion rails, no vestry. But I was determined to have service, in order to rebuke the two years' delay in building the church. The gentry sent chairs, the ground was matted, a chopper roof thrown over the rafters, windows and door were of mat, a raised platform of loose bricks was our communion-table, the vestry was made of mats. By this sort of field-preaching our Advent here was celebrated. I shall have the church roofed, and plastered, and enclosed, and painted, and fitted up, in two months' time.

Juanpore, Dec. 17, 1839.

I am now a guest at the house of the dear, amiable Mrs. T——, the companion of our voyage to India in 1832. This Juanpore is new to me. It is most interesting. It stands on the winding Goomty river, which runs up to Lucknow. A bridge of fifteen arches, of beautiful chunar stone, connects the native town with the civil station. It was anciently the seat of a mighty

Mahometan empire, which contended for mastery with Delhi. The bridge is unique, even in India. It is adorned on either side of the carriage-way with shops or small verandahs of stone, of very elegant form, with open columns. The fort is in ruins, but it once resembled, and almost equalled, Agra. It crowns a fine mount just out of the town, and presents a most enchanting view from the bastions of the native town; the Goomty, the bridge, and the mosques, are all relieved by the richest foliage: for Juanpore is fertile to a proverb, in sugar and grapes especially. The two principal musjids, or mosques, are rapidly falling into decay. They are of immense extent, like those of Agra and Delhi. The enclosed square is, perhaps, eighty yards on each side. There are open rooms, two stories high, sustained by several rows of pillars, where travellers, devotees, students, scholars, and moulvies, were entertained. The centre of each side is pierced by superb gateways. The entire extent of one, however, is occupied with the enormous building where the Koran is read, and the prayers of the assembly addressed. No images, no pictures are admitted. The simple and sublime word Alohau, surely derived from the Hebrew, אֱלֹהִים, Elohim, is suspended in the recess near the reader's steps or pulpit. But the Crescent is fallen. Mahometanism, like Hindooism, is fading, now that the secular support of Government is Christian, and that education and British manners and notions are making their way; for the patches of Missions and converts are far too few to have diffused any general influence as yet: but the time is at hand, and all will come down with a crash; and the wall

undermined by a peepul-tree—so common all around us here—will be the image of the strongholds and citadels of Satan, bowing to their fall.

Benares, Dec. 18, 1839.

We have just come from Juanpore, thirty-eight miles, and at five are going out in my carriage to join the camp. Nothing can have been more delightful, and, I humbly believe, profitable, than our visitation thus far,—Krishnaghur, Berhampore, Bauleah, Patnah, Gyah, Hazeerabagh, Deeree, Ghazeepore, Juanpore, Benares. And now, my beloved children, farewell once again! I shall have more calm and leisure when I begin to march; but distraction is, alas! too much my lot: it disturbs the soul, interrupts prayer, strengthens the fleshly nature, weakens the spiritual strength. A Bishop ought to walk with God, indeed! May God help, pardon, sanctify. The languor with which I revisit old places—and almost all are old to me—is abundantly compensated for by the greater calmness and leisure for spiritual duties, and the better acquaintance with my diocese which I am acquiring.

Chooke, Dec. 19, 1839.

This is the beginning of our encampment. After wandering about for nine weeks we begin now to march. We returned from Juanpore to Benares by 11 A.M. yesterday, and came on with four pair of horses to the camp, at Gopee Gunge. My visit to Juanpore was delightful. The scenery is romantic; the remains of Mahometan grandeur imposing: amongst others, the Pinjir, Sherēfee, or holy hand, a spot of enclosed ground, with a monument erected

over the supposed print of a saint's hand. Tombs surrounded the place, noble tamarind-trees overshadowed the decayed buildings, and the usual verandahs or serais for travellers surround the interior wall.

Allahabad, Christmas-day, 1839.

We have celebrated the Nativity from Heb. i. 1-3. Three hundred present; seventy at Communion. The new church is nearly finished, and already opened for divine services, and filled with an attentive congregation. This is my eighth Christmas-day in India. Oh, for joy and gratitude! Oh, for humiliation and penitence at the birth of Christ! Oh, that He may be born in many hearts! Oh, that my few remaining days may be more dedicated to His praise, to the simple preaching of His cross, and the humble expectation of His kingdom!

Chookee, Jan. 1, 1840.

The name of Jesus, Emmanuel, Jehovah, the Saviour, be upon my children and grandchildren, and family, and the Church in India, and Europe, and Britain, and the correspondent name of Christian be diffused over the world. The import of the one, as derived from the other, may be thus given: We are Christians when we own Christ as our Saviour, Lord, Master; when we rely on Christ for pardon and grace; when we are united to Christ; when we labour and suffer for Christ; when we imitate Christ; and when we long to be with Christ for ever, and are preparing for it. There is my new year's sermon compressed in a sentence.

Cawnpore, Jan. 4, 1840.

I have had the blessing to consecrate Christ's Church, Cawnpore, to-day, of which J—— witnessed the laying of the first stone, February 1837. Nothing can be more beautiful than this church. The whole edifice is simple, appropriate, ecclesiastical : by far the finest in India after Delhi.

Lucknow, Jan. 6, 1840.

Again starting, the magic scene disappearing. We had the Prince to a public breakfast on Saturday, positively hidden with jewels. I had an audience of the King on Thursday, propped up in a throne on which he could not sit ; two pages rubbing his feet ; his hands hanging down with weakness and pain. What a contrast with the gorgeous jewelled crown and splendid apparel ! His kingdom is even worse administered than under his dissolute predecessor. Native governments can never be good ones. They want principles. The King is ruled by wretched women. Splendour and luxury are in the palace, misery and oppression amongst the people.

Cawnpore, Jan. 20, 1840.

What a prospect stretches on all hands ! I observe thirteen years since, in his last public speech, poor Canning speaks of there " being no example in the history of the world, on the one hand, of the existence of an imperial corporation like the East India Company ; or, on the other, of the concurrence of two co-ordinate authorities for so long a series of years, in conducting, without shock or conflict, the administration of the wonderful, I

had almost said the tremendous, empire over which the Company and the Crown jointly preside. The construction and maintenance of that vast empire are a disproof of the common adage, that little wisdom is required for governing mankind. We have only to consider how such a machine has been gradually formed; how a varied population of nearly one hundred millions of souls has been kept together under a government so anomalous, and distant thousands of miles, with so much comparative happiness and so little internal confusion. But the greatness of the concern to be administered has had its natural effect. It has produced a race of men adequate to its administration. I venture to say that there cannot be found in Europe any monarchy which, within a given time, has produced so many men of the first talents, in civil and military life, as India has, within the same period, first reared for her own use, and then given to their native country." Such was Canning's view in 1827, and how much more applicable is his language now, and in a higher sense.

Gormooktenir Ghât, Feb. 21, 1840.

We are now 1707 miles from Calcutta, and within thirty-two miles of Meerut. The whole road from Bareilly is new to me, for in 1837 I visited Bareilly as I returned from Simlah. It is crowded with villages—cultivation abundant—groves, or gardens as they term them, of trees every mile or two almost. Serais for travellers are frequent. The range of snow-clad Himalaya mountains is clearly visible about sunrise. But the roads are bad beyond imagination. This morning, on either side of the Ganges,

the sand, the backwaters, the roads worn into furrows like the waves of the sea, were indescribable, and will so continue till India has far advanced in commerce and civilization. The soil, the periodical rains, the sun-burnt clods, the small degree of traffic, the vast extent of country, and the selfishness of the zemindars and native Rajahs, combine to render road-making, which must be annually renewed, slow work.

Meerut, March 1, 1840.

Bless the Lord, O my soul! Here are more openings for India's salvation. Three thousand souls at Meerut are said by the Missionary to be inquiring after Christianity. Was there ever anything so glorious? At Baripoor, 1800; at Krishnaghur, 4000 or 5000; and now, at Meerut, 3000.* To Thee, O my Saviour, be all the praise; and may grace and wisdom be vouchsafed me in the guidance of these great matters. But now, hear the account, as given me word for word by the Rev. Mr. R——: "Three thousand natives here are inquiring after Christianity. They meet from time to time, and invite the native Christians to confer with them and argue. They are all of one sect, called, from the name of their founder, Shunur-rainery, who was a Hindoo, and about 100 years since set up the sect. They reject all idolatry. They believe in one God. They meet together, and place the book of their religion before them in the centre of the room. It was written by their founder; it is about half the size of our New Testament. It inculcates moral duties, prohibits

* These sanguine expectations have only partially been fulfilled. — *Editor.*

oaths, forbids worship of idols, commands faith in the one only God, prescribes alms, good deeds, and especially honesty, as the way of salvation. They have no idea of an atonement. Their minds have lately been much turned towards Christianity." Mark, my children, here the finger of God. They will eat and drink with the native Christians, though they observe caste before others, exactly like the Kurta Bhoojahs. They are of all trades and employments, some in the army. They come to the Missionary chapel five or six at a time to listen. They object at present to what they suppose to be the food prescribed by Christianity. They have each only one wife. They send some of their children to the Missionaries' school. Their morals are better than the generality of Hindoos. I was struck dumb when I heard all this, and adapted my Hindoostanee sermon from Col. iii. 11, "Christ is all and in all," to their case. There were fourteen or fifteen present. I spoke to the head of the sect after service with kindness and frankness. After I left, Mr. R—— talked with him. The man said he understood every word, and "If this is Christianity, why should we delay?" added he. Well, here it rests. When I return from Delhi I shall preach again more expressly to them. O what a prospect! and what a blessing that I have never given up the study of my Hindoostanee, Sanscrit, and Bengalee, though I have so little practice that I can never know much about them! Still I can get up a sermon and a conversation, and see what I am about, and help on the great cause. But, my children, say nothing at present. Let us wait. God is a jealous

God. He will work, and who shall let it? God of grace, help!

Delhi, March 2, 1840.

We have driven over to this most interesting spot, romantic from associations of ancient glory, in order to save our time in coming down the country on our return. We started before five, and arrived in six hours and a-half. The old recollections revived as I approached the ancient capital of the Mogul Empire, and drove across the Jumna, and passed under the sandstone walls of Shah Jehan, and beheld once more my beloved church, built by Colonel Skinner. The drive of this evening through the Chandy Choke, and out at the Lahore gate, and through the cantonments, back by the Cashmere, was enchanting. The rise of the rocky ground commands two of the finest views that India presents. But, alas! no chaplain for eighteen months past. The flock scattered without a shepherd. God help us!

Meerut, March 10, 1840.

Never was a visit more opportune than this to Delhi. I visited all the flock, baptized two native converts, confirmed five, and preached a preparatory sermon. On Sunday we had 150 persons at church, both morning and evening. I administered Holy Communion to sixty-five, baptized five infants, and churched one lady; collected 240 rs. for the Church Missionary Society; lastly, received a petition for a chaplain from all the stations, and answered it by a public letter. I am now infinitely busy in getting up an Hindoostanee sermon from John viii. 12, for the 3000 non-idolaters.

Mooradabad, March 18, 1840.

I begin a new letter with a mind full of the sense of God's goodness in bringing me thus far on my visitation, 1905 miles, and surrounding me with so many unexpected mercies; so many, indeed, and so great, that the care of my own heart seems now my most important duty, as it indeed always is. What are we without a tender and contrite spirit, and what is so arduous a thing? Lord, grant, in addition to all Thy gifts, the heart to know, and praise, and love Thee in all, and above all, and through all! Grant me more grace, larger measures of the Holy Spirit, preparation for death.

Chilkea, March 26, 1840.

After thirteen hours' dâk through a stormy night, rain in torrents, wind almost rising to a hurricane, I arrived at six, and found no tents, no servants, no preparation, all stopped by the storm. Mr. Lushington, however, from Almorah, was on the spot; and now, at half-past seven, the majestic elephants are marching in with their loaded backs, the head tent-man coming up in all shame and humility at not having preceded us. I am writing on the roof of my palky, the Himalayas forming a panorama on the south; the noise of the calashes pitching the tents distracting the head; breakfast preparing; a new scene now opening here at Chilkea, forty-seven miles from Mooradabad. God be praised!

Between Kotee and Ghutgarh, March 27, 1840.

We are now fairly in the hills. We left Chilkea at three yesterday afternoon, and thence, after dining and sleeping, came on this morning, nine miles of fearful

mountain path. We are hastening to Almorah, to be in before Sunday. We have, as yet, not lost a single Sunday since we left Calcutta on 18th October. The scenery for these forty miles is exactly what it was in 1836; sublime, varied; the massive rocks united with the fruitful patches of land in the valleys, both diversified with the lovely waters of the Kossilah dividing the glen; the mountaineers the same sallow, sickly kind of race as at Mussooree and Simlah. Mr. Lushington, the Resident at Almorah, is our guide. He is a son of the late Governor of Madras, and lost an accomplished and pious wife about a year since. I have been going on with the delightful pages of Mrs. Hawkes' Memoir. I really consider it a very superior work. Mr. Cecil's part is incomparable, and Mrs. Hawkes' thoughts are repetitions of his instructions chiefly. I hardly know a better specimen of sound and elevated experimental piety, superior to Fénelon, superior to H. Martyn, superior to Brainard; the first of whom was mystical, and the two last overshadowed by dejection and gloom. Then, this is the case of a female, and a most afflicted one, and in retired life, and yet shining forth so brightly, so much more brightly than the other three. The book gives me an especial delight in testifying to the high and exalted graces of Mr. Cecil, and to the sort of religion which he propagated. For thirty years Mr. Cecil's wisdom and talents excited envy and calumny. It was the fashion to despise his doctrine and ministry. I can remember when Pratt, Simeon, and a very few more, were the only eminent ministers that defended him. But now, in 1840, who is so universally looked up to?

Where are two books so valued as "The Visit to the House of Mourning" and "The Remains?" and I am mistaken if this demonstration of the religion of one of his favourite and most cherished converts does not raise the just reputation of both master and disciple. This is a lesson to us, my children, to prefer a wise and solid to a flashy and showy piety. I cannot put you in possession of my feelings, but you may form some conjecture. The work itself is most edifying, animating, arousing, awakening. The way in which this eminent lady longs after holiness, her sensibility to the evils of the heart, her joy in Christ, united with genuine humility, her desire to be with Christ, and yet her resignation, her dread of the act of dying, and her triumph over it by faith, are not easily surpassed.

Almorah, April 2, 1840.

This Almorah is one of the ancient cities of India, founded about A.D. 1450. The native town is divided among three distinct classes, Hindoos, Mussulmans, Low Castes. It is paved, and the houses are closed up with wainscot or wooden walls, with small apertures. The hills are not picturesque like Simlah and Mussooree, but barren, rugged rocks. The view of the snowy range is finer, incomparably, than at either of those stations. We passed over the Ghagur in our road, 7,700 feet high. The second highest mountain in the world is visible—25,500 feet high, called the Nundadeir. Hindooism here reigns triumphant. The region is sacred. The population of the district is about 300,000, of whom there are only 750 Mussulmans. It was probably peopled from

Hindoostan, and not from Tartary. Badarinath is a shrine dedicated to Vishnu, in the Mana pass, at a height of 15,500 feet. The chief Brahmin is always taken from the Carnatic or Malabar coast. The pilgrims come from all parts of India to die in the vicinity of the temple. Caste prevails in its utmost rigour amongst the higher natives, and a Brahmin explains the Purduas at sunset to a congregation of them in the court of the Almorah temple. No respectable native is absent from these daily instructions. This is what I have not seen elsewhere. The language is Hindoo. The British Government is acknowledged publicly to be most just and beneficent. The Goorka rule which preceded it was cruel and oppressive. It is sixteen years since Bishop Heber visited this place. We are doing all we can in this interesting station. We are planning a church. I have a burial-ground to consecrate, a confirmation to hold, the blessed Sacrament to administer. I find, also, a new field of usefulness opening in this visitation, in doing all the good I can to one or two leading persons. Almost all the native officers in the different courts came out on Saturday to meet us.

Almorah, April 5, 1840.

I am now retiring to rest after the sacred labours of this day, and the laying of the first stone of the new church on Saturday evening. This last ceremony was picturesque. The sun was declining. The site was on the brow of a mountain, at the entrance of the cantonment, and commanding the vast yawning valley beneath, with the face of the opposite rocks in panorama all

around. All the station was assembled. Such a site had never before been chosen in India. I addressed the company. Prayers were offered, and Ps. xlvi. and lxxxvii. and Hag. ii. read. Mussooree approached the nearest to the scene. But there the spot was in the interior.

Hawalbaugh, April 6, 1840.

We are again upon the move. I started in my chappan with twelve bearers at five, and reached our first stage before seven. We are at the bungalow of Mr. T——, resident here for so many years. We passed over the face of a range of hills, with a lovely valley on our left, which opened beautifully upon Hawalbaugh. The snowy range was visible on the right, surmounting the nearer barrier-mountains. Almorah was on the left, and between was the civil station of Hawalbaugh, with its pretty bungalows, its deodars, like cedars of Lebanon, its compounds, and its richly-cultivated meadows creeping up the mountain sides. The sun has been up three hours, but the thermometer is only 64°. The Kussolee river is winding with a sweet murmur through the valley: an iron hanging-bridge across it is in sight, with the road towards Mussooree, which we shall traverse in the afternoon; the natives are fishing in the stream—all is cultivation, and peace, and happiness, so far as the Divine goodness extends: for man, man here, is the perverted, dark part of God's creation. The notion of fate prevails here as everywhere else in Hindoostan. How singular! Mahometan fate, Hindoo fate, the infidel European's fate, is the same corruption of the doctrine of Providence which has ever marked all false religions. A

disregard of human life is another sure symptom. Christianity sets everything right—doctrine, morals, state of man, providence, sovereignty of God, use of means, and way of salvation. Yet I find the strongest prejudices still prevail against this blessed religion.

Sooriana, April 9, 1840.

We encamped last night near the sources of the Ram Gunga river, in a lovely valley, surrounded by lofty mountains 4000 or 5000 feet above us, and, when illuminated by the moonlight, presenting a unique spectacle of picturesque grandeur. I was reading at family prayer this morning the 46th Psalm, which is enough to encourage the faintest heart. What a “very present help” is God as a “refuge and a strength!” What refreshment is there in that “River, the streams whereof make glad the city of God!” What resignation and trust are involved in the command, “Be still, and know that I am God!”

Dwara on Himalayas, April 8, 1840.

The clamour of 160 hill-porters is ringing in my ears; tents are striking all around; the busy scene of an encampment, which an hour since presented all the marks of stability, is gone—the place that knew it, knowing it no more. Movement, movement, movement! Such is my mountain journey, and such is human life: a shepherd’s tent for a “city which hath foundations.” Messrs. Batten and Lushington, the kings of the country, are with us. Here we have a bungalow built on occasion of my coming, and which cost 150 rupees, and smells deliciously of its cedar roof. It has two convenient rooms. The villages around

are crowded with temples. The faqueers say there are 365, and as many fountains.

Sooriana, April 9, 1840.

We came on eleven miles last afternoon into the valley of the Ram Gunga, like the children of Israel when they pitched in Elim, where were twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm-trees. Nothing could equal the serenity and grandeur of the surrounding mountains; and the contrast of the purling streams flowing over the valley in all directions, and reflecting the splendour of the moonlight, was quite enchanting. This morning I rose at four, and arrived in this bungalow soon after eight, at a height of 5200 feet. Messrs. Lushington and Batten built it last year for a country-house. It is in the midst of their province, and is really an excellent residence. My pleasure was much increased by learning that the righteous and enlightened government of British India has, during the last fifteen years, created this fruitful vale, waving now with corn and abundance, out of a poisonous fenny marsh, to which culprits were sent by the Goorkhas to die. England has given security to property, encouragement to industry, moderate and fixed rents to the oppressed. These provinces are a glorious instance of our beneficent rule. Oh, that Christianity might be at length known and appreciated, and her power of illuminating and blessing man in the highest sense be humbly tried, in addition to human arts and policy! Well, the time will come; things are moving on, and rapidly too. It is a great comfort to my mind to receive private notes, after I have left a station, assuring me of the good done. I mean good, in addition

to the public sermons and official business of the visitation. The whole convinces me that I am in my duty. Oh, that I were more in the spirit which animated Leighton and Bishop Ryder, and Simeon and Cecil ! This is the great point, the motive, the spirit, the self-denial, the unworldliness, the humility of heart, the spiritual impression, the tone of all we do,—that it be, indeed, what the Gospel requires, and what the Author of the Gospel will bless.

Sāni Ghaut, April 11, 1840.

Conceive a valley 2000 or more feet below you, as you descend the precipitous winding track. At the bottom gushes along the river Kush, amidst the fragments of rocks, which seem at places determined to stop its passage ; whilst an equally precipitous mountain, with its lovely hanging wood, faces you on the other side of the ghaut ; and the constant turnings of the road present the view every moment in a new position. We all agreed, except myself, that it was worth coming from England to be a spectator of such surpassing majesty. For me, other objects absorb my thoughts, though, like the Psalmist, I adore the power and goodness of the God of nature. To-morrow will be the first Sunday we have been compelled to pass in the camp. We have been diligently travelling from Monday to Saturday, and find ourselves 110 miles from our next Christian station, Mussooree.

Sireenugur, April 15, 1840.

We have reached this morning the last station in the Honourable Company's territory. It is on the Alakanada river, one of the branches of the Ganges, 1700 feet above

the sea ; the road with the same endless windings, fearful heights and descents, stone staircases, as it were, in the more precipitous parts, beautiful turns of prospect, as in our former marches. The Alakanada stretching along the valley, when it suddenly burst upon our view, on surmounting an incredible steepness, was superb. The depth of 2000 feet, at which it lay, and the ancient town of Sireenugur scattered on all sides, with its low slated roofs, made the scene most picturesque ; whilst the opposite face of the mighty crags frowned over the valley. We are received by Captain Huddleston, a Roman Catholic of an ancient English family, who attended our service at Almorah on April 5 ; the first time he had ever been present at a Protestant church. He listened very kindly to my conversation about Krishnaghur conversions, as we sat on his lawn after dinner, with the mottled sky and the bright shining moon calming our torrifed frames.

Tuholee, April 16, 1840.

The scenery is still more beautiful than ever : the passage is over the deep, roaring Alakanada, 100 feet broad or more, by a rope bridge, called a jhoola, which consists of mere ropes stretched from the rocks of the opposite banks, at such heights as to form a road and two balustrades, over which the agitation caused by your walking may precipitate you at any moment. The cattle swim across. For the first time in my ministry I shall be compelled to spend my Good Friday on a mountain ridge, far from the assemblies of the faithful. We shall have divine service. May our meditation on our Lord's crucifixion be profitable !

Terhee, April 18, 1840.

The Rajah of Gurwal came out a mile or two to meet me to-day, with his two elephants, his horses (troops he has none), and a crowd of officers of various orders. His prime minister had come on with eight or nine chobdars to Sireenugur, and had accompanied our march. We are encamped on a table-land surrounded by mountain ridges. The Rajah has just sent me a prodigious list of sweetmeats, fowls, four goats, a pair of pheasants, a multitude of bags of otter, and, to close the whole, a muzzur (present) of 100 Company's rupees. I protested against the last article. I said it was not the custom of the English to receive it, and that of the rest I could only receive what I actually wanted. I called in the Captain to help me. It was of no use. The Vakeel was present, with the officers of the court. I was compelled to receive the whole, and must make a present of equal value in return. I have often had little gifts of food, but never such profusion. Oh, that I could return him the best of gifts, the knowledge of Christ!

Deyrah Doon, May 11, 1840.

At five we began our descent, sixteen miles, and reached this hospitable abode at eight. We have come down 4000 feet. Our visitation on these hills has been as useful, I think, so far as I can judge, as I ever remember. Many were in tears at the confirmation and sermons; the congregations large—400 each Sunday, perhaps—at the two churches, and an evident impression.

Nahum, May 13, 1840.

We set off at five yesterday afternoon, and drove thirty miles to Rajghât, on the Jumna. We accomplished this in three hours with three sets of horses. By four o'clock this morning we were on our way hither, thirty miles. The Rajah of Nahum came out to meet us, with his neat company of soldiers and elephants. It was delightful to pass through the Doon, and learn the immense benefits which the British Government is here also rendering to the poor natives. A tract of table-land 2700 feet above the sea, of sixty miles by twenty, reclaimed from jungle, tigers, and wild elephants, and let out in farms at fifteen anas the English acre. For the first three years there is no rent, then two-thirds of the good land is charged, and all the stony and unprofitable thrown in for nothing. The consequence is that farm-houses are built, villages formed, sugar and cotton cultivated, and one lakh and a half of rent secured for ten years to the Company, and health and commerce, and education by degrees, to the natives. Such is the just honour of England already; and I trust, before long, she will crown all by favouring, as she ought, the progress of Christianity.

CHAPTER XII.

Oriental Studies—Lady Huntingdon's and Bishop Middleton's Memoirs—Religious and Social State of the Mountaineers—Fancy Sale—Excursion of Bishop's Chaplain across the Mountains—Leave Simlah—Return to Delhi—Sudden Death of the King—Church Missions at Agra—First Stone laid of a New Church at Secundra—The Taj seen by Moonlight—Curates' Aid Society projected—Marble Rocks—Interesting Conversation with Rajah of Rewah—Benares—Dinapore—Solo—Chupra—Address to New Converts—Murder of an Inquirer—Bishop visits the Spot—Oppression of Landholders—Arrival at Calcutta—Progress of New Cathedral—Reflection on the Letters of Old Friends—Anticipation of Death.

Simlah, June 22, 1840.

I AM going on with my little dinner-parties once or twice a fortnight. I hope to get out of my wilderness of letter-writing, and begin again my solid reading—Gilpin, Palmer's "Liturgies," "Book of Homilies," and Ward's "Hindooism." I have, literally, hardly had an hour yet that I could call my own. I have begun "Vincentius Lirinensis," which goes about as far as any sound divine would wish in deference to antiquity. I suspect even him a little; but, granting him his principles, how difficult to determine what is really and honestly the *semper*, the *ubique*, and the *ab omnibus*! After all, it is easier as well

as safer to study the original and divine text itself, than these fatherly comments in 70 vols. folio, and written with no learning, no logic, no canons of criticism, compared with those which the Reformation diffused. My oriental reading languishes also, till I can get clear of my correspondence. I read a little Sanscrit; but that little is diminutive even to absurdity. My Hindoostanee goes on a little better. After lying down for an hour in the afternoon, I am not good for much at half-past four, till exercise time: then comes in my Moonshee. We read the New Testament first; then "Bagh o Babar;" lastly, "Rasselas." I go over each lesson four times—once by myself, and three times following him, in order to acquire the pronunciation and idiom. This I do, perhaps, four days out of the six. Thus I still keep my head above water, and am an oriental student, in order to encourage my clergy and aid my translators, and also to preach at Benares, Agra, Cawnpore, and Gorruckpore. The moment I enter Bengal I throw aside my Hindoostanee, and take up my Sanscrit and Bengalee, to prepare for Krishnaghur and Calcutta. My book for odd times, or when dressing, is "Lady Huntingdon's Life," which interests me most deeply now that I have got over the manner and non-churchmanship, and take men upon their own principles. What instructs me is to learn the early history of almost all the eminent men whom I knew in their later days, in their first warmth and their unconstrained, and certainly irregular, and at times enthusiastic, energy. I find I was quite ignorant of the school which they formed, and which seems to have begun and ended with the wonderful creature, whose rank, fortune, talents,

and zeal, made her the centre of what was called Methodism. Besides the names I mentioned in my first page, I meet with Dr. Gill, Gibbons, Watts, and M. Wilks amongst the Dissenters; and in our own Church, Dr. Stonehouse, R. Hill, Berridge, Fletcher, Ingham, Madan, Conyers, Venn, J. Milner, Henry Foster, De Courcy, Talbot of Reading, Spencer of Winkfield (Mr. Crouch's tutor), Top-lady, J. Eyre (my tutor at Homerton from 1788 to 1792), omitting a multitude of others, whom I did not know, but all these I may be said to have known in my youth. But "the personage" is Lady Huntingdon herself, who, dying in 1791 (she was like a bishop, and more than a bishop), was unknown to me, though when a boy I remember hearing of her Ladyship, and, perhaps, may have seen her. But what benefits me most, is the unquestionable abilities, disinterestedness, love for souls, spirituality, deadness to the world, communion with the Father of spirits, and consistency of this elect lady and her chaplains and ministers, whom she used to summon here and summon there, and proceed on her visitations like Ambrose or Augustine. My soul is humbled within me at my coldness and formality, compared with those exalted characters. George Whitefield rises on me prodigiously; and Mr. Romaine, whom I knew from 1792 to his death in 1797, aged eighty-four. I remember well his placing his hand on my head and blessing me, when he came to baptize dearest —, in November 1793; but I had no idea of the sort of line in which he had moved at the head of the greatest men of the times. After the Countess's death, J. Wesley, who was a wonderful creature also, gathered his people in the body

which now subsists: the other bodies sank into Dissenters, and the clergy drew off and fell into regular habits of duty. Now the point is to raise the clergy, in their canonical stations, to an equal pitch of love to Christ, zeal, simplicity, boldness in proclaiming the full Gospel (not a meagre semi-Pelagian one), and superiority to filthy lucre. I suppose it never can be done. Circumstances form and call out heroes.

Simlah, July 20, 1840.

I finished my notes on the good and great Bishop Middleton's "Life" on Saturday, and on the preceding day, my reading of Lady Huntingdon's. I would wish to unite the scriptural excellencies of both. There can hardly be two leading persons named, so different in everything except the fundamental truths of the Gospel. The Bishop's "Life" does not do him justice. It is cold, general, declamatory. There is scarcely one full and adequate expression of the mysteries of the Cross, or the work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart, or the consolations and joys and supports of real Christianity, in the whole work. How different the life of Swartz! But I bow in humiliation of soul before Bishop Middleton's zeal, sincerity, judgment, firmness, management of the government, knowledge of ecclesiastical law, moderation on Church questions, and freedom from the fripperies of the Oxford Traditionist school. He had not Bishop Heber's milk of human kindness, nor Lady Huntingdon's deep experience of the grace of the Gospel. But I stand in admiration of what he accomplished, considering the violent opposition he met with.

Simlah, Aug. 13, 1840.

I have thought a great deal of these mountaineers since we have been here. They are a sad, sickly race; their food, chiefly vegetables; their abodes, damp holes and cellars; their social condition, just raised above the brutes; their dress is almost entirely negative; they labour hard in cutting down wood, which they carry in large planks upon their heads five miles, from the Mahasee forest to Simlah. Their notions of religion are the merest idolatry: no reading, no temples, no priests, no sacred property. In short, their whole state, personal, domestic, and social, is a comment on the 1st chapter of Romans and 2nd of Ephesians. The religion of Nature can never raise fallen man, nor teach him her own scanty creed, nor sanctify him, nor bless him. The religion of Nature can never teach truth, fidelity, honesty, trustworthiness. The religion of Nature can never teach purity, the chastity of the marriage vow, the care of children, the blessings of the family circle; and we have in Hindoostan 138,000,000 of similar hordes of human creatures, purchased by the blood of the Son of God, designed and qualified for all the offers of the glorious Gospel, and capable, by the power of the Holy Spirit, of equalling British Christians in all the graces, and comforts, and elevation of Christian habits and principles. And of all these millions, the hill tribes are the freest from priestly trammels, caste, gorgeous temples, and social usages, interwoven with an idolatrous hierarchy; whilst their fine climate invites the European Missionary to reside amongst them. I have long wondered that our great societies do not fix, at least,

a sanitarium here. Perhaps, when steam is fully at work, some godly souls in the autumn of life will come out with their fortunes and their Christian zeal, and settle on the Himalayas. What a blessed enterprise! At the anniversaries at home such a design may perhaps be formed.

Simlah, Sept. 16, 1840.

When my monthly mail is closed I turn in upon myself and think of my position, duties, mercies, prospects, and endeavour to cast myself upon the Lord Jesus Christ for life and for death. I made a new discourse last evening on Prov. iv. 22, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." If you look into Scott you will find one of his richest comments; it is a sermon itself, full, appropriate, new, solid, edifying. This "keeping of the heart" is, indeed, a task difficult and important, and "with all diligence," too, and the reason! As the natural body is preserved in life and health by the sound action of the heart, and the wonderful circulation of the blood through every member, so the spiritual life depends on the holy, lively, sound, active state of the affections and will, propelling vital influence through every member of the new man, under the grace of the Holy Ghost and the indwelling power of Christ. Thus out of "the heart," naturally and spiritually, are indeed the "issues of life." I had about forty hearers, full of intense feeling. The weather is becoming beautiful, clear, and bracing; the air full of electric matter. An English October is nothing to it. We hope by five weeks of this season to go down oxygenated. Mr. Pratt is in

the interior, pressing towards the mountain pass of 21,500 feet in height.

Simlah, Sept. 28, 1840.

Thursday was one of my gala days. Eleven letters from dear England came in. I had scarcely read them over a second time when I had to start for Annandale, where a fancy sale for our Simlah hospital was held. It was a still more lovely scene than four years since. A range of tents contained the ladies' stalls, beautifully stored. At one o'clock the whole company sat down to tiffin in a noble pavilion. We had a turnpike to pay as we each entered the valley. The whole of Simlah was present, and thousands of wondering natives. I proposed thanks to the ladies before we retired.

Simlah, Oct. 12, 1840.

Mr. Pratt returned Saturday 10th, after thirty-three days in the interior; sixteen on foot, with two lame knees, bruised against a Swiss rock. Some of the marches were sixteen miles. He looks a little thinner, but has been highly gratified, and is in good spirits. He passed the Sutledge on a jhoola, which is a rope swung across the river, 200 feet in width, upon which is suspended a piece of wood in a bent form, to which you are tied up like a pig and drawn over by a rope. His most delicious spots were the vineyards, which commence where the periodical rains end; for where the rains fall not periodically the grapes flourish. The instant that he reached the boundary where the rains fall, the vines ceased. His most superb prospects were at the Pass, called from the river "the

Rupin Pass," 12,800 feet in height, and from the level of the sea up to the highest peaks, 21,000. Stupendous forests all around, the perspective wonderful. He descended through crags, and then over numberless feeders of a mountain torrent into the Rupin river; then through a forest of five miles, with gigantic monsters of trees, some hanging over rocks, and standing with their roots upwards. They had constant trouble with their runaway coolies. The valley of the Rupin, enclosed within a circle of rocks, was increased in beauty to the travellers by a cascade at its head, and five or six waterfalls around, which with the roar of the rapid Rupin, impelled by the downward course of the cataracts from which it derives its origin, made a chorus so grand, that they could not help listening with admiration. They hoped to have pursued their route by the Rupin river, but found themselves under an enormous arch of hardened snow, stretching across the river, as large as the widest arches in the London bridges, under which the river rushed furiously, just at the foot of the vast cataract. The roof of the arch was groined in a remarkable manner, the melted snow having formed, not streaks or furrows, but spherical concavities. This year was singular for the small quantity of snow in the Pass; they had none to scramble over. Therm. 32° ; the ground, hard frozen. They then reached Sangla, on the Buspa river, and encamped in a grove of walnut-trees. Pooraree was the extreme point of their marches, celebrated for its grapes, which hang in rich profusion from the vines. This is in the Kanawar district. The precipitousness of the banks of the Sutledge is grand in the extreme, and the river rushes

through its mountainous ravine with the strength of a mountain giant. On September 29th they encamped at Tranda, in a forest of lofty and magnificent kaloo pines, and the winds sighed most pathetically through their elevated boughs.

Simlah, Oct. 17, 1840.

I begin this letter in the expectation of finishing it at Allyghur, and there comes over my mind a feeling of melancholy at leaving once more these beautiful hills, which it is certain I shall never revisit. Some good, I trust, has been done to the souls of men by forty sermons and more; by many quiet, cheerful dinner-parties; by the repairs and enlargement of our station church, for which I have collected 1351 rs.; and the establishment of the Dispensary in all its needful buildings. A wide correspondence has occupied my time. And now, unto Thee, O Lord, be the glory for all Thy goodness, and to me shame and confusion of face for my sinfulness; and on Thy providence would I cast my Cathedral, and all that appertains unto India, and my family, myself, and the Church.

Simlah, Oct. 25, 1840.

We have closed our ministry at Simlah; a crowded little church of 140; of whom 47 were at the Holy Communion. May the forty-six sermons I have delivered here be blessed indeed!

Simlah, to thee I now bid adieu. It is Monday morning, dark, cold, piercing; therm. 48°. To God Almighty, the Son, and the Blessed Spirit, be the care of the souls of this station entrusted; and to the same Divine Saviour be our own bodies, souls, and journey committed!

Delhi, Nov. 17, 1840.

We came in here, twenty-two miles, this morning. The fine old Colonel met us at his door. I was in the midst of dressing when Mr. Pratt came in with a Delhi Gazette extra. Kurrack Singh, the successor of Runjeet, dead; Nehal Singh, the heir of the Musjud, dead: the first by a lingering disease, the second by the fall of a beam in one of the covered gateways of Lahore: both on the 5th or 6th instant. I hastened out to the Colonel. "Christianity will govern the world!" he cried out to me. "Providence is on our side! The natives are all in consternation." And, indeed, it is most wonderful that at this moment, with 20,000 men pressing on to the Punjab, both the sovereign of Lahore and his next heir should fall at once. Oh, my children, may God grant Lord Auckland and the British nation grace to acknowledge and adore the Divine hand. Nothing like these events has occurred since Lord Hastings' time; nor even then, except as preparatory to them. Colonel Skinner says, "God calls us on; we cannot stop. Herat and Bokhara on one hand, and Scinde on the other, are our inheritance."

Agra, Dec. 1, 1840.

Yesterday afternoon we visited the Church Missionary premises in the city, purchased by dear Corrie, and blessed with the labours of Abdool Musseeh. There was the convert's house, and the verandah where he sat and taught the people; and the city, the finest in India, all paved, and many of the houses three stories, and all with balconies, the very spots where the crowding curiosity of the natives pressed to hear the Word of God.

The chapel, native house, and cottages, were Corrie's doing ; the large school-house, Dr. P——'s ; lastly, the Missionary bungalow, Mr. M——'s. We examined some of the classes of the thirteen schools, with 501 children, in the New Testament. The compound was filled with the little disciples, all heathen, gathered for my inspection from the various quarters, and in their best attire. It was like the thousands whom our Lord ordered to sit in fifties upon the grass. These, with the 300 Christian orphans at Secundra, make nearly 800 in this one Mission. What, then, is wanted ? A Swartz, a Henry Martyn, or a Weitbrecht.

Agra, Dec. 2, 1840.

This morning we were six hours at Secundra, seven miles from cantonments, where the orphan schools are carried on. I laid the first stone of St. John's Chapel, Secundra, in a field between the two Mahometan buildings occupied by the boys and girls. Old Mahometan arches, pillars, cupolas, will be employed in its construction. After breakfast, which we took in the old crypt of the tomb, a few years since choked with rubbish, we held divine service. 284 children made the Hindoostanee responses, and sang their Hindoostanee hymns. Mr. M—— read morning prayers in Hindoostanee, and I preached in the same language, and then confirmed sixty-eight or sixty-nine. The long-arched crypt was filled with the congregation of baptized orphans. The pulpit was placed in the centre, so as to command the whole. The attention was extraordinary, and during the confirmation, as I walked

amongst the ranks and administered the holy rite, it was awful, the Lord Christ seemed so manifestly present. The scenes at Krishnaghur were not less affecting, but of another class of persons and under other circumstances.

Agra, Dec. 3, 1840.

The Governor drove us last evening to the Taj. It was a brilliant moonlight. I was yet more enchanted with this miracle of art than in 1836. We lingered for an hour and a-half. It was too dark to examine the interior; but whilst observing the outward magnificence of the superb, deep religious arches, thrown into relief by the glorious moon, it was impossible not to be struck with admiration; for the peculiarity is this, that, unlike all other buildings, Christian and Mahometan, as much skill and study of effect have been bestowed on the outside as on the interior: the materials, the finest alabaster, the same; the finishings of every part, the same; the inlaid jewellery and embossed flowers, the same; whilst, instead of buttresses and projecting ornaments, you have prodigious arched doorways, retreating ten or twelve feet, twice as lofty and deep as in Peterborough Cathedral; and so the arches of the windows, all in just proportion: so exquisite, indeed, as to deceive you as to the vast magnitude of the whole structure. It was erected in 1620 or 1630, and cost 1,000,000*l*. As I was walking arm-in-arm with the Governor and Mr. Tomason, I turned the conversation to our destitution of Chaplains, and inquired whether an Additional Curates' Society might not be formed for all India, supported by our authorities at home and

in this country, and giving titles to youth educated at Bishop's College, and to be ordained by the several Bishops. This society would have the East Indians especially in view, who colonise in large numbers Agra, Delhi, Meerut, Futtyghur, Cawnpore, and Allahabad, as well as Calcutta. We never can have chaplains enough for these disowned but important classes, and they are propagating most rapidly. Turn this in your minds. It may be a glorious thing, if the Lord grant His benediction and grace; but the plan must be well digested and wisely begun.

Gwalior Fort, Dec. 14, 1840.

We have been visiting this curious fort, two miles in length, erected on the crest of a rock 300 or 400 feet high, and formerly accounted impregnable. Ruins now meet the eye of the visitor. We are about to breakfast in one of the beautiful summer-rooms of the ancient palace, with open arcades, and with what was a fountain in the centre of each. The verandah looks on the town of Gwalior, stretching under the walls. The chief curiosity amongst the ancient buildings is a Hindoo temple, of most elaborate architecture, resembling, but surpassing, those at Ellora—certainly built before the Mahometan invasion. It is a sort of lofty, massive building, which one may call Indian Gothic in its style. A centre platform within forms the chief room, with pillars at each corner, rising in massive grandeur to the dome: perhaps one hundred feet high. A passage, or verandah, surrounds this centre-room, with pillars supporting a gallery. Every part is laboriously wrought with images, architraves,

festoons, friezes, and cornices. Oh, when will Gwalior be the Lord Christ's? When will its fort be turned into a Missionary College, and the hum which now fills my ears from the crowded bazaars and streets of the vast native town be exchanged for hymns of praise to Christ? It shall be done in God's good time. One means after another is springing up—these Orphan Asylums, for example; whilst the widening empire of Britain on the East and West animates our hopes. Nor is the evident decay of all the Mahometan powers without its share in inspiring us with warm expectation. Oh, England! England! when wilt thou awake to thy duty? Oh, England! England! when wilt thou send out with joy thy finest youth to teach a lost world? When will the mind be in thee “which was also in Christ Jesus”—the condescending mind, compassionate, humble; the mind that, for “the joy that was set before it, made itself of no reputation,” and “took upon it the form of a servant?” Oh, when will excuses cease, families no longer prevent, sufferings not alarm, and the mind of Christ overcome every obstacle?

Kereah, Dec. 26, 1840.

Here we halt for our Sunday. The country is quite of a new character—rich in productions, studded with gardens, superb trees everywhere, rising grounds and ghauts and river-courses in each stage. Our road to-day was full of Indian adventures. First, we had a nullah to cross, with a broken precipitous bank, which my poor carriage could with the utmost difficulty descend; then, secondly, having descended into the bed of the river, the water

was over the front wheels, and my Scott's Bible is now drying under the care of my jemadar; thirdly, in the middle of the stream the horses stopped, and nothing could get them to move; fourthly, the whole caravan, carriage, hackeries, palky, riding-horses, captain, doctor, bishop and chaplain, lost their way; and instead of an hour and ten minutes, I was two hours and a-half on the march. Fifteen suwars were attending us; fifty-eight fighting men:—no matter, we all went wrong. Lastly, these ill accidents were preceded by a night of thieves prowling around the camp, and who carried off the night before a small tent, with its appurtenances, and some crockery baskets. Some days since we lost our silver spoons. We shall soon be out of these wild, independent states, and reach the Company's territories. The inhabitants, from Dholpor hither, are under a miserable oppression, and there is no helper. The British states are a kind of land of Canaan. The old Rajah of Tehree entertained us with mimics, imitating the cries and voices of a variety of birds and beasts. The town is dirty; twenty temples; no walls; the palace a wretched place.

I paid a visit to the Thug manufactory this morning. Three hundred murderers turned into carpet-weavers, hat-makers, rope-spinners, tent-makers, quiet, contented, happy, supporting themselves; a most extraordinary proof of what habit and diligence can effect, and of the beneficence of Christianity, tending on all occasions to bless man and make him a monument of pity.

We went yesterday to visit the marble rocks, about eleven miles off. Certainly they surpass anything I

could have imagined. The river Nerbudda is built up by them, with a rocky bank of 200 feet in height. The confined stream, like a pellucid lake, reflects their giant forms. For perhaps two miles you pursue, in a flimsy canoe, the reaches, as they turn in every direction. They somewhat resemble the reaches in the Rhine, only that, instead of banks of vines crowned with towers, you have piles of rocks in every conceivable variety of position, as they were upheaved by the convulsions of the earth, and acted upon by sun and rain. It is only a small part which are alabaster white—white as snow; the rest are dingy with the weather. All species of precious stones abound, agate and chalcedony especially. The impression is, grandeur combined with beauty. The geologists suppose the origin to have been layers of lime accumulating at the bottom of the sea, and there formed, first into limestone, and then, by fusion under volcanic heat, to marble, granite, basalt, dolomite, &c.; and finally, having been forced up into their present heaps by earthquakes or other convulsions, to have been suffering for ages the effects of sun, air, and rains, with winter frosts. In the meantime the busy Nerbudda has found its way amongst them. Oh, how wonderful are the works of the Almighty! How surpassing in grandeur and beauty!

I have just heard of the great good done by the visit to Jubbulpore. Blessed be God! Also from Simlah, that an Auxiliary Church Missionary Society is formed for the interior of the hills, where we were so anxious five years since to found a sanitarium.

Rewah, Monday, Feb. 1, 1841.

We had a grand procession on Saturday from the Rajah of Rewah, a learned pundit as well as a native prince, with forty lakhs of revenue. His own elephant is the largest I ever saw, nearly eleven feet high, instead of eight or nine, as they commonly are. As soon as he was seated, he surprised me by asking me how I worshipped God. I replied, "According to the Holy Scriptures, which was the revelation of His will. "What is God?" was the next question. I answered, "A glorious, invisible, self-existing Spirit, of infinite holiness; the Creator, Preserver, and Judge of all men." "Does God pervade all things?"—"No; God is everywhere present, but He is not a part of anything, any more than a workman is a part of his work." "What form is God?"—"He has no body, parts, nor passions. But I will write to your Highness and explain things more particularly, and in the Holy Scriptures you will read the whole way of salvation." "But that is a large book. I want you to explain it to me now. I cannot comprehend God." I replied, "No created being can comprehend the infinitely glorious God; He is a mysterious and incomprehensible Being: but we may learn enough of His will and perfections for our salvation." In the evening again, when I returned the visit, the Rajah resumed the subject. I told him I had begun a letter which I would finish and have translated, and if he would answer it, I would write him twenty letters. I have now completed it and sent it to the Benares Missionaries to be well translated, for I want interpreters. I find a person who is not truly religious does not under-

stand the main points, and has not attended to the native languages enough to find the proper terms ; and my own knowledge even of Hindoostanee is nothing. The opportunities for practice are so few, and my age is so much beyond that for learning, that though I read my New Testament, and can get up an Hindoostanee sermon, I am quite at a loss in a theological argument ; and besides, I confess I am taken by surprise by an inquirer who has not one idea in common with me : no notion of history ; no idea of evidence ; no belief in objective truth ; no conception of what creation means ; and who confounds the creature and the Creator. I told the Rajah, however, that my ancestors, 1400 years back, believed as he did ; but that God sent us the Gospel and Missionaries, and thus England and my ancestors were enlightened, and in due time he and his country would be enlightened also ; and, I added, what a noble thing it would be if he should begin in earnest to seek after truth, and should be the means of bringing the Gospel into his country ! And I begged of him not to mind the Brahmins and other interested parties, but boldly to follow his own conviction, and pray to God for His grace and help. O, my children, what a state is the world in, and how few chaplains and missionaries have we ! and what a heart-breaking thing it is that, after so many years, we are still, in too many cases, sowing dissension and distrust, instead of love ! But God will order and direct our steps, if we can but keep humble and patient, and wait for Him. Everywhere missionaries and chaplains are urgently demanded.

Benares, Feb. 18, 1841.

We finished our duties at Chunar last evening. The church was crowded, both afternoon and evening. I am beginning regularly my single copy of Swartz, to raise my mind a little to real spirituality and contrition by the aid of the Holy Ghost; for spiritual life, as natural, is a heavenly light. To create an artificial life in either case is impossible; there must be the main-spring in the watch, there must be wind as well as compass, and there must be Divine life as well as the means and appliances of knowledge, creeds, churches, Sundays, and sacraments. But grace, mercy, and peace, be with us in Christ Jesus, and we shall have enough, whether in India or in England. There is no place, no time, in the Divine mind. It is Omnipresence everywhere—Eternity everywhere. Let us realise that presence in Christ Jesus, and we shall have songs in the night, and in the very valley of darkness shall fear no evil. Oh, the light which is beyond that darkness. To be for ever with the Lord; to see Him as He is; to be free from sin, sorrow, shame, and danger; to lie prostrate in silent humility before Him as sinners guilty, lost, unworthy in ourselves; to admire Him, rejoice in Him, be filled with His love, and all this increasing throughout eternal ages! This is Life.

Feb. 21, 1841.

Thank God I have been well enough to examine the Mission Schools and hold a confirmation yesterday, and to hold again a confirmation to day, and preach at morning service from 1 Cor. xiii. 8. We had about 200 at church;

42 at the Sacrament. Sagra, the Benares Mission, delighted me yesterday. We were six clergy.

Dohree Ghât, Feb. 27, 1841.

We have driven for four hours in buggies, in dust, heat, and upon wretched roads, to this indigo planter's, this morning. This is the planter who gained two lakhs, last season, by sugar, which had risen, all at once, seventy per cent. Thus India is getting on in these first materials of things. Mr. N——, of Azinghur, assured me, with tears in his eyes, last night, how highly he esteemed our visit, as well as Mrs. N——. They are about to build a church (Assam, Jubbulpore, Mirzapore, are at work also), and ready to support a Missionary. So at Simlah, Allyghur, Jubbulpore, Allahabad, Assam, Kole-country—each of these places would sustain a Missionary. Surely, if I could get a society for additional chaplains established it would flourish. Mr. N—— tells me, one obstacle to the conversion of the Hindoos is, what is not generally known, the legal claim of fees and privileges which the family Brahmin has upon his patron; so that the Brahmin can sue him in the civil courts for marriage, funeral fees, &c., and can force him to pay them, the domestic rapacity of these locusts being upheld by the Hindoo law, and the Christian judge compelled to award accordingly.

Ghazeepore, March 5, 1841.

Our visit to Gorruckpore was most delightful. The station itself surpasses in verdure, convenience, elegant distribution of excellent houses, fine roads, a beautiful

church, a parsonage, and second Missionary's bungalow, anything I have seen in India, and the mission of eighteen years' standing is one of the most interesting imaginable. Mr. W—— seems to have been beloved beyond all conception. The farm was allotted him by Government at a trifling rent. It produces already all the converts' food. The church is erected in the heart of it; the bungalows for Missionaries, the schoolhouses and the cottagers' huts, make it most promising. It is hoped that the fevers are casual. We had a pleasing time with Mr. and Mrs. L——: admirable persons. The last morning, after expounding a chapter, we joined in social prayer, first myself, then Mr. L——, and lastly, Mr. Pratt. I concluded with a benediction,—very elevating and sweet. There has been no marked success in conversions or inquiries, but individual good is done. There is one Missionary chapel in the heart of the native city. There must be a second Missionary to take the farm alone.

Dinapore, March 18, 1841.

I am now about to practise, as well as I can, at Krishnaghur, the wisdom of Swartz's general conduct. Oh, for his spirit and temper! Surely this is the grandest and most difficult spiritual crisis which has occurred in northern India. God will mercifully direct. Swartz's catechist's system—his taking advantage of famines—his inculcation of patience under persecution—his authority in his missions—Gerické's baptism of 4000 inquirers—the tact and skill of both in discoursing, arguing, reproving, inviting the heathen—their simplicity of aim—utter contempt of indulgence—transparent honour and disinterestedness, are

amongst the points which occur to me as deserving of especial notice: together with their deep humility of spirit, and their unfettered and pure evangelical doctrine, I mean with regard to Calvinism, and Arminianism, and love to Christ and souls.

Solo, March 24, 1841.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy Name!” I find myself, after a year and five months, and 3500 miles of travel, in this mission of joy. As Mr. A—— stood before me and welcomed me into his abode, I was filled with amazement, and, I hope, gratitude. You shall have the most exact impression I can give you of all I observe. It was half-past six this morning that Mr. D—— and B—— met us at Bitzrampore. For three hours we were exposed to a fearful heat, and the whole dâk was upwards of fourteen hours. As soon as we assembled round the breakfast-table, I pronounced the salutation of peace which our Lord prescribes, and returned solemn praises for the mercies of the seventeen months since we parted; and after our simple meal, we laid out the nine days of our visitation, and sent off the necessary notices to the several places. Two hours of repose have brought me to five o’clock, the hour of dinner, for which I must prepare. The house is a pattern for a Missionary’s abode; in much better order than in 1839, and surrounded with a pucca chapel, a boy’s school, and other premises. I feel now in a holy man’s house. I feel that I am in the midst of the real work. I hope I may catch something of the sacredness of the place. I have got away for a time from glitter, show, vanity, external duties, and am come into the interior of

things. This is almost certainly my last visitation. Never shall I enter on a third.

Chupra, March 27, 1841.

And now before I repose, after the morning's duties, I must bless God for my two visits to Anunda Bass and Ranabund. Blessed, indeed, be Thy Name, O my God! We had thousands at each place—inquirers, converts, heathen. Yesterday I preached from Acts xvii. 30, 31. After I had closed I called Mr. L—— to my side, and said to the crowd, “Now I present to you your new Missionary. Mr. D—— cannot do all the labour of Krishnaghur, with its 120 villages and forty miles of distance. He has called on us for help. We have sent to England, and these brethren are come out. We have divided the Mission into five districts, and assigned them to the several Missionaries. Mr. D—— will still visit all of them as often as he can, and be the father of the Mission. By degrees the new Missionaries will acquire your language, and know you all, as the shepherd his flock. They are building their houses, they are building schools for your children. They will, as soon as it is safe, reside constantly among you. Do you understand all this? ‘Yes; we do,’ was shouted out by thousands of voices. ‘Will you love your new Missionary?’—‘Yes; we will.’ ‘Will you respect and obey him?’—‘Yes; we will.’ ‘Will you help him in building his house and schools?’—‘Yes; we will.’ ‘Will you bear patiently with him till he can speak perfectly your language, as Mr. D—— does?’—‘Yes; we will.’ ‘Will you stand fast in Christ, and not turn aside on account of per-

secutions?'—'Yes; we will.' 'Are you tired of Christianity?'—'No,' resounded through the assembly. 'Will you return good for evil, and meekly wait for the laws to do you justice when you are oppressed?'—'Yes; we will.'" I then assured them that no injustice, no violence, no murder would or could be long concealed under the Christian Government of Great Britain, and they had only to let patience have its perfect work, and God would rescue and protect them. If you had seen how their countenances lighted up as I went on putting these various questions, you would have said that the Apostolic times had returned. At Ranabund, this morning, I went through a similar scene with Mr. K——, after a discourse from 1 Thess. i. 13. From Ranabund we came six miles to Chupra, to breakfast in the new Mission premises. A few months ago all was jungle; so was all Krishnaghur forty years since: now masses of brick buildings stare one in the face right and left. What is this? The Girls'—the Christian's Daughters'—school. And this? The Schoolmistress's house. And that large building? The Mission-house. And that wall? It encloses a garden. And where is the church to stand? In that place; and here is the ground plan. It is like magic; and all this since October, 1839. Blessed, indeed, be our Lord Jesus!

March 28, 1841.

The death of an inquirer has just occurred in a tumult of the villagers, headed by the Thalookdar, from hatred of the new doctrine. It seems just like those of which we read in the Acts, a pure assault on the unoffending

Christians because they followed Christ. The people are making a great noise. The trial is in the judge's court. All kind of evidence is being suborned. The Christians are calumniated as the authors of the tumult, as under Nero. The Missionaries are alarmed. The feeble flocks fly to safer places. I was determined to visit the very spot. I entered the mud chapel where the deceased took refuge. I rejoiced at seeing a crowd of one or two hundred. I assisted in baptizing twenty-nine. I examined them first in the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Commandments. Who breaks the second Commandment? Hindoos, with their idols. What do children do, who murder their parents with the mud of the Ganges? They break the Fifth Commandment. I then summed up Christianity in seven points:—The Creation; the Fall; the Commandments; the Incarnation and Sacrifice of the Son of God; the operation of the Holy Ghost in changing the human heart; the Bible; the means of grace, including Church, Sacraments, Sabbath, Prayer, Ministers. I then exhorted them to patience, meekness, silence under persecution; remembering the word, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord;" and assuring them that whatever the British law could do in the way of protection would be afforded them, although, from false witnesses, justice might for a time be perverted. If you had seen the fine, intelligent countenances of those poor converts, and the joy with which they received holy Baptism, and the glistening of their eyes, and all this on the very spot where an inquirer had just been murdered by the heathen, you would have blessed the God of all grace.

Upon returning to Krishnaghur I laid the foundation of a station church, to be called St. John's. The whole station was present. This morning at twelve I addressed, for two hours and more, the assembled brethren before I left. I went over all the topics again, cautioned, admonished, encouraged, and concluded with prayer.

Friends at home have no conception of a proud, savage landholder, sending out and cutting the ripe corn of the Christian ryots of an entire village, burning down their houses, and driving them from the spot. Yet this is the fact; and what remedy have the ruined peasants? Practically, none. The British magistrate receives the information. He sends down his head native. The great man goes down to the scene of desolation. He holds out his right hand to the accuser, and his left to the accused, and, according to the bribe, makes his report. False witnesses make a trade of their testimony—four anas each case. All corrupt to the very core; the whole frame of society impregnated with the dishonesty of heathenism; no police, except what aggravates the misery of the oppressed. To God, then, we must commit our cause. Something has been done, I hope, by my stirring up the judge before whom the case is now brought, and the magistrate. I have urged them to sift the cases, to confront the witnesses, to get at the truth. I have also pressed the indigo factors, who have zemindaries, to protect the Christians. In the meantime the persecutions cannot be more unjust than those of the primitive disciples, and God has His designs of grace. He purges His floor; multitudes are shaken; many have apostatized, whole villages have fled,

and yet, as you will have observed, numbers are coming forward to be "baptized for the dead." The residence of the Missionaries in their districts will have a great effect. The good conduct, honest and regular payment of rents, will gradually commend the Christian ryot to his zemindar upon merely temporal motives. God will give the word and the Churches will have peace. But Satan will never yield his kingdom without a struggle—never.

The Lord bless us and keep us, and lift up the light of His countenance upon us !

Calcutta, April 3, 1841.

This morning at ten we arrived safely once again at Calcutta. May God be for ever praised and magnified for all His goodness and mercy for almost a year and a-half. At six this morning we set off from Chinsurah for Calcutta, and after calling on the Governor-General entered again the Palace, and saw our friends in health. I have been with Major Forbes over the foundations of the Cathedral, which will now advance more rapidly. The mass of foundation is enormous—133 men at work from nine to five. The whole delighted me. The distribution of the ground-plan is perfect for my design of a Protestant Cathedral.

Calcutta, April 8, 1841.

Every morning I ride round the building on my horse (as Nehemiah on his beast around the desolations of Jerusalem), and watch the different views which the Cathedral will present. The sun will not allow me to visit the men whilst at work. The climate of Bengal depresses

me a good deal, as I expected it would, and the first burst of business allows not a moment for reflection. But on my Lord Christ I endeavour to repose for all—for life, for health, for sickness, for joy, for sorrow, for dejection, for business, for disappointments. I find Scott's practical reflections amongst the best instructions I can meet with in illustration of the Bible itself. For the Bible is my stay, and comfort, and light, and counsellor. May we follow this blessed book, my children, more and more, and all will be well for time and eternity.

Calcutta, May 16, 1841.

I have been reading again the letters addressed to me on leaving England. About twenty of those beloved correspondents are gone to their rest. The reading was most humiliating when I looked back and reflected on how little I had realised the too kind anticipations of my friends. I could scarcely refrain from tears, as I roved through the wood, of friends—and so many departed to the heavenly world—all crowding, as it were, around me, with their kind wishes, their advice, their fears, their hopes. I seemed to recognise their countenances as well as their hands. I marked each letter as I read it with its date. Is not this an interesting recollection of love and friendship? Perhaps I am preparing for my burial. Oh, to be really ready! really in the love of God; really united to Christ my Lord; really to be born of the Spirit, and to be living and walking in the Spirit. Oh, to be really “dead,” and to have our “life hid with Christ in God;” to be crucified with Christ, to have the body of

sin mortified : no lust allowed to rule ! Oh, to be waiting for our dismissal, longing for, and hasting unto the day of God, with our loins girded and our lamps burning ! Oh, to end well ! Lord Jesus, into Thy hands would I commit my dying spirit ! .

THE END.

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